Hollywood Puts Its Money on Broadway

Luba Potamkin: Queen of the Cadillacs, by Blair Sabol

Per C

ONE DOLLAR DECEMBER 4, 1978

NEW YORK

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68 BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS

14 Pages of Gifts, by Ellen Stern and George Willig

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Chocolate nymph: *Milk-chocolate nude is $7.*

Optical diffusion: *Swedish Spin-optic toy makes things big or small, tints them red, and produces multiple images. $5.95.*

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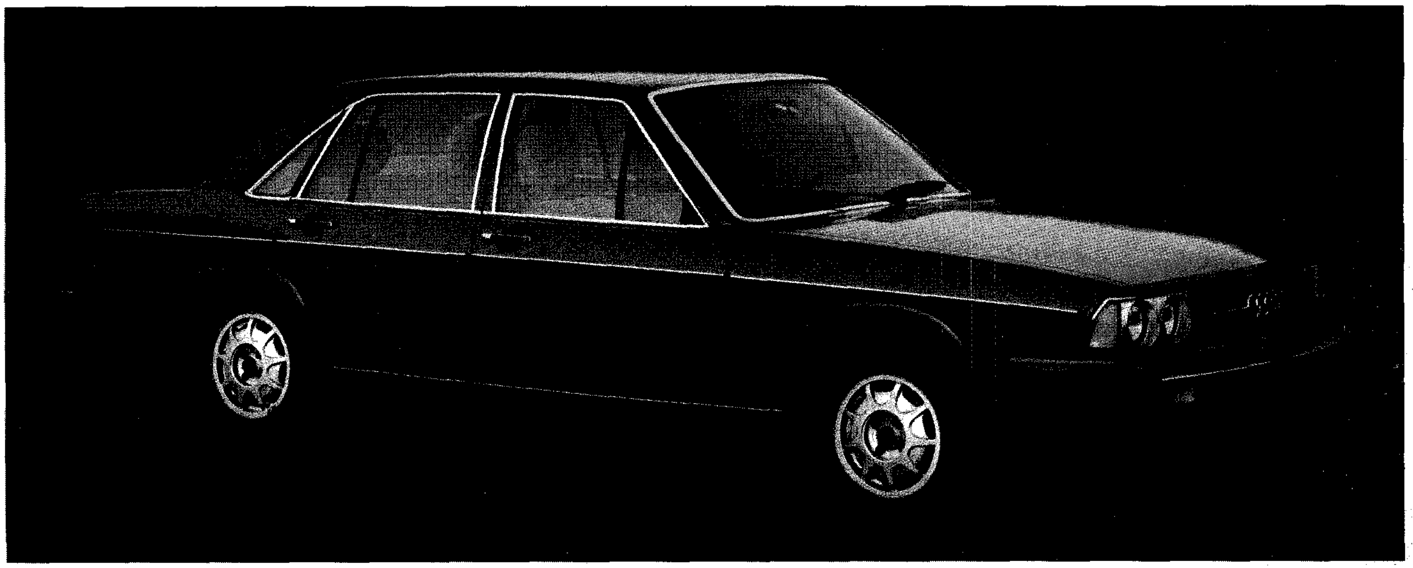
"CERTAINLY IT'S THE BEST SEDAN TO COME FROM EUROPE IN A LONG WHILE."

—ROAD TEST MAGAZINE, ON THE AUDI 5000



*The sedan that Road Test Magazine is talking about does not sell for $20,000. It does not sell for $15,000. It sells for a base price of $8995.**

This pleasantly surprising contradiction between the test results of the Audi 5000 and the price has been pointed out by several automotive publications.

Read these excerpts from the Road Test report on the Audi 5000 that appeared in the January, 1978 issue:

"At freeway speeds the ride is serene and smooth, there is no mechanical noise, and no wind noise. You get bored, turn on the radio, and just drive—until you glance down at the gauges and notice that you're making 85 mph. It's sneaky; it'll fool you if you don't pay attention. It'll also nip in and out of traffic like a much smaller car, thanks to the way it responds to its controls..."

"It may just be the ultimate sports sedan."

"...not only does the 5000 have a 5-cylindered mill, but it's got one that sips gas like a four,** makes horsepower like a six and feels nearly as smooth as an eight."

"...the 5000 has an incredible heater/air conditioner that could heat half your house, or could freeze your—um, toes off, depending on which button is pushed."

"...the price...isn't near as much as some of the 5000's closest competitors sell for. That, of course, is the name of the game, and Audi is playing it to the hilt with development of solid concept and good attention to detail. They're going to sell every one of these cars they can screw together."

Test drive the 1979 edition of the Audi 5000 at your Porsche + Audi dealer and see if it isn't so.

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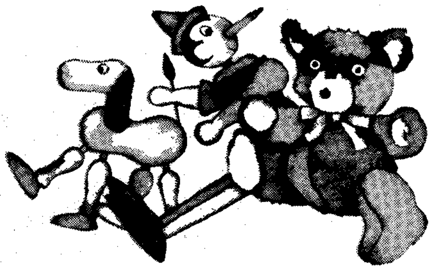
*Suggested retail price $8995 P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and dealer delivery charges additional. Fully equipped "S" model $10,575.

**26 mpg highway, 16 mpg city, std. transmission. (EPA estimates. Actual mileage may vary based on how and where you drive, car's condition, and optional equipment.)

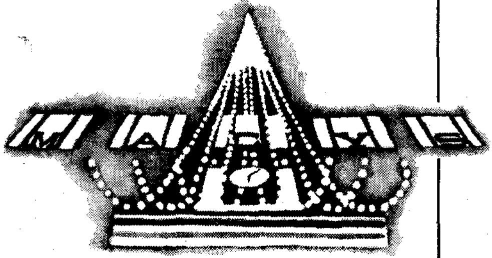
next to the tree

That's where you'll find the most gifts, of course



Macy's sparkles for the holidays like the most breath-taking of presents. Filled to the brim and spilling out into Herald Square.

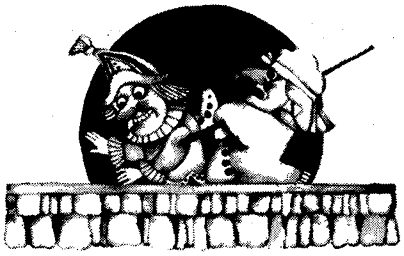
Our Christmas tree, right there on Herald Square, is a towering 76-foot blue spruce, a glittering beacon of Christmas cheer. It's a grand hint of the amazing shopping the world's biggest, brightest store has planned especially for you.

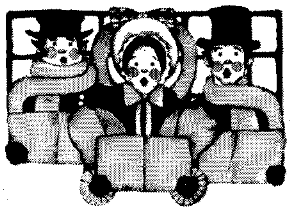


There's magic in Santaland, frosty 8th floor fantasy forest where Santa and bell-bedecked elves are busy in his Christmas workshops. And where a visit to Santa, costs not a penny, the most thrilling treat in town for any kid.

On the way to Santa's house, don't miss the lofty Gumdrop Castle. Built gumdrop by yummy gumdrop, it stands eight feet high!

The Puppet Theatre, honed to a fine performance edge, is ready to treat kids to an all-new Christmas adventure this year. (Performances six days a week with WNCN-FM's "Peter And The Wolf" taking over Tuesdays). 8th floor, near Santa. 25c





Our Strolling Troubadours wander, performing magic, mime, juggling. Our Dickens Choir carols from floor to floor.

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* Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.
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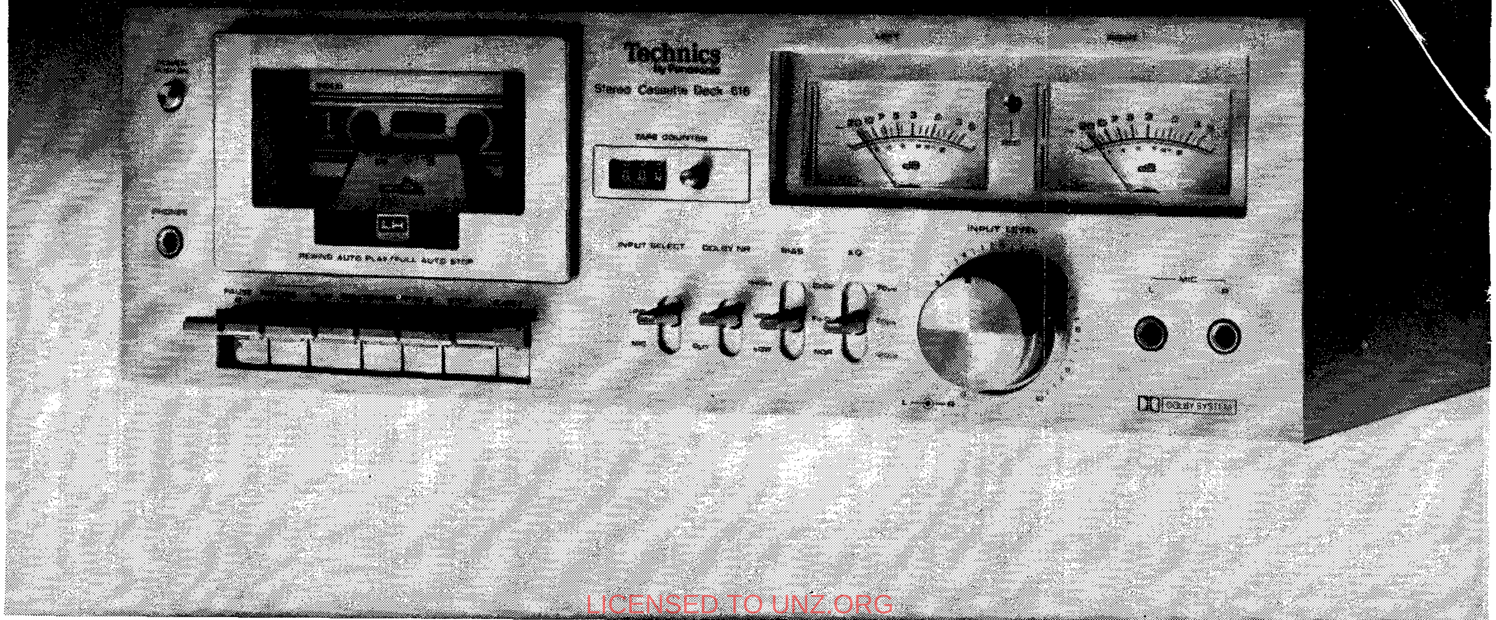

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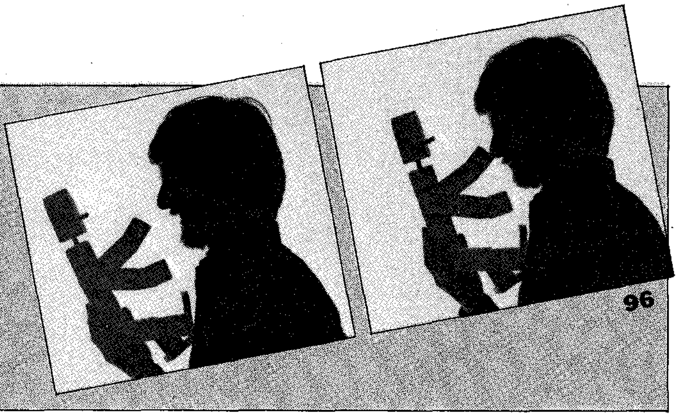

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LETTERS

Not for Attribution

Congratulations on "Can the Met Escape King Tut's Curse?" [by John L. Hess, November 13]. Many of us who know something of the field have realized for some time that if the mysterious Packard hoard really contained anything worth having, the Japanese authorities would never have allowed it to leave the country in the first place. And the problems of the Sackler collection—the highly questionable nature of most of its contents and of the way it was put together—are equally striking.

All this is, alas, nothing new at the Met. Years ago, the Met sank equally enormous sums of money into Chinese paintings that would have disgraced the collection of a chop suey joint. The Met displayed this trash with attributions that were really howlers: Many of the ugly botches on display were unblushingly assigned to the T'ang period, at a time when every reasonable historian of Chinese art agreed that nothing survived of T'ang painting anywhere in the world. Courses in the history of Chinese art in the Columbia Graduate School during the fifties always featured a "field trip," when the class went to the Met and then wrote papers on how many reasons could be suggested for disputing the attributions on the Chinese paintings.

Roy Andrew Miller
Professor of Asian Languages
and Literature
University of Washington, Seattle

The Underground Gourmet

Overlooked by Seymour Britchky ["Cheers and Hisses: A Roundup of Lincoln Center Restaurants," November 6] is a delightful possibility becoming more popular all the time. Known variously as "Le Café au Dessous de la Met" or "La Picquenique au Parking," it has an ambience not found anywhere else in the area. A recent dinner started with vermouth and Perrier with lemon slice, although one member of our party opted for Le Whiskey Sour, as he is just as happy to snooze through the first act of *Meistersinger.* We continued with filet de boeuf rôti on whole-wheat bread, with homemade mayonnaise. A more mundane choice, again for the non-opera-enthusiast, was peanut butter and bacon on white. We drank a Beaujolais Villages, but beer and Perrier were also available for the asking. Dessert was a sinfully rich éclair au chocolat made by our local patisserie on order in finger size, to be more easily handled with the café thermos. All in all, a most enjoyable occasion: good service, lighting a little inadequate perhaps, cost modest. One must learn to put up with the envious stares of the passersby—a small price to pay for such an unusual catered affair.

Adra Fairman
Princeton, N.J.

P.S. Keep the windows closed and the air conditioner running.

The Low Cost of Living

In your "Real Cost of Living" ["Gazette," November 13], you devised your own "market basket" of fifteen upper-middle-class essentials (face-lifts, horseback riding), implying that for these items inflation has *really* been killing.

Yet, taking your own numbers, it seems that ten or eleven of the fifteen items on your list actually rose at less than the general inflation rate (approximately 6.5 percent compounded over the past ten years). Of the four that did outstrip inflation, only two did so by a substantial margin: the costs of electricity and of hospital care.

The numbers you have compiled seem to show exactly the opposite of what you think they do.

Andrew Tobias
Manhattan

The Noise That Kills

Alice DeLury is to be congratulated for writing, and *New York* for publishing, the excellent article on noise control ["The Urban Strategist: Shhhhhh—Or Else," November 6]. However, there was an important omission from the list of serious physical sequelae of mega-noise: tinnitus. This internal ear noise—a ringing, roaring, wailing, hammering, or humming sound—is among the most common, and certainly the most agonizing, of the disabilities and distresses that can result from exposure to excessive sound. Once the condition has become chronic, nothing can reverse it. One cannot soundproof walls, plug out the noise, or remove oneself from the source: The noise is within and the only escape is death. The considerable number of tinnitus victims who have chosen precisely that escape might direct some needed attention not only to the problem of tinnitus—which is very great, and growing—but to the problem of noise control in general.

Trudy Drucker
Newark, N.J.

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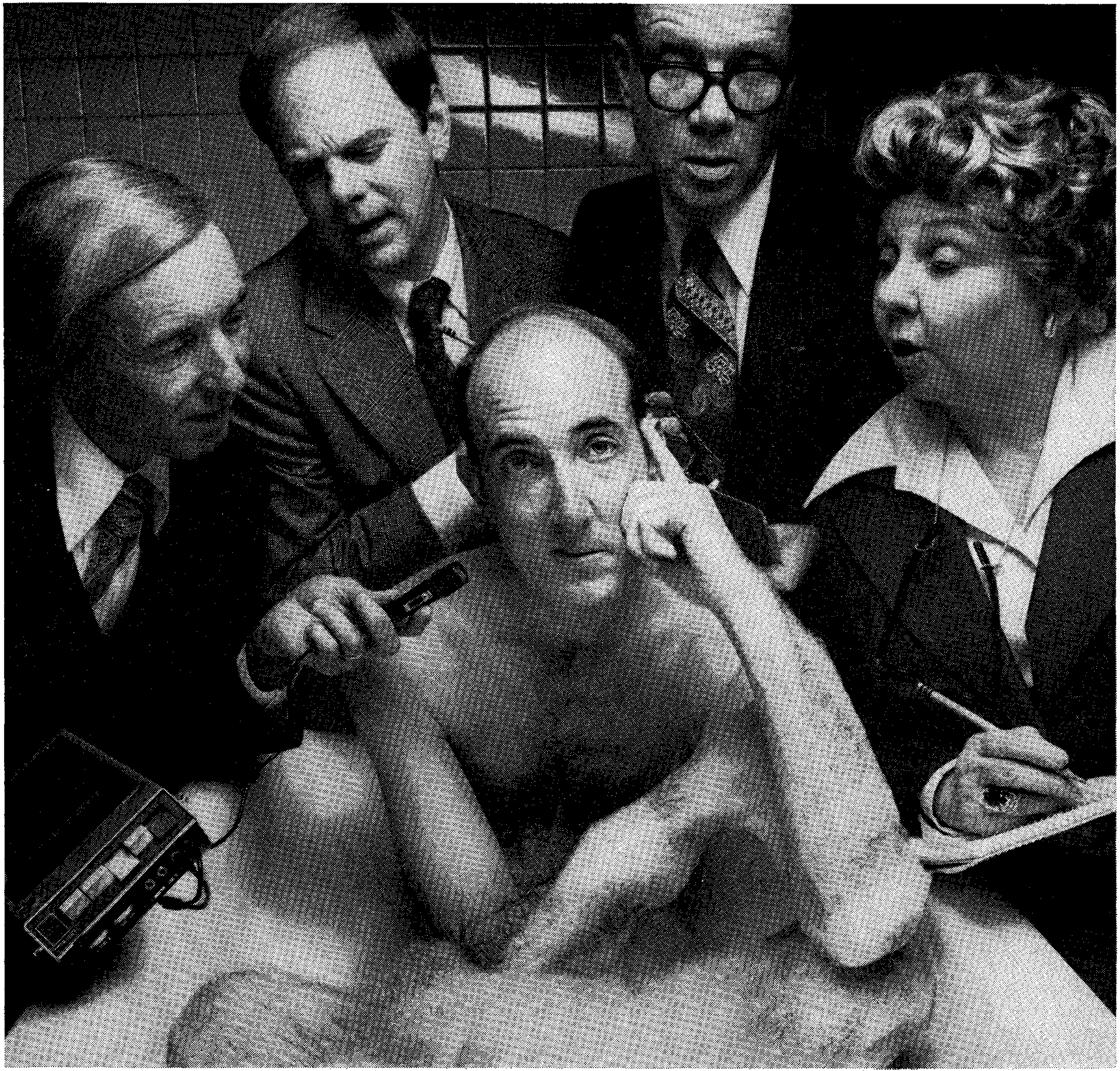

"Just one more question for our files, Sir."

At what point do corporations' requests for personal information become an unwarranted invasion of our privacy?

How many of the questions they ask (and answers they demand) are really necessary? How much information do they already have about us? Where did they get it? How accurate is it? And how freely do they exchange it among themselves?

Because these questions worry so many Americans today, Ætna wants to tell you how we are committed to doing business when you come to an Ætna agent or broker for personal insurance:[1]

We'll ask you for the information we need, and no more. We'll tell you what data we're after, how we intend to get it and from whom. If we turn you down, we'll tell you *why.* (And we *won't* turn you down just because someone else has.)

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And we'll go out of our way not to pass on information about you without permission.[3]

By openly discussing our policies on privacy, we hope to encourage action among governmental and private organizations. And to insure this, we support both voluntary and legislative measures as recommended by the federal government's Privacy Protection Study Commission.[4]

Today the burden of proof rests upon business and government to show that we deal fairly and openly with private citizens. Don't underestimate your own influence in helping to protect your personal privacy. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna is protecting your privacy.

---

[1] When any state law requires us to act differently, naturally, we must comply.

[2] "Respond" means: If we are wrong, we'll correct the error by informing our source and anyone else you request who received the misinformation from us in the past two years. If we conclude our information is correct, we'll tell you so. If you ask, we'll even put your disagreement in the record. We'll also distribute that statement of disagreement in the same way as we would correct an error.

[3] Occasionally, sound business reasons dictate exceptions (and we let you know what they are in advance). For example, Ætna will provide information needed by those selling or servicing our policies, for fraud prevention, or when required by law.

[4] The federal Privacy Act of 1974 which established controls over the federal government's use of personal information, also created the Commission to explore the need for similar restraints on local governments and businesses. Ætna's President, William O. Bailey, served on this commission and the conclusions it arrived at are the basis for Ætna's privacy policy.

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INTELLIGENCER

Warner's Bets on Disco Boom

If disco's driving you crazy, prepare for a long siege. To date, the major record companies have treated disco music the way they treated rock in the fifties—they swept it under the carpet. But now Warner's has just signed a $6-million deal with 28-year-old disco freak Ray Caviano to launch a disco label. If savvy guys like Warner's Steve Ross and Mo Ostin, the record biggie, are going with disco, the other majors will jump in too. Steve Rubell is going to have an awful lot to answer for.

Long Wait for Lachman Probate

Jaquine: Money problems.

The lovely Jaquine, last wife of the late cosmetics tycoon Charles Lachman, has been complaining to Southampton pals that "I have so many problems now that I'm a rich woman—all the men will be after me." Well, Jaquine shouldn't hold her breath waiting for the $30-million Lachman left her. Although the will provides that any challengers to it shall lose their bequests, the disgruntled relatives believe they can keep the will in court for years. Without actually challenging the document, lawyers for Lachman's children and former wife Rita are beginning a long and (they plan) tedious process of examination. Meanwhile, columnist Doris Lilly, who has been a staunch supporter of Jaquine in the brouhaha over the will, is herself a beneficiary. It's not a $100,000 bequest as Doris's fans would have you believe, though. She was remembered only to the tune of $20,000.

Turmoil in Met China Shop

Minor sensation at the Metropolitan Museum: For the first time in memory, the staff has persuaded chairman Douglas Dillon *not* to buy a Chinese painting recommended by Wen Fong, head of the Far Eastern department.

About the time that this magazine (as well as the state attorney general's office) was exploring the operations of that department, curators were raising questions about the authenticity and the provenance of the allegedly seventeenth-century painting, which bore a price tag in six figures. Following the appearance of our report (November 13), Dillon, whose family fund would have paid for the painting, was persuaded not to ask the trustees to accept it.

Things have changed. In the Tom Hoving era, most curators would no more challenge an acquisition than a trustee would. As recalled by the comment of one curator (anonymous, of course) when Hoving made them vote in 1975 to commit five years of general-purpose funds to a single buy of Wen Fong's. The curator told John Russell that, short of ceremonial disembowelment, he couldn't imagine a finer example of self-abnegation.

Garment Hijacker Singing to NYPD

Hijacking in the garment district has become such a huge problem that Police Commissioner Bob McGuire has quietly assigned a special organized-crime squad to the area. They just got lucky and caught a truck driver in the act of converting for his own use a load of high-priced merchandise.

The truck driver is now singing his head off, and what the cops are learning is that the multi-million-dollar racket isn't, as was widely believed, under mob control. Most of the heists are inside jobs worked by drivers. The goods are easily fenced to the hordes of unlicensed street peddlers.

Hard Times in Magazine Biz

These are turbulent times in the magazine world. *Us,* the New York *Times*'s entry into the gossip field, is being hawked around town and will likely fold if a buyer isn't found soon. *New Times* has gone under, as has *Viva. High Times* is embroiled in an ownership battle after the suicide of its owner and publisher, Tom Forcade.

Outside, the *Rolling Stone* spinoff, was recently sold after losing $2 million in a year. *Your Place,* for young apartment dwellers, folded. *Esquire* is finding that the fortnightly frequency disconcerts some of its readers and is giving consideration to switching back to a monthly schedule.

TV Guide is very worried by the free TV books now appearing in the Sunday New York *Post* and *News.* The *Hustler* empire still hasn't recovered from Larry Flynt's expensive flirtation with born-again Christianity and has been further racked by a wave of violence against its officers.

Kitty Oh! Press Secretary's Tale

Kitty: Strange job history.

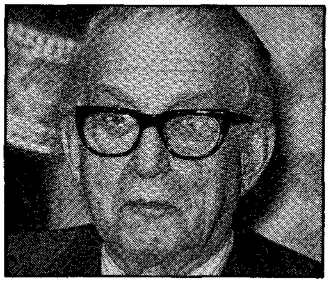
While Lyle Stuart is trumpeting the success (more than 150,000 copies in print) of Kitty Kelley's *Jackie Oh!,* some questions remain to be answered. The book jacket says Kelley was "press secretary" to Senator Eugene McCarthy for four years. We queried Stuart about that, and he said, very frankly, that it was his mistake and that Kelley hadn't held such an exalted role. "All a misunderstanding," said Stuart.

Then the author herself talked to *Women's Wear Daily* about the misinformation. "They said I worked as press secretary for Senator Eugene McCarthy for four years," Kelley explained. "That really bothers me. I was more like a secretary helping out on press work. I shlepped around a lot of press releases for him, but that's about it. That kind of inaccuracy can really damage my credibility." Yes. We have just obtained a copy of Kelley's résumé, which she sent out to prospective employers. For the years 1965–69, Kelley has billed herself as "Press Secretary to Senator Eugene J. McCarthy."

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photos: left, Sonia Moskowitz; right, Carole Livingston

See Same Hand on Pension Tiller



Levitt: New role in investments.

There are some political promises that shouldn't be kept, and, according to the view from City Hall, that includes the one State Comptroller-elect Ned Regan made about outgoing Comptroller Arthur Levitt. Regan, who credits Levitt's endorsement for his come-from-behind win over Democrat Jay Goldin, has promised to put Levitt on the new five-member State Pension Fund Trustee Board. The board was supposed to take control of the pension funds out of one man's hands, but no one doubts that Levitt would run it as a fiefdom. What is upsetting City Hall officials is that Levitt has had a penchant for investing the pension funds out of state. "He put a fortune into Atlanta while denying New York investment because he said it was a bad risk," says one bitter official. "As it is, Atlanta is now looking overdeveloped, decidedly risky. But all that money has gone south. We had hoped that a new comptroller would have meant new policies, helpful to the state and the city." Will Regan go through with his promise to appoint Levitt? "Whatever Arthur wants, Ned will give him," says a Republican leader.

Mouse Plague at New York 'Times'

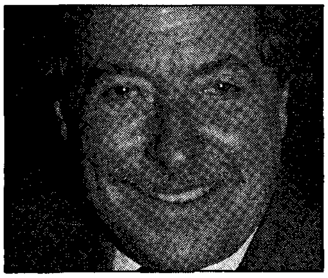
Sometimes the folks at the new New York *Times* must feel everyone is nibbling at them. We hear a major study of the *Times*'s top management, commissioned by Punch Sulzberger, has delivered what's said to be a scathing assessment of management practices, particularly in the editorial section. As if that's not enough, there is a mouse plague in the building, perhaps as a result of the strike. The creatures had the "Business Day" section in hysterics the other day.

Cult Massacre Sparks Book Deal

You have to move fast in publishing. Berkley signed a deal with Charles A. Krause, the only surviving eyewitness-reporter of the Guyana massacre, within 72 hours of the tragedy. Krause was shot in the arm but he'll have help with the typing from a team of Washington *Post* writers who flew down when the shocking story broke. Berkley president Victor Temkin says the book, a paperback original, will be rushed into print "just as soon as we've got the whole story."

Tennessee Plays for New Agent

"It's as if I was an Elizabethan and Bill Shakespeare called and asked me to represent him," says Milton Goldman. The superagent is glowing over the call he got from Tennessee Williams asking just that. Goldman says his new client is in great shape and has a host of plays in the works. As for Bill Barnes, who has represented Tennessee for almost ten years, it's not true that he's seething over the switch. Rumors have Barnes insisting that he'll not give up his 10 percent of the playwright. In fact, Barnes is switching his agent's hat for that of a producer. Doing Tennessee's plays is high on his agenda.



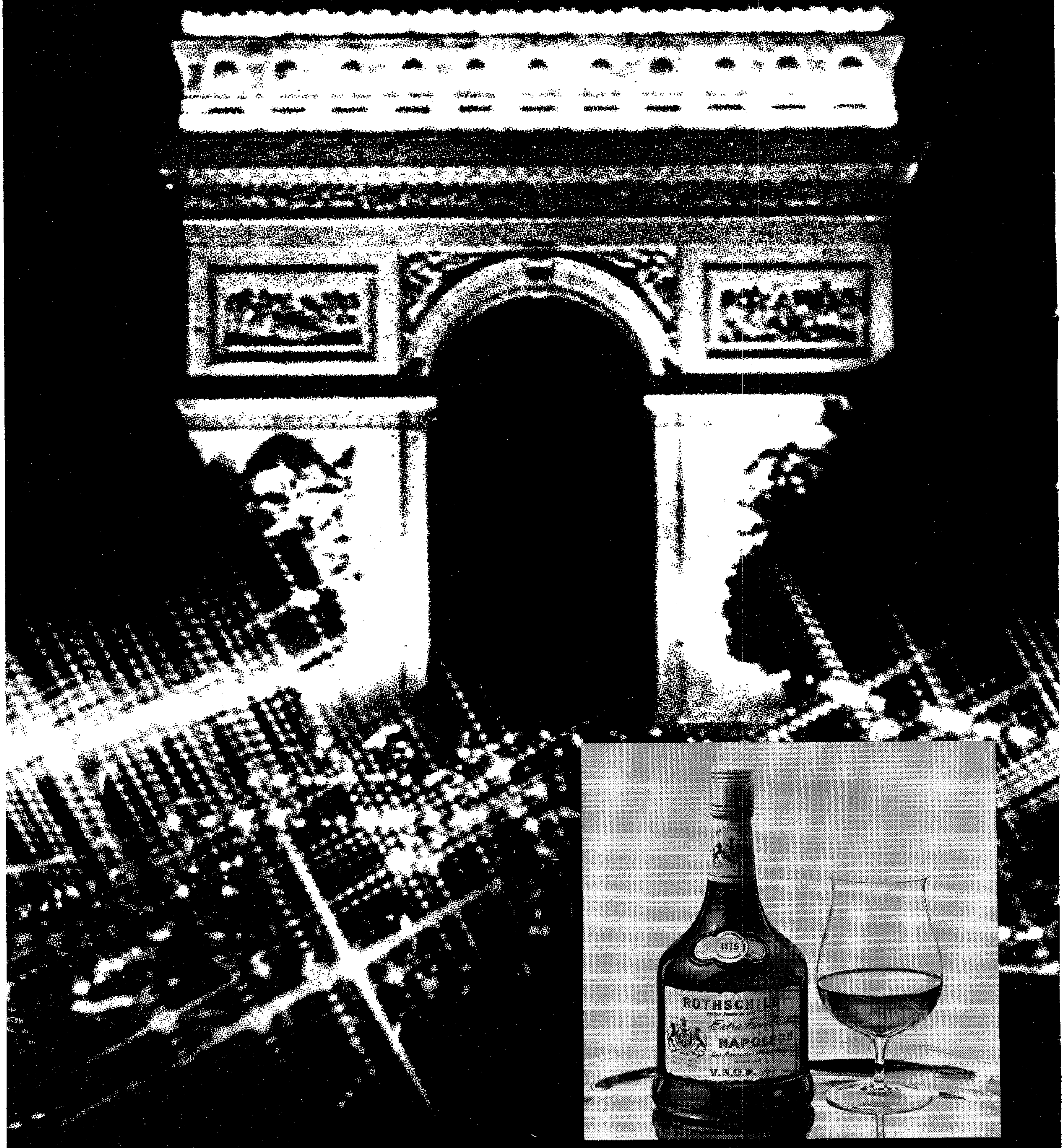
Williams: A change of mentors.

Movie Notes From All Over

Don't make jokes about *Apocalypse Never* around Francis Ford Coppola. The filmmaker is still struggling to get his *Apocalypse Now* epic into the theaters. Latest release date is June or July of next year. The film's costs are now so high that the interest bill alone is $250,000 a month and will total about $8 million by the time it's released. Coppola has about $8 million of his own money (that's everything he owns) in the project, which began filming in the Philippines two and a half years ago. United Artists claims it is obligated for only $6- or $7-million, so someone's going to have to make up the difference, which, with the interest charges forcing the final cost up to around $30-million, is considerable. . . . The market for Vietnam films will have been thoroughly tested well before Coppola's film is screened. *The Deer Hunter*, which is having a brief Oscar-eligibility run in New York next month, is among the most brilliant films ever made. The cast is stunning (Chris Walken will emerge a huge star), but Universal is nervous about the length (three hours) and the subject. The studio hopes that a swag of Oscars will convince moviegoers to be brave for once. . . . If Paramount goes ahead with the film version of *Platinum*, look for Shirley MacLaine as the older woman and Rod Stewart as the pop star. A lot of people think the story is based on Rod's life, anyway. . . . Lily Tomlin and John Travolta aren't the most accessible of stars, but they just got on the phone to *Newsweek* biggies and invited themselves to lunch. They badly want a cover on *Moment by Moment*. . . . Paramount is somewhat embarrassed by the smash success of *Up in Smoke*. The studio put up the original $1 million but refused to supply the $800,000 needed to complete the Cheech and Chong comedy. Lou Adler reached into his own pocket and the film has already grossed $25 million. The advertising slogan "Don't go straight to *Up in Smoke*" helped a lot. How did that slogan get past MPAA chief Jack Valenti? Jack was told the slogan just meant "Don't go direct" and had nothing to do with getting high. It wasn't until the protests from parents started flooding in—after the movie had opened everywhere—that the film watchdog twigged and ordered the slogan removed. . . . Dean Riesner's first draft of the script for *Godfather III* has just been delivered. Based on an original Mario Puzo story, this one has the CIA hiring the Mafia for an assassination and the Mafia hiring the CIA to regulate the drug trade. Eric Roberts, who's going to be a big star after *King of the Gypsies*, is first choice for the lead. . . . Kevin Eggers, owner of Tomato Records, will produce not one but two "definitive" films on the life of Elvis Presley. Eggers, who used to play touch football with "the king" in Bel Air, owns the rights to Albert Goldman's forthcoming Presley bio. "We have to set the record straight," says Eggers. "Why, here's his stepmother, Dee, writing a book about how much she and Elvis loved each other. He wouldn't let her in the house! And they say they buried him in his favorite spot at the Memphis mansion. Elvis had never trodden that particular piece of turf." Eggers says he's looking for an unknown to play Presley. "It would be silly to get someone like John Travolta. Elvis was an original."

Photos: left, Fred McDarrah ; right, Hy Simon/ Photo Trends

ROTHSCHILD.
Brandy at its best.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New York Gazette

In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

Last week took on medieval overtones, with mass suicide riveting our attention to a steamy corner of South America and typhoid fever popping up in Flatbush. On the more decorous side of life, John Curry skated into town, and, in Rockefeller Center, a Norway spruce from New Jersey received its coat of color and light for the holidays ahead.

Visiting Israeli Urges Countrymen to Come Home

By Yaël Dayan

Three Manhattan cabdrivers in one day. An assistant at Henri Bendel's hairdressing salon. A cardiologist at NYU, four electronic-gadget-store owners on Fifth Avenue, one waiter. All, with varying degrees of pride, told me, "I, too, am an Israeli."

Their language is Hebrew; they went to Israeli state schools and fought wars with my father in the Israeli army. They all have Israeli passports. Now they're fighting for their green cards (alien-registration papers enabling them to work) or a taxi medallion. They remain Israeli citizens, but they choose to stay here and be part of the fast-growing community of émigrés from Israel. There are no confirmed statistics, but 200,000 is mentioned. When I am back home, it's a disturbing figure; when I am here on a visit, it becomes an unpleasant reality.

I wonder which makes my blood pressure climb higher: when I meet the successful who have made it, who say, "Israel was too small for my potential," who criticize and know better; or when I encounter the pathetic ones who are suspended between two worlds, having substituted the security and familiarity of being a majority at home for two color-TV sets and a car.

From Queens and Brooklyn, where the majority of them live (many as illegal aliens), to fancy Manhattan apartments, these doctors, architects, businessmen, waiters, and felafel-stand owners share two things: the economic motivation that made them stand in line for a visa in Tel Aviv and the firm belief, by now doubted by many of us, that they will return home.

For the doctor, the excuse is "When I'm offered the right position and research facilities." The businessman's version is "I'd rather make the money here and retire back home independent of salary or red tape." For thousands of others, it's "I'm saving for an apartment in Tel Aviv." The saving is slow, the price of apartments in Tel Aviv is rising fast, and the two-to-three-year plans turn into ten or fifteen years of émigré existence.

Many still do their reserve duty; their children, when eighteen, join the Israeli army. The official government attitude offers an open consulate door and special facilities for those who wish to return. They don't exactly stand in line. They were not driven away by war, and peace may not attract them back. Being Israelis, they avoid Jewish functions that involve fund raising. And they are not taxed by Israel, nor do they cope with a 40 percent inflation rate at home.

The best of two worlds? Maybe. Commendable? Hardly. If we Israelis at home are overly sensitive to the phenomenon, it is because Israel is a country striving for increased immigration. We'll never be able to match what our émigrés seem to find here. They manage to live with their own guilt and our fair degree of resentment, and they have the security of knowing that what we do offer will be there whenever they want it. I don't know how much New York gains by their presence, but I do know how much we in Israel are losing by their absence.

Dayan: *Israelis come home.*

An Israeli Cabdriver Responds

By Gideon Turner

(After Ms. Dayan left our offices, we decided to look for an Israeli expatriate to comment on her remarks. So we walked outside, hailed a cab, and, as luck would have it, found Mr. Turner behind the wheel.)

A good friend of mine, an Israeli like myself, lives here in New York. But when war broke out in Israel in 1967, he was on the first plane back. He fought in the war, then came back here. His heart is in Israel, but his home is in America.

People travel all over the world to find a better life. Like my friend, I have found one here in the United States. People of many nationalities have found their opportunity here, and my wife and I are no different from them.

Like most Israelis, we were married young, and between wars. We found it impossible to get jobs that would allow us to buy the life we wanted for our family. The answer was to come to the United States.

If the Israeli government really wants to discourage emigration, perhaps it could extend aid to young people completing their military service and beginning family life. If they were offered the same kind of help being extended to the new Soviet émigrés, they might be able to stay.

We expatriates do not shrink from supporting the nation whose passport we carry. We have an informal network, and when a demonstration is planned, in front of the Soviet consulate, for instance, we call one another and show up to picket.

Nor do we shrink from war at home. My wife and I, and our parents before us, served in Israel's army and fought for our nation.

If it is true that war did not drive us away, it is also true that peace will not send many of us back. America is our home. But in time of need, Israel will find that we stand among her most loyal sons and daughters.

Turner: *We'll help when needed.*

Photo: left, Yael Rozen

The Eyes of Helmut Newton

By Helmut Newton

(Helmut Newton, the German-born fashion photographer whose work inspired the photography used in the film Eyes of Laura Mars, *has just mounted his first New York exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery. If Richard Avedon is the sun of fashion photography, Newton is the dark side of the moon.)*

When I started doing fashion shots for magazines, the editors used to think I was shifty because I was always slipping things into my photos that were "questionable," like girls lying on the floor with their bottoms up. But things have changed so much in the past fifteen years, that what I did then seems mild.

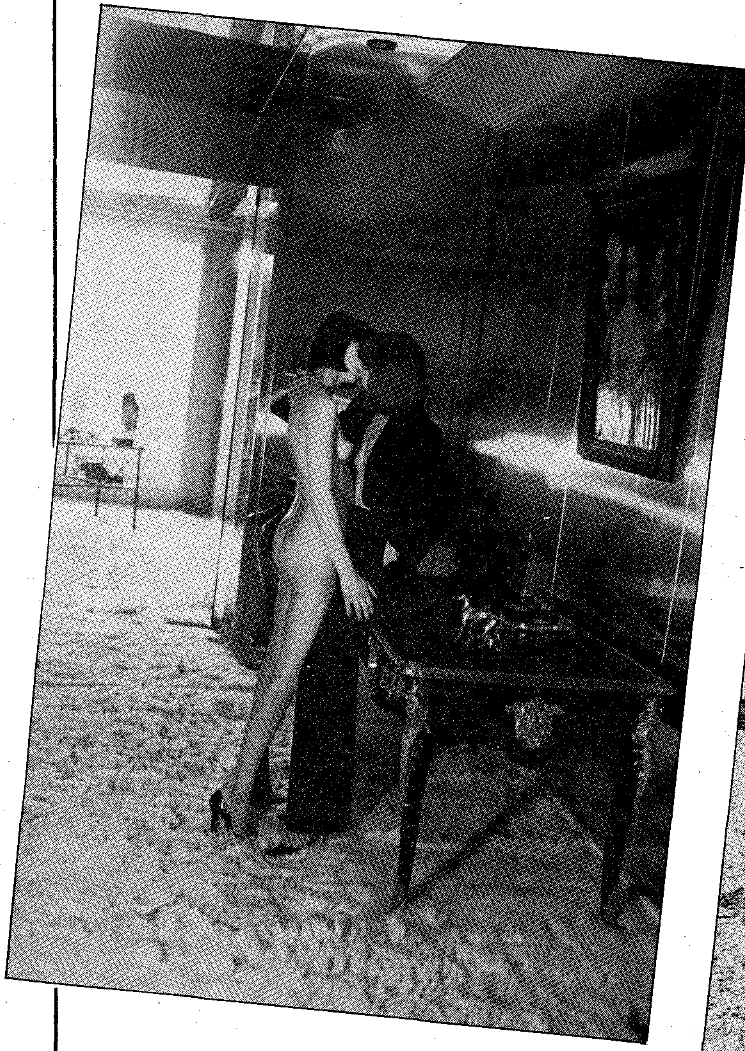
Things have become terribly permissive now, and I'm very much against that. The reason I feel that way is that the kind of permissiveness that allows all those girlie magazines to be put on the newsstands takes the mystery away from women, and what I aim for in my photos is a sense of mystery.

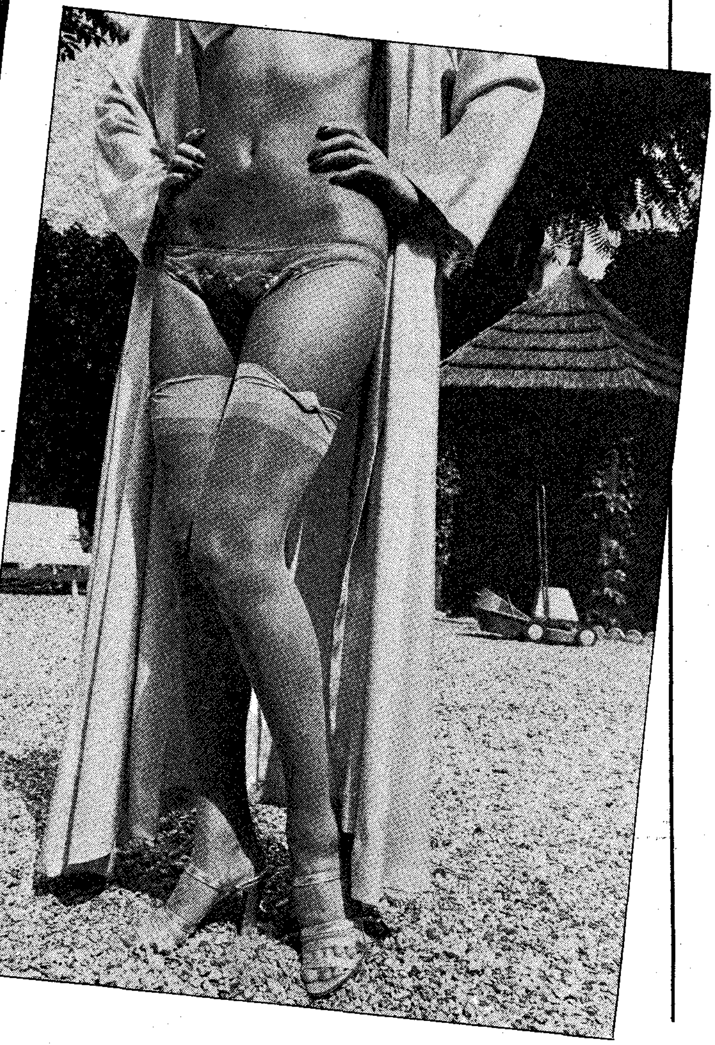
I don't treat women as sexual objects. I don't, for example, shoot them with their legs spread apart, or anything like that. That would be obscene and pornographic. My pictures are not pornographic but instead deal with recurring classic erotic themes. I try to make women beautiful.

The flyleaf of my new book, *Sleepless Nights* [Congreve Publishing], claims that my pictures are depictions of my innermost fantasies, but that's crap. My photographs and my private life are very separate. I don't fantasize about riding a saddle on a woman's back. If my sex life were like that, I'd be too worn out to take pictures.

It is very interesting to me that there exists in this country something of a contradiction about how sexual subjects should be presented in publications. In America, it seems, it is acceptable to have magazines like *Hustler* on the stands, but it would be unacceptable for American fashion magazines to use my photos the way they are used in Europe. The point of view here is square, I think. In Europe, there is a fuller awareness of what makes a woman. Perhaps our minds are purer there.

My approach to a session is purely mechanical. I merely tell the girls, "Look left. Look right." The rest is up to them. They are confident I will make them beautiful.





Olympic Athlete Hosts Parade

By Bruce Jenner

Thanksgiving in California is easier to adjust to than Christmas. You don't miss leaves on the ground the way you miss snow.

Nevertheless, I felt I had to come back to New York, from L.A., where I live, to co-host Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade on NBC-TV because people on the coast really don't know how to celebrate Thanksgiving. They certainly don't have traditions like the parade.

On Thanksgiving, the West Coast family gets together and runs three miles, then goes home to turkey dinner. Those people are so intent on staying fit, they run their meals off before they eat them.

I grew up in Cherrytown, New York, and I remember going to the Macy's parade as a kid. I was five or six the first time I drove down with my parents and I still recall watching the big Bullwinkle balloon and thinking, What would happen if they let it go? Where would it go?

Well, it was nice to see that Bullwinkle was still there last week, as were Mickey Mouse, Kermit the Frog, and Big Bird. As much as I enjoyed seeing my old helium-filled friend, it was nice to see that the parade can change with the times, that the *Sesame Street* characters the kids love so much were there with Mickey and Bullwinkle.

As much as I love all those balloons and floats, I must admit parades are for little people with imaginations. That's what they're all about: kids and the expressions on their faces.

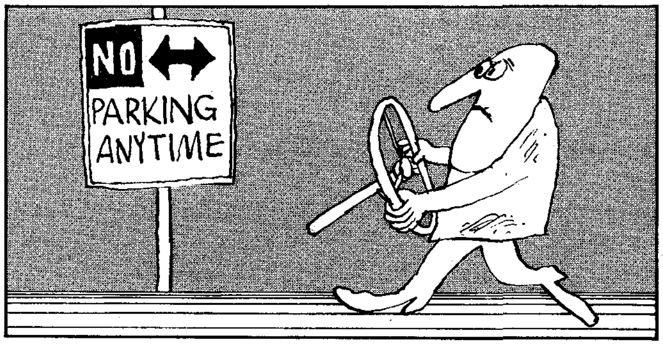
My little son is just ten weeks old, so he wasn't watching his dad on TV. He's mostly into smiling right now.

My wife said I had to be home for *our* Thanksgiving dinner, so I hopped a plane after the parade and headed back to L.A.—two Thanksgivings in one year!

Top Ten Parking Offenders

Appearances to the contrary, diplomats and foreign attachés are not the only drivers abusing—and ignoring—New York's complex parking laws. Following are the top ten civilian scofflaws, as reported by the Parking Violations Bureau.

Name License-Plate Number	Address	Amount Owed
1. Olga Huertas 183BYX	2435 Creston Avenue Bronx	$15,365
2. Carvan Corporation 7108KZ (commercial plate)	3110 Brighton 4th Street Brooklyn	$15,245
3. Feyzullah Guney 879YDL	42-16 82nd Street Elmhurst, Queens	$12,995
4. Juan Matos 983GBH	556 West 191st Street Manhattan	$12,385
5. Joseph R. Ryan 854WRL	131 Bellevue Place Yonkers	$10,485
6. Willie B. McNeal 436CSY	1308 Findley Avenue Bronx	$9,830
7. Filomena Roeriquez 531BYF	1500 Shakespeare Avenue Bronx	$9,750
8. Isaia Santana 286DKY	15 Cooper Street Manhattan	$9,555
9. Major G. Wells 969BWA	292 Central Avenue Brooklyn	$9,140
10. Charles E. Johnson 782YGS	191-12 113th Avenue Hollis, Queens	$8,980

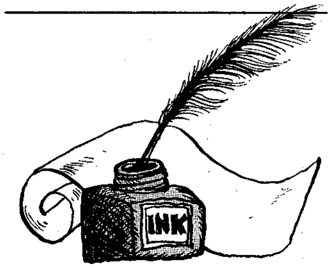


Broadway Down This Week

Business on Broadway took a surprising dip last week, with the gross down 7.13 percent. But, according to *Variety*, at least these ten top-selling shows were thriving (figures represent percentage of seating capacity and total attendance; percentages above 100 reflect standing room):

1. **Annie** *(101 percent; 10,781)*
2. **Ain't Misbehavin'** *(98.3 percent; 8,416)*
3. **A Chorus Line** *(96.8 percent; 11,400)*
4. **Dancin'** *(92.5 percent; 8,510)*
5. **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas** *(87.2 percent; 9,367)*
6. **The King and I** *(83.6 percent; 12,936)*
7. **Da** *(81.3 percent; 6,560)*
8. **Tribute** *(79.3 percent; 6,903)*
9. **Deathtrap** *(76.1 percent; 6,149)*
10. **Runaways** *(72.3 percent; 6,278)*

Red-Light District Nixed



October 10, 1978

Mayor Ed Koch
City Hall
NYC 10007

Dear Mayor Koch:

There has been much talk about legalized prostitution, notably the idea of creating a sort of red-light district. However, no one wants such a district in his neighborhood.

Thus, I propose legalized prostitution on buses and trains. The plan would create a mobile red-light district that would not be in anyone's neighborhood. Furthermore, the plan would operate only on commuter lines. This would encourage commuters to leave their cars at home in favor of mass transit. Thus, in one bold move we could solve the prostitution problem, releasing police for more urgent duties, and we would cut down on auto pollution, reduce traffic congestion, and, perhaps most important, raise new revenue for New York.

At least, that's the way I see it. What's your opinion?

Yours,
Randy Cohen

October 18, 1978

Dear Ms. Cohen:

Your plan to create a mobile red-light district is, to say the least, original. However, the entire matter of legalizing prostitution is one which deserves serious consideration by government and most importantly by the people. Indeed, in a pluralistic society, all are entitled to different feelings on different subjects.

Sincerely,
Edward I. Koch

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu

The City Politic / Tom Lewis

SPEAKER FINK AND THE ALBANY JOB MART

Assessing the Assembly

Stanley Fink is smart. The Assembly speaker-to-be, who'll replace his fellow Brooklynite Stanley Steingut come January, is also his own man. Something which makes him a bit of an unknown quantity in the contract-laden meeting halls of Albany.

Since 1969, Fink has toiled in the Legislature, surprising people with his interest in substantive matters, toughness, and tendency toward making all the decisions all of the time. Steingut was never one to take risks; Fink loves to gamble in order to win.

So, with a budget of $28 million at his disposal and control over 1,000 jobs, his relationship with Hugh Carey—and in fact those with the other power brokers in Albany—will be crucial in running the affairs of state. To strengthen his position, Fink has taken pains to commandeer the loyalty and favor of his colleagues. He has identified the most serious concern of most of the Assembly members: the conduct of the lower house itself.

Reuven Savitz, a New York City official who has worked closely with Fink, says, "The first thing he'll look at is the operation of the Assembly."

That will make a lot of members on both sides of the aisle happy. They complain that the Assembly has been inefficient and chaotic. Thousands of bills are introduced that never see daylight, while crucial bills are passed without hearings or debate in the loony last hours of the session.

Fink says one of his objectives as speaker would be to rehabilitate the image of the Legislature, to restore public confidence. "I'll be looking for visionary solutions to everyday problems," he says. He'll push for strong financial-disclosure laws for public officials, better legislative oversight of government spending, and some form of public financing for primary and general elections.

There is considerable sentiment for a legislative pay raise in 1979. Fink knows it but says it has to be a two-step process. Public confidence is needed first. He wants a blue-ribbon panel to study what he calls "the outer limits of state government."

"We don't know," he says. "We don't really know what our legislators ought to do." He's worried that taxpayers don't get their money's worth, a worry shared by most taxpayers, and he's also worried that the best people will not run for public office unless legislators are paid more.

Legislative boss: *Stanley Fink is the new power elite.*

"If the achievers don't run for office," claims Fink, "all we'll have left in the Legislature will be the rich and the leftovers."

There is general agreement in Albany on the general shape of the agenda for the 1979 legislative session. There will be more tax cuts, but not in personal income taxes; there will be some attempts at civil-service reform; casino-gambling legislation will come up for a second reading but may be put off until 1980; and there will be a clean-up of the 1978 criminal-justice legislation, which has proved full of loopholes and problems.

Much of the budget will be determined by the *Jaws 2* scenario being written by New York City officials. The city's cash-flow problems were solved by federal guarantees, but now there is a massive budget gap, they say.

The theory is that the governor owes much to Mayor Koch and the municipal unions, and now is the time to collect. But every other city in the state faces serious financial problems and, besides, it's not clear who owes what to whom.

Many in Albany, including some of the governor's staff, are skeptical of the city's claims to special treatment. They argue that local governments all over the state are in financial crisis.

This is the year, they say, for long-term solutions to the property-tax and school-finance problems. The early months of 1979 will reveal whether Albany is capable of laying a foundation for serious long-term reform of the finances of local government.

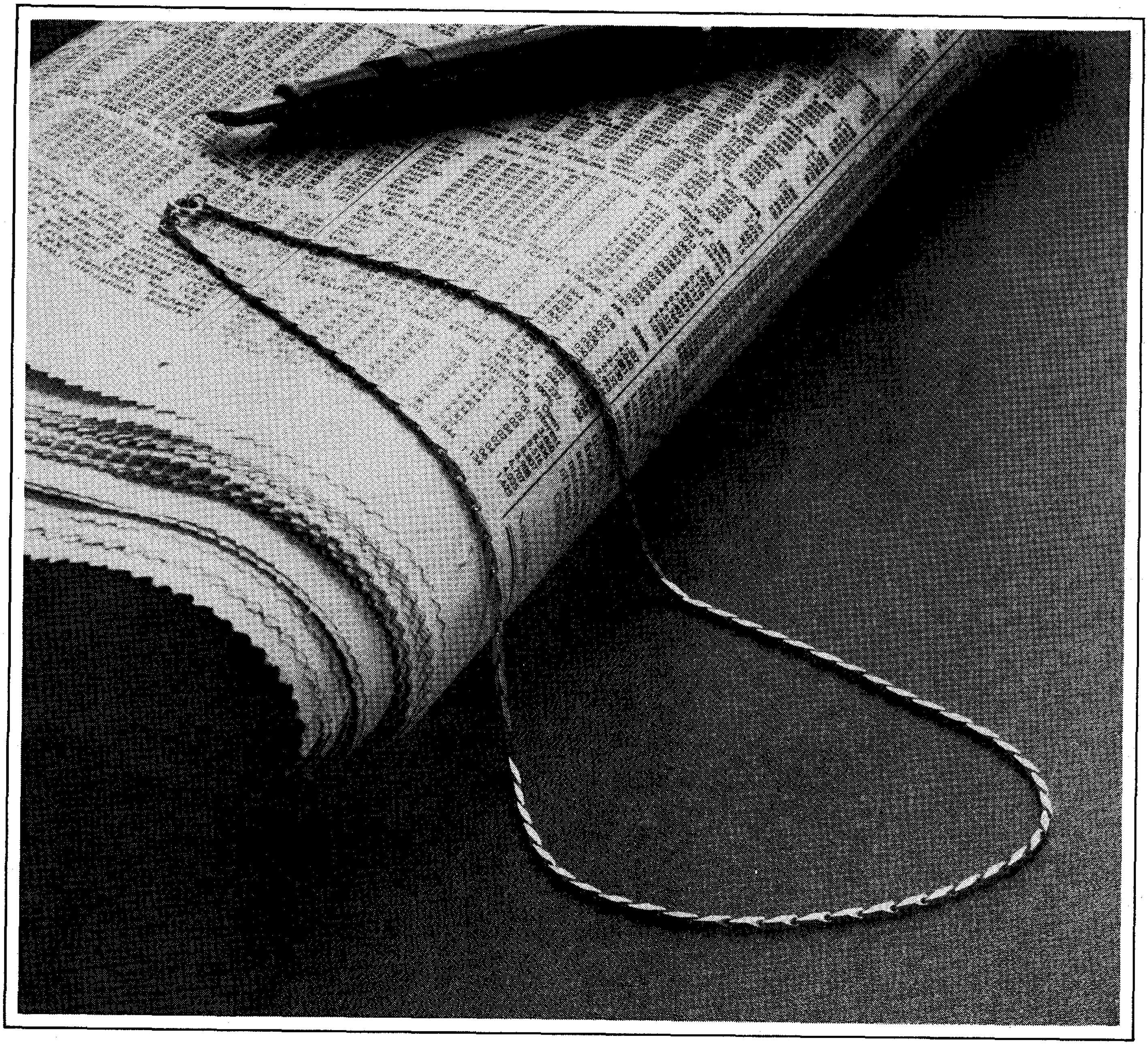
Jerry Kremer, the powerful Ways and Means chairman, says, "The demands by New York this year will be historic in their size." But he adds, "Let's wait and see. There are no strong advocates for the city's problems in Albany. City officials will have to sell their case."

Stanley Fink says, "Inflationary federal policies and the withdrawal of federal funds will hurt New York City, but we have to help all our cities, including the smaller cities."

Fink is not just soothing upstate feelings. He spent the last six months traveling around upstate during the campaigns, helping other Democrats, and he knows that Rochester and Buffalo have serious problems. So does the governor. So does Warren Anderson, whose position as Republican majority leader of the Senate is unchallenged. Fink, the governor, and Anderson must agree on major legislation. But a key legislative aide says, "New York City will be the background for the entire legislative session."

At the least, the state will agree to take over the costs of the City Univer-

A Beautiful Investment



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GIMBELS
A Christmas Tradition

sity, providing that Chancellors Wharton of the State University and Kibbee of City University can agree on the question of governance.

Welfare is the only other area where the state could have a significant impact on the city's budget and on county budgets around the state, according to analysts in Albany. It is possible that welfare will be a major topic in Albany in 1979. This could turn out to be a hard subject for Assembly Democrats and the governor. Can we have pay raises, tax cuts, and local welfare reform all in the same year?

An early test of the new relationships will come in December. The governor has promised to call a special session to raise home-mortgage rates for state-chartered banks. Steingut and Fink both have made strong commitments to stop redlining and have blocked attempts to legislate a flexible mortgage rate unless redlining is outlawed.

There may not be a special session unless the governor, Steingut, and Fink can agree on a bill in advance that won't lose face for anyone. A harmonious special session will be a sign that the mistakes of the past have been avoided.

Through it all, Fink talks seriously about teamwork. But the second and third floors of the capitol, which house, respectively, the governor's office and the Assembly and Senate chambers, are vibrant with uncertainty.

This has stemmed, in part, from the compilation by the Carey elite of "hit lists," names of a dozen or so top officials destined to leave the administration. No one list is definitive, and the situation is in flux. And until the governor focuses on the situation, the winners won't be known.

The change in speakers has had an ironic impact on the second-floor hit list. Michael Del Giudice, an old Albany pro and top Steingut aide, is looking for a job. The governor's secretary, Bob Morgado, is a good friend of Del Giudice. They worked together all year as the closest advisers to the two most powerful men in Albany, and their friendship goes a decade back to service together on the Assembly staff. They are close in age, temperament, and outlook. Morgado wants to help his friend, who is well qualified.

Unfortunately, Del Giudice is not a lawyer, so he can't replace Judah Gribetz, the governor's present counsel, who has feuded with Morgado and who is said to be at the top of the hit list and in line for a judgeship.

The other two important jobs in the executive chamber are director of state operations and budget director. Here is where the lists get complicated. Both jobs are occupied by people close to Morgado—Carey's chief lieutenant.

The director of state operations is Tom Frey, a nice guy who was put in the job by Morgado when Morgado became secretary in 1977. Frey was a highly regarded assemblyman from Rochester. Had he not resigned his seat, he would be an almost certain choice for majority leader, the second-most powerful position in the Assembly.

Frey is a lawyer, and the original plan was to replace Gribetz with Frey, and Frey with Del Giudice. That was an elegant solution that would have left untouched the acting budget director, Howard Miller.

Miller hired Morgado out of graduate school to work on the staff of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee. It was Morgado's first real job in state government. Someone who knows both said, "Bob can't fire Howard. It would be like firing his father."

But this solution may not work. The sticking point is said to be the governor's reluctance to give full assent to Morgado's plan, especially to the ascendancy of Frey.

The rumors flowed the week after the election, then ebbed. Morgado was said to be the source of the hit lists the first week and was said not to be the source the second week. The third week, Morgado went on vacation, leaving a number of people turning slowly in the wind.

Frey acknowledges he might have been the new majority leader. "That's what everyone says," he nods, but he won't comment on any of the other rumors zipping around the grapevine. And Howard Miller has never been confirmed as budget director, for reasons no one really understands.

So in the end, Mike Del Giudice may not have a job on the second floor, and that may prove to be something of an embarrassment for Bob Morgado, who, having engineered with David Garth the comeback of Hugh Carey from the basement of the polls, is now supposed to have total control.

Yet the only real challenge to Morgado's power will come from Mario Cuomo. Cuomo, like a number of other people, has survived a hard cuffing by the governor and prospered. Cuomo will be a major intermediary with the Legislature for the governor, will have special responsibilities in criminal justice, and will control a revitalized Office of State Planning.

All of this will detract from the power of the governor's counsel, the director of state operations, and the new secretary of state. Some of Carey's staff may find themselves nostalgic for Mary Anne Krupsak.

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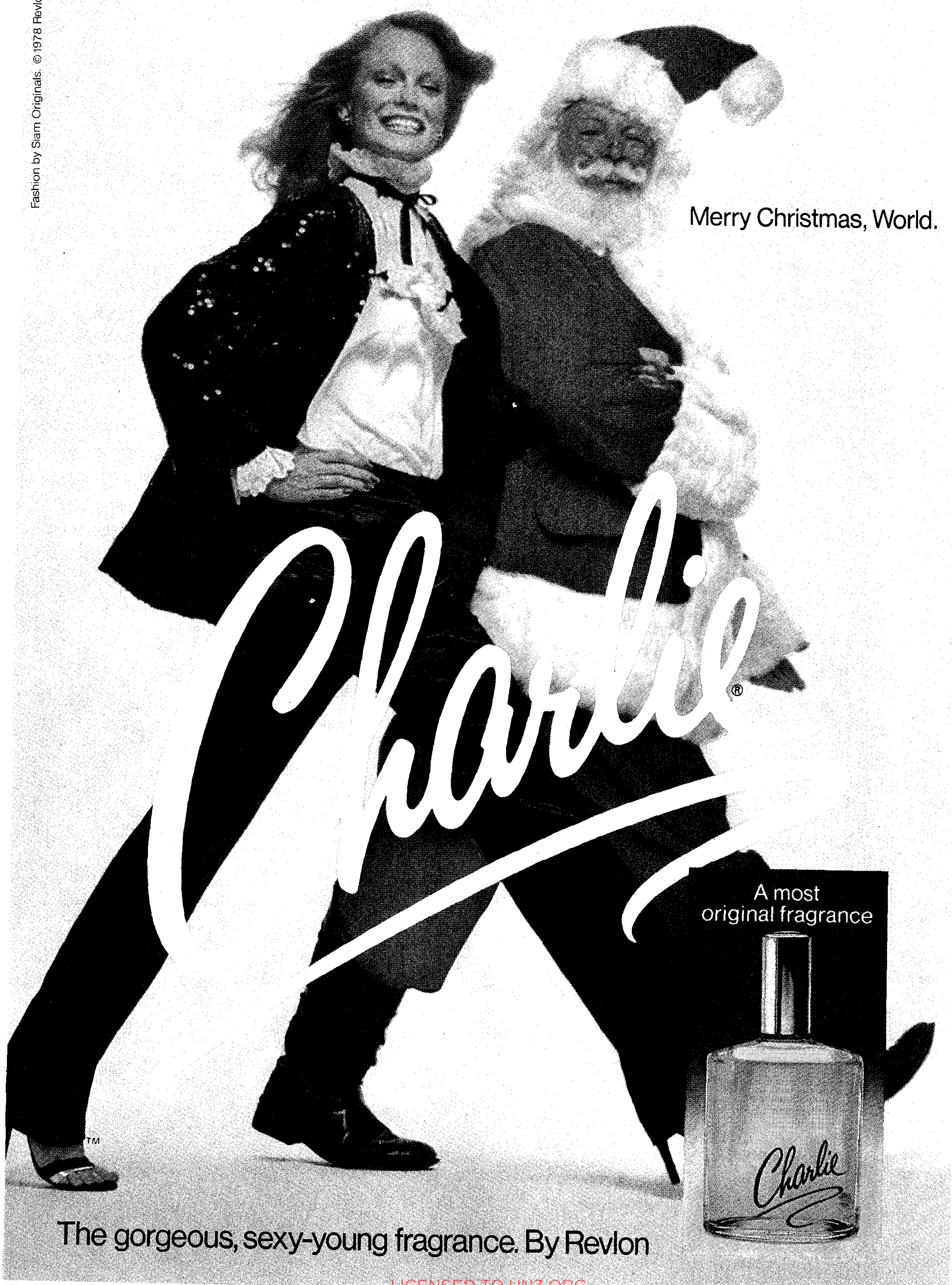
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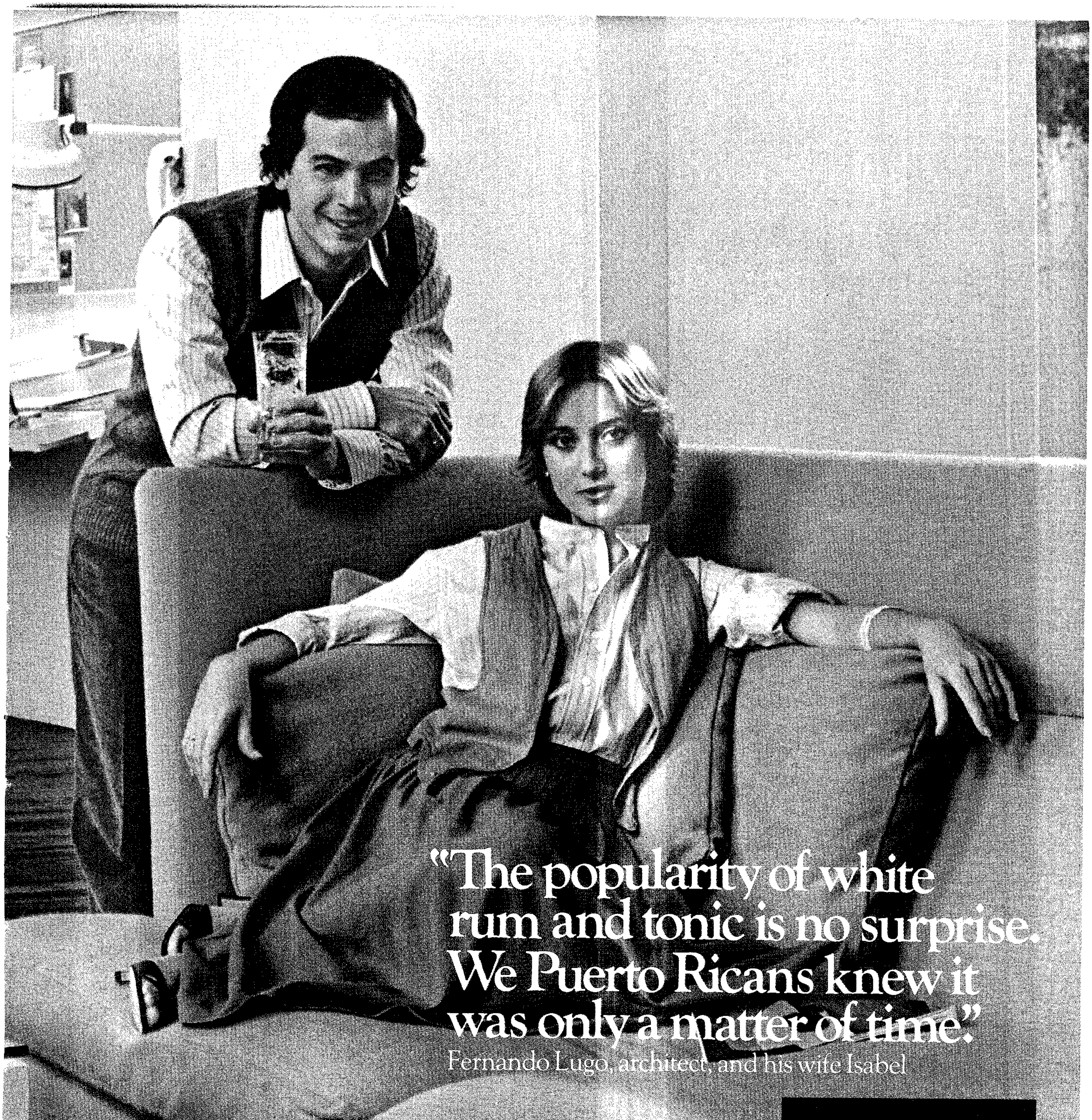
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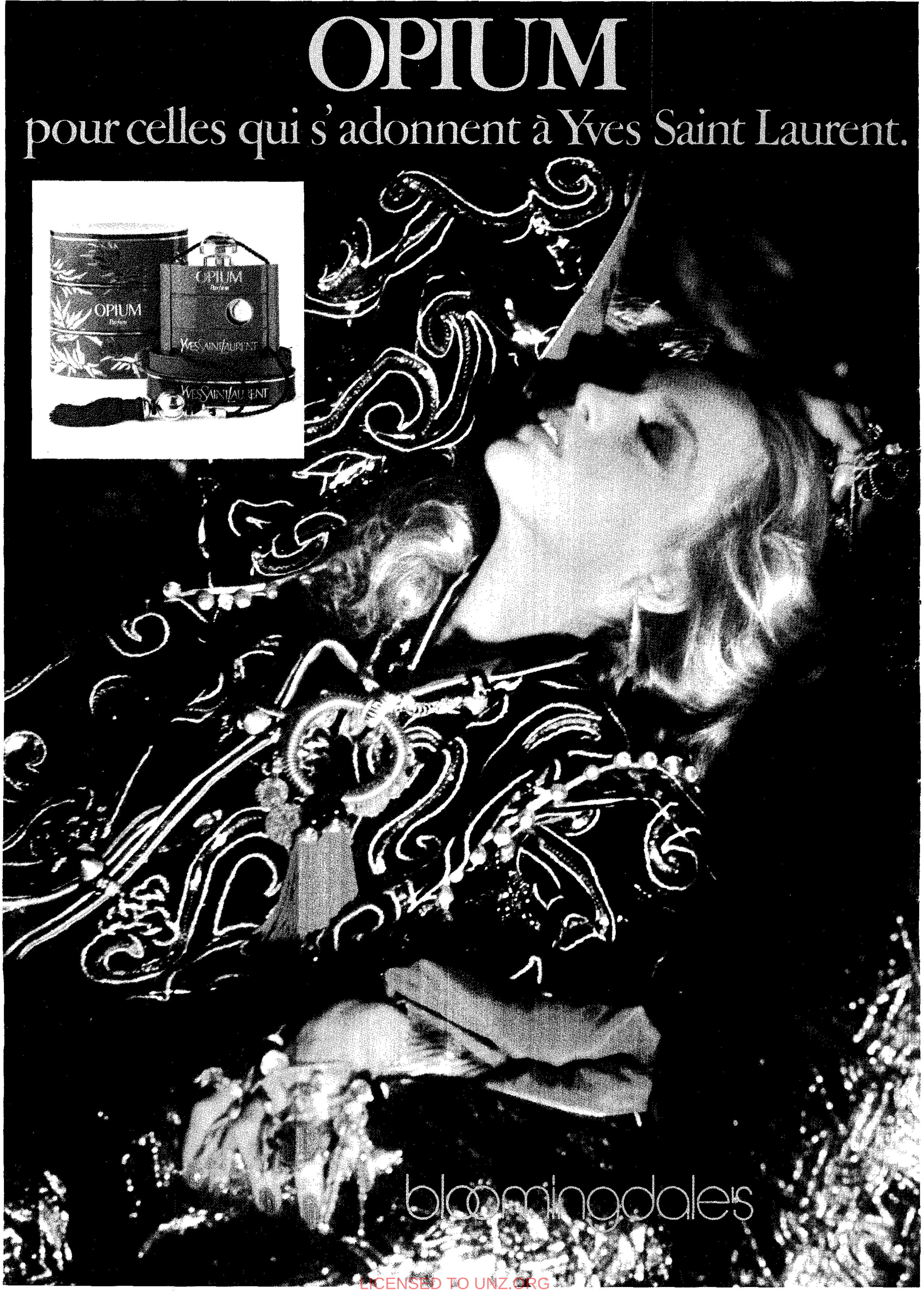
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HIGHLIGHTS

von Aroldingen *and* **Baryshnikov** *in* **Prodigal Son,** *seen on Channel 13 November 29 at 9 p.m.*

John Bergstrom *and* **Shane Marinson** *in* **Nocturne,** *opening December 1 at the Production Company.*

Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, *and* **George Rose** *in* **The Kingfisher,** *start previews at the Biltmore November 29.*

A scene from **The Nutcracker,** *opening November 30 at New York State Theater.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

November 28 thru December 5

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5

MOVIES

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Bread and Chocolate.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 11/28, *Heaven Can Wait; Slaughterhouse Five.* 11/29-12/2, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands; One Sings, the Other Doesn't.* 12/3-5, *The Buddy Holly Story; Let the Good Times Roll.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 11/28, *Green Hell; The Impatient Maiden.* 11/29, *Just Imagine; Floradora Girl.* 11/30, *Royal Scandal; Lifeboat.* 12/1, 2, *The Thin Man; Song of the Thin Man.* 12/3, *Come Back Little Sheba; The Matchmaker.* 12/4, *The Firefly; The Chocolate Soldier.* 12/5, *Let's Make It Legal; We're Not Married.* 12/6, *It's a Wonderful Life; Christmas Holiday.* 12/7, *Ben Hur; King of Kings.* 12/8, 9, *Charlie Chan in the Secret Service; Charlie Chan in the Jade Mask; Charlie Chan in the Shanghai Cobra.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 11/28, *The Man Who Loved Women; Bed and Board.* 11/29, 30, *Elmer Gantry; Marjoe.* 12/1, 2, *A Star Is Born; Cabaret.* 12/3, 4, *Dear Inspector; Man on the Roof.* 12/5, *Iphigenia; Phaedra.* 12/6, 7, *Lies My Father Told Me; Hester Street.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Magic.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Watership Down.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Wiz.*

34th St East, nr Second Avenue (683-0255). *Death on the Nile.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Watership Down.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Movie, Movie.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Comes a Horseman.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *The Wiz.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Autumn Sonata.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Boys From Brazil.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Up in Smoke.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Same Time, Next Year.*

Cinema II, 3rd nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Slow Dancing in the Big City.*

Gemini I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Dream of Passion.*

Gemini II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Midnight Express.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Magic.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Once in Paris.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Death on the Nile.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 11/28, *Heaven Can Wait.* 11/29-12/5, *The Big Fix.*

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison (794-0600). 11/28-12/3, *If It Fits,* by John Marshall and Mark Erder. 12/5-10, 12-17, Films by Yahraus, Burril, Davis, Blumberg, and Backus.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Bread and Chocolate.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Wiz.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Paradise Alley.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). To be announced.

RKO 86th I, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Midnight Express.*

RKO 86th II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *The Wild Geese.*

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St (989-2994). 11/30-12/3, *The Wedding Camels* (Judith & David MacDougall).

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 11/28, *Zatoichi's Rescue.* 11/29, *The Traveling Players.* 11/30, *Cantata de Chile; The Promised Land.* 12/1, 2, *Blow-Up; The Conversation.* 12/3, *Lolita; King, Queen, Knave.* 12/4, *Speaking Directly; Angel City; Last Chants for a Slow Dance.* 12/5, *Sansho the Bailiff; The Mistress.* 12/6, *Pierrot Le Fou; Shock Corridor.* 12/7, *The Other Francisco; Mexico: The Frozen Revolution.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Midnight Express.*

Quad, *four cinemas* at 34 W 13th (255-8800). I. *Interiors.* II. *Interiors.* III. Thru 11/30, *Up in Smoke.* From 12/1, *The Great Georgia Bank Hoax.* IV. *A Wedding.*

National, Bdway at 44th (869-0950). *Magic.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Wiz.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *The Wild Geese.*

Loews State II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Message From Space.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *Comes a Horseman.*

Victoria, Broadway & 46th (354-5636). *Goin' South.*

Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Embassy II, III, IV, Bdway at 47th (730-7262). II. *Foul Play.* III. *Saturday Night Fever.* IV. *Grease.*

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Death on the Nile.*

RKO Cinerama I, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Up in Smoke.*

RKO Cinerama II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Midnight Express.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Paradise Alley.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). *Caravans.* On the stage: "The Nativity."

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Watership Down.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 11/28, noon, *Matisse;* 2:30, *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 11/30, 2:30, *Teresa Venerdi;* 6 p.m. *Le Cena Melle Beffe;* 8:30, *La Corona de Ferro.* From 12/1, to be announced.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Lord of the Rings.*

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Interiors.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 11/28, *The Traveling Players.* 11/29, *When the Clouds Roll By; Carefree.* 11/30, *A Man and a Woman; Happy New Year.* 12/1, *The Exterminating Angel; Viridiana.* 12/2, *Nights of Cabiria; La Strada.* 12/3, *The Royal Ballet;* Films of Martha Graham. 12/4, *Sunrise; Traffic.* 12/5, *WR—Mysteries of the Organism; Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 11/28, *Heaven Can Wait.* From 11/29, *Interiors.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Boys From Brazil.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Violette.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Days of Heaven.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Magic.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 11/28, 29, *Easy Rider; Wild Angels.* 11/30-12/2, *Julia; You Only Live Once.* 12/3, 4, *Coming Home; Jezebel.* 12/5, 6, *Barbarella; 92 in the Shade.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Bread and Chocolate.*

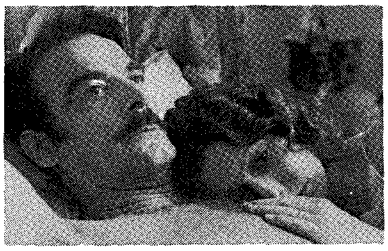
Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Midnight Express.* II. *Heaven Can Wait.* III. *National Lampoon's Animal House.* IV. *Up in Smoke.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Interiors.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 11/29, 30, *Patchwork Girl of Oz; The Wizard of Oz.* 12/1, 2, *The Voyage; A Special Day.* 12/3, 4, *Marry Me, Marry Me; And Now My Love.* 12/5, *Stagecoach; She Wore a Yellow Ribbon.* 12/6, 7, *Distant Thunder; Days and Nights in the Forest.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 11/28, *Heaven Can Wait; The One and Only.* 11/29-12/5, *A Wedding; Boys in the Band.*

AUSTRALIAN FILM FESTIVAL



11/28, 7:15 p.m. *The Devil's Playground.* 11/29, 7:15 p.m. *In Search of Anna* and *The Night the Prowler.* 11/30, 7:15 p.m. *The Singer and the Dancer, Backroads,* and *The F. J. Holden.* 12/1, 7:15 p.m. *Forty Thousand Horsemen;* 9:15 p.m. *The Sentimental Bloke.* 12/2, 7:15 p.m. *The Getting of Wisdom;* 9:15 p.m. *Caddie* (Above, Takis Emmanuel and Helen Morse featured). 12/3, 8:15 p.m. *Newsfront.* Lincoln Center Library, 111 Amsterdam Ave (799-2200).

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Autumn Sonata–In Ingmar Bergman's new film, Ingrid Bergman (in a brave, fully rounded performance) is a successful concert pianist, and Liv Ullmann is her 35ish daughter who is convinced that her mother's neglect of her as a child has ruined her life. She takes revenge in guilt-provoking accusations that are loathsome, fascinating, and ultimately baffling. A bald, untextured, tirade-film, in which Bergman seems lost in resentment and guilt that he hasn't quite comprehended or worked out. Baronet.

The Boys From Brazil–Gregory Peck barks Nazi rhetoric directly at the camera as a scientist-war-criminal plotting to re-establish the Third Reich, and Laurence Olivier, an aging Viennese Nazi hunter, struggles heroically to foil his plans. It might have been exciting and fun if directed by a Warner Brothers hack of 40 years ago, but Franklin J. Schaffner *(Patton)* kills it with his pompous, big-movie stodginess. Adapted from Ira Levin's novel. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Embassy 72nd; Art; Trans-Lux 85th.

Caravans–A big, slow, old-fashioned adventure movie based on James Michener's novel and set in "Kashkhan, Zhadestahn... somewhere in the Mideast" but actually shot in the mountains and deserts of Iran. The desert landscape, captured in Douglas Slocombe's excellent, wide-screen photography, is often quite intriguing, but the rest of the movie isn't. Michael Sarrazin, looking like a Beverly Hills lawyer in his tailored bush jacket, wanders around in a jeep searching for Jennifer O'Neill, a rebellious girl who has "crossed the Khyber pass alone on a donkey" in pursuit of her husband (Behrooz Vosoughi), only to leave him for the aging leader of a nomadic tribe (Anthony Quinn). The story doesn't make any sense, but kids should enjoy the scenery. James Fargo directed—dully. On the Big Stage: "The Nativity." Radio City Music Hall.

Comes a Horseman–Every big-time director commits a grand folly sooner or later, and this movie is Alan J. Pakula's. It's a solemnly high-minded Western with an ecology twist about two small ranchers (Jane Fonda and James Caan) who fight off a greedy cattle baron (Jason Robards) while oil interests scheme to destroy the land. The conflicts are ludicrously stark and finally unbelievable, and the movie's style conforms to a misbegotten ideal of authenticity—parched, underplayed performances, barely audible dialogue, lighting that is often affectedly dim. After 90 minutes of rectitude Jane Fonda finally smiles at Caan and the effect is like that of the sun breaking through clouds. But most of the movie is gray. The muddled screenplay is by Dennis Lynton Clark. Criterion; Trans-Lux East.

Death on the Nile–A ponderous, slow-paced, unexciting adaptation of Agatha Christie. (If Christie wasn't a quick read, then what in the world was she?) Peter Ustinov plays ace detective Hercule Poirot *soberly,* which is a bore. Bette Davis and Maggie Smith are fun together, but no one else in the huge cast distinguishes himself. What is the point of this dreadnought approach to a basically frivolous genre? Loews Tower East; 34th St E; Forum.

A Dream of Passion–Melina Mercouri rampages her way through the floridly written role of a famous Greek actress who returns home to play Medea on stage. During the rehearsal period she meets an imprisoned American woman (Ellen Burstyn) who has killed her own children in order to punish her adulterous husband—a real Medea, savage and desperate. The encounter should produce a change in Mercouri but instead it only produces an occasion for more self-display. The movie is a bit much. Written and directed by Mercouri's husband, Jules Dassin. Gemini I.

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything, has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Embassy II.

Goin' South–Jack Nicholson is a scruffy outlaw about to be hanged, and newcomer Mary Steenburgen is a virgin with an inherited gold mine who claims him as her husband. Their Punch-and-Judy life together is occasionally charming and funny, but the material just isn't fresh enough to cause many surprises. Nicholson, who directed the picture himself with a mischievous love of disorder, is obviously having a good time, but the attractive Steenburgen, who pouts and poses a lot, looks trapped in a terribly old-fashioned role. Another beautiful job of cinematography by Nestor Almendros. Victoria.

Grease–Why do kids love John Travolta so much? Perhaps because he's a romantic hero with a broad streak of silliness and self-parody, beautiful one moment and odd-looking the next. He never gets the chance to bust loose in this big, klutzy musical, but he's still sensationally funny. The rest of the movie is an inflated pastiche of '50s musicals (calling it a parody doesn't help—it's still banal). Stockard Channing, as the class bad girl, displays some nifty comic timing, but Olivia Newton-John is so bland that you wish a juvenile delinquent would come along and stomp on her. Patricia Birch did the undistinguished choreography and Randall Kleiser directed. Embassy IV.

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Festival; New Yorker, Quad; from 11/29, Playboy.

Lord of the Rings–Parents planning to punish their children this holiday season should take them to see this confused, violent, charmless adaptation of

J. R. R. Tolkein's classic narrative. Animator Ralph Bakshi, best known for his hellish urban comedies *(Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic),* has produced a battle epic in red and black that is often striking visually but impossible to get into emotionally. Stunned by a mess of mysterious names and creatures, the uninitiated viewer hasn't the slightest idea who is killing whom, or why any of it matters. Where is Tolkein's charm, his storyteller's clarity and sweep? Disney's animated features were often scary but they were always lucid, they didn't leave children suspended in the air, whereas Bakshi, too nihilistic to tell a story straight, frightens viewers without resolving anything. Ziegfeld.

Magic–A shallow, gimmicky thriller about a psychotic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins) and his demonic dummy. Who dominates whom? And who cares? Much of William Goldman's screenwriting is on the level of an old Rod Serling show; specifically, the plot seems stolen from the Michael Redgrave episode in the infinitely superior 1946 British horror film, *Dead of Night.* Ann-Margret is on hand as the owner of a Catskills resort (!?), and Burgess Meredith, also trying to be Jewish, plays a tough old talent agent based on "Swifty" Lazar. The movie works you up over nothing. Richard Attenborough has improved as a director and should find some decent material. With Ed Lauter. National; Beekman; Paramount; Gramercy.

Message From Space–A Japanese-made science-fiction spectacular directed by Kinji Fukasaku, starring Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba, with an international cast. Loews State II.

Midnight Express–The true story of Billy Hayes, an American student arrested in Turkey in 1970 for drug possession (hash) and sentenced to years of torment in an Istanbul prison. Brutal, scary, and occasionally very exciting, the movie never overcomes the basic problem of glorifying a boy more foolish than heroic. It's also violently and irrationally anti-Turkish (without exception Billy's Turkish fellow prisoners, as well as the guards, are subhuman). It seems to be a gigantic cautionary tale for middle-class tourists: Don't get caught. Starring newcomer Brad Davis and featuring John Hurt, Randy Quaid, and Mike Kellin. Alan Parker directed. RKO 86th St I; Gemini II; Cinerama II; Greenwich.

Movie, Movie–George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, Barbara Harris, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, and Harry Hamlin in a comedy that spoofs movies in the era of free dishes. Sutton.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Waverly; U.A. East; Embassy I.

Once in Paris–A surprisingly effective and enjoyable little movie by Frank D. Gilroy (he wrote, directed, produced) about a naive American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who goes to Paris to work and falls in with two people who have been around the track a few times—a tough, alarmingly versatile chauffeur (Jack Lenoir) and a beautiful English woman (Gayle Hunnicutt, who's from Texas, but you'd never know it) looking for a temporary bed partner. The movie might be called "bittersweet" (with an emphasis on bitter), but that sounds cliched, and there are no cliches here. *Once in Paris* is the only true "adult movie" in town. 68th Street Playhouse.

Paradise Alley–Written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, and a bizarre ego trip it is. Set in the Italian section of Hell's Kitchen in 1946, the movie is about love and rivalry among three brothers—half-witted Victor (Lee Canalito), who becomes a wrestler; sinister Lenny (Armand Assante, imitating Pacino), who serves as Victor's manager; and Cosmo (Stallone), the neighborhood loser, a boring garrulous man we are supposed to love solely because Stallone plays him (we don't). Trying for warmth and color, Stallone has written a script that sounds like a nagging, fake-chummy old radio show. In the upbeat ending he uses the fifth-rate sport of wrestling as an audience turn-on. But wrestling isn't boxing, and Victor isn't Rocky. The movie is both opportunistic and hopelessly out of it. Rivoli; Loews Cine.

Same Time, Next Year–A housewife and an accountant become lovers and meet once a year for 26 years. Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda star. Screenplay by Bernard Slade, based on his stage play. Robert Mulligan directed. Cinema I.

Slow Dancing in the Big City–"Why did you become a dancer?" the man asks, and without batting an eyelash the woman replies, "The sky always seemed a better place to be." Has there ever been so much high-flown gibberish in a single movie? Wind seems to be blowing through the empty spaces in the screenwriter's head. Written by Barra Grant and directed by John G. Avildsen *(Rocky),* this romance between a bathetic, man-of-the-people newspaper columnist (Paul Sorvino) and a high-strung, ailing ballet dancer (Anne Ditchburn), is probably the most shameless and synthetic tear-jerker since *Love Story.* Sitting through it is like watching all 18 hours of a Jerry Lewis telethon. Cinema II.

Up in Smoke–The comedy team of Cheech and Chong try to get high and stay high in a genial, casually lousy pothead farce set in Los Angeles. Without jobs, plans, ambitions, or responsibility, they devote themselves to dope and seem as happy as Henry Miller's scruffy expatriates in *Tropic of Cancer.* As you watch this often funny film, you sink into the disreputable comforts of slobbiness. Written by the two comics and directed by their record producer, Lou Adler. D.W. Griffith; RKO Cinerama I; thru 11/30, Quad.

Violette–Based on a true story (from the early thirties) about an 18-year-old Parisienne who poisoned her father and stole his money. The child of repressed and hypocritical lower-middle-class parents, Violette sneaks out of the house at night in her lipstick and black furs (she looks like a hooker in a Brassai photograph) and searches for adventure. But in Claude Chabrol's perversely muted and ironic film, starring Isabelle Huppert, Violette doesn't have a good time even when she sins. With Stéphane Audran and Jean Carmet. Paris.

Watership Down–An enchanting animated version, in pastel blue-green watercolors, of Richard Adams's bestseller about a group of rabbits who are forced to leave their warren, brave the open fields, and find a new place to live. Hunted by men, birds, dogs, cats, and other rabbits, our heroes survive through speed, cunning, and heroic self-sacrifice. Whether you regard the movie as the ultimate exercise in anthropomorphism or as a parable of the fate of outcast peoples like the gypsies or the Jews, it's a heart-stirring tale. With the voices of Ralph Richardson, John Hurt, Harry Andrews, and, as a brutally sarcastic but helpful sea gull, the late Zero Mostel. Written and directed by Martin Rosen, an expatriate American and former talent agent and producer *(Women in Love)* now living in London. Here, here! Guild; Eastside; Bay Cinema.

A Wedding–Two large families—one old-money WASP (with an admixture of Italians), the other nouveau-riche vulgar—gather at a posh Illinois mansion to celebrate the marriage of their children. What results is a total shambles. Robert Altman's comedy, his twelfth film in nine years, is in his satirical multiple-vignette style, but the satire is a little thin and derisive this time. The movie is a considerable formal achievement, but it's deficient in feeling. The huge cast includes Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett, Vittorio Gassman, and Mia Farrow. Quad; 11/29-12/5, Olympia.

The Wild Geese–An adventure film about a group of mercenary soldiers who attempt to rescue the imprisoned leader of an emerging African nation. Roger Moore stars. Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

The Wiz–Monstrously overproduced and underfelt all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz.* Diana Ross, singing and acting well in a basically synthetic role, is Dorothy—not a teenage girl but a 24-year-old Harlem schoolteacher afraid of life. She travels through Oz (a half-realistic, half-fantastic New York) looking for the Wiz (Richard Pryor) and accompanied by the Scarecrow (high-voiced Michael Jackson), the Tin Man (Nipsey Russell), and the Lion (Ted Ross). Tony Walton's huge sets serve mainly as static backdrops, and director Sidney Lumet can't seem to find a place to put the camera. The gigantic production numbers are shot from so great a distance that we can't see dance movement. *The Wiz* is a Radio City Music Hall version of soul. With Lena Horne and Mabel King. Loews Astor Plaza; Plaza; Murray Hill; Loews Orpheum.

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, November 28

Man and Superman–George Bernard Shaw's play, with George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, Philip Bosco, and Bette Henritze. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews now prior to a 12/14 premiere. Runs thru 2/18/79. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Wednesday, November 29

The Kingfisher–Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose in a new play by William Douglas Home, about a famous novelist and a woman who become romantically involved again after a lapse of forty years. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Previews start tonight prior to a 12/6 opening. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Friday, December 1

Ballroom–Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia co-star in a new musical based on the TV play, "The Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," about a group of middle-aged people who spend a great deal of time at a public ballroom. Book by Jerome Kass; music by Billy Goldenberg; lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. Director/choreographer Michael Bennett. Previews start tonight prior to a 12/14 opening. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but — given such surefire ingredients as a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a dog called Sandy — only a churl could cavil. Thomas Meehan's book is a far cry from Harold Grey's comic-strip *Annie,* as is Charles Strouse's score from his best work, but Shelley Bruce is touching in the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-0246).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of a couple and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

The Crucifer of Blood–A new Sherlock Holmes mystery play starring Paxton Whitehead, directed by Paul Giovanni who based it on Doyle's writings. Timothy Landfield plays Dr. Watson and Glenn

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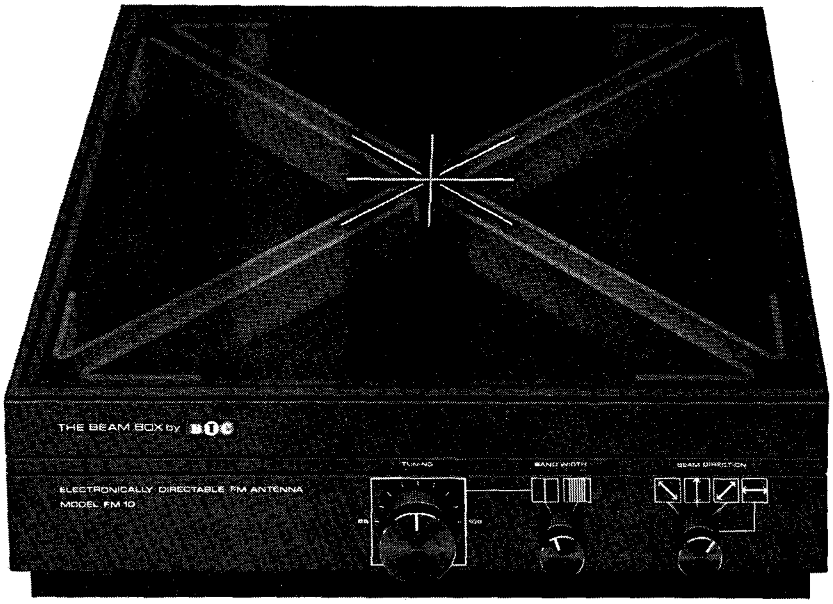

AROUND TOWN

Close the female lead as Irene St. Clair. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and Richard Woods. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Eubie!–Based on songs by Eubie Blake, revue is a nice old-fashioned black musical of the kind we could have seen with rapture on Broadway some four or five decades ago. There is talent here and there is fun to be had. But if you can get into *Ain't Misbehavin'* you can see the same sort of thing brought brilliantly up-to-date. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (541-6490).

First Monday in October–High-minded hokum about the first woman justice of the Supreme Court. Henry Fonda plays a dyed-in-the-wool liberal and Jane Alexander, the much younger, nobly conservative new justice. Rather than explore the social and psychological problems this might give rise to, the play falls back on a tried-and-true formula: inveterate antagonists having at each other until they arrive at warm mutual respect laced with a hint of, shall we say, an impossible love. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3. Thru 12/9. ANTA, 52nd & Bdway (CI 6-6270).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Maureen Stapleton and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direc-

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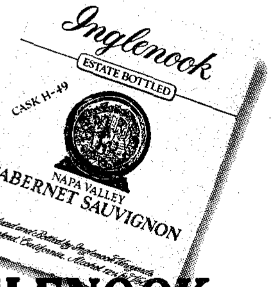

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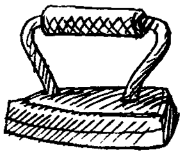

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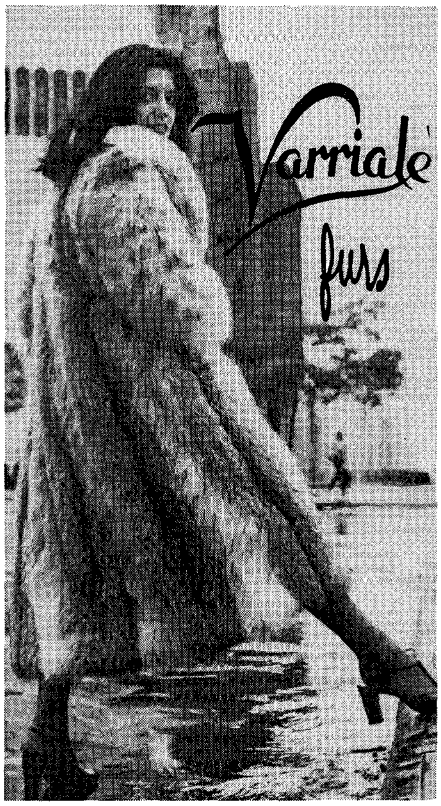

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tion. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–The Smothers Brothers are now *appearing in this tale of wife-swapping in Trenton,* done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and the direction by Gene Saks that even brings the *orchestra onstage to mess around in the action.* Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

King of Hearts–A very bad movie which became a cult film has now been made into an even worse musical. Joseph Stein's book follows the movie's idiotic plot fairly faithfully, and heaps on the surefire ingredient of an adorable booby hatch such further favorites as a make-believe whorehouse and a fantasy circus. Ron Field's staging is inept and his choreography is scarcely better. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Minskoff, Bdway at 45th (869-0550).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers *as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed* & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m.; & a 5 p.m. perf on Sun. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Platinum–Alexis Smith stars in a new musical with book by Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch, described as a charade about Hollywood's Sunset Strip and the recording industry, with the focus on a fading film star who tries to recapture her plummeting career by becoming a recording artist. Music by Gary William Friedman. With Lisa Mordente, Richard Cox, and Damita Jo Freeman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

Playboy of the Weekend World–Emlyn Williams in a new solo entertainment adapted from the comic short stories of H.H. Munro (Saki). Thru 12/10. Playhouse, 359 W 48th St (541-9820).

Runaways–This entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, *nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in*fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon *thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Thru 12/2.* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).

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AROUND TOWN

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–*Mad Dog Blues* by Sam Shepard, directed by Shan Covey. 12/1-3, at 9 p.m. Bill Manhoff's *The Owl and the Pussycat,* 12/1-3, 8-10, 15-17, 29-31, at 7 p.m. $3. Academy Arts, First Ave at 51st (486-1431).

Acme Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy.* Both run thru 12/30. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (279-9321).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Approaching Zero–Thom Thomas's play, based on Georg Kaiser's *The Gas Trilogy.* Tues thru Sun, thru 12/23. $5. La Mama, E.T.C., 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been–Eric Bentley's play of the Hollywood witch-hunt of the 50s, directed by John Bettenbender. With Jerry Ver Dorn, David Barker, Benjamin Bettenbender, and Robert Nichols. Promenade Theater, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Boys from Syracuse–Rivival of the Rogers and Hart/Abbott musical. 12/1, 2, 3, 8, 9, at 8 p.m. mat 12/10 at 2 p.m. $4. Einhorn Auditorium, Lenox Hill Hospital, 131 E 76th (879-6396).

Buried Child–A play by Sam Shepard opens here 12/1. (Originally performed off-off Bdway at Theater for the New City to great notices, hence the move to off Bdway.) With Jacqueline Brooks, Richard Hamilton, Christopher McCann; directed by Robert Woodruff. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Can-Can–Revival of the musical by Cole Porter and Abe Burrows. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 12/10. Equity Library Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Cartoons for a Lunch Hour–A new musical by Loften Mitchell and Rudy Stevenson, with a company of 22 and an orchestra of seven. From 11/29. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Catholic School Girls–A play by Casey Kurtti, directed by Madeline Gaidzik. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7:30, thru 12/3. $3.50. Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

Chamber Piece–By John O'Keefe, directed by Chris Silva. Fri thru Sun, 12/1-17. $3. G. Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (940-0800).

Chekhov One, Two, Three–*The Boor, The Evils of Tobacco,* and *The Wedding,* directed by Jean Leslie Goodman. Wed, Fri & Sat, 11/29; 12/1, 2, at 8 p.m. Sats, extra perf at 6:30. $3. Hartley House, 413 W 46th (246-9872).

Choices–Adapted by Patricia Bosworth from the works of Colette, Joan Didion, Sylvia Plath, and Virginia Woolf, among others. Thurs thru Sun, 11/30-12/17. $3.50. Basement Space, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0393).

The Coach with the Six Insides–Jean Erdman's staged version of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* features pantomime, dance, and vignettes. Thurs thru Sun at 8; mats at 2 p.m. $4. Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th (534-6909).

CSC Repertory–Shakespeare's **Hollow Crown Trilogy**—*Richard II, Henry IV,* Parts I & II, in rotating repertory thru 12/31. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10:15 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

The Disposal–William Inge's drama, directed by Kathylee Hart. Thurs thru Sun at 8, 11/30-12/17. $3.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Double Bill–James Pashalides's *Albert* and *Loose Ends,* directed by Dan Plucinski. 12/1-3, 7-10, 13-17, $3. AMDA Studio One, Hotel Ansonia, 2109 Bdway at 73rd (757-0076).

Drama Committee Repertory–Stephen Crane's *The Blue Hotel* & *The Monster,* Sun, 5 & 8 p.m. Mon & Tues, 8 p.m. thru 12/31. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan,* Fri & Sat at 8, Sun at 2. Thru 12/31. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

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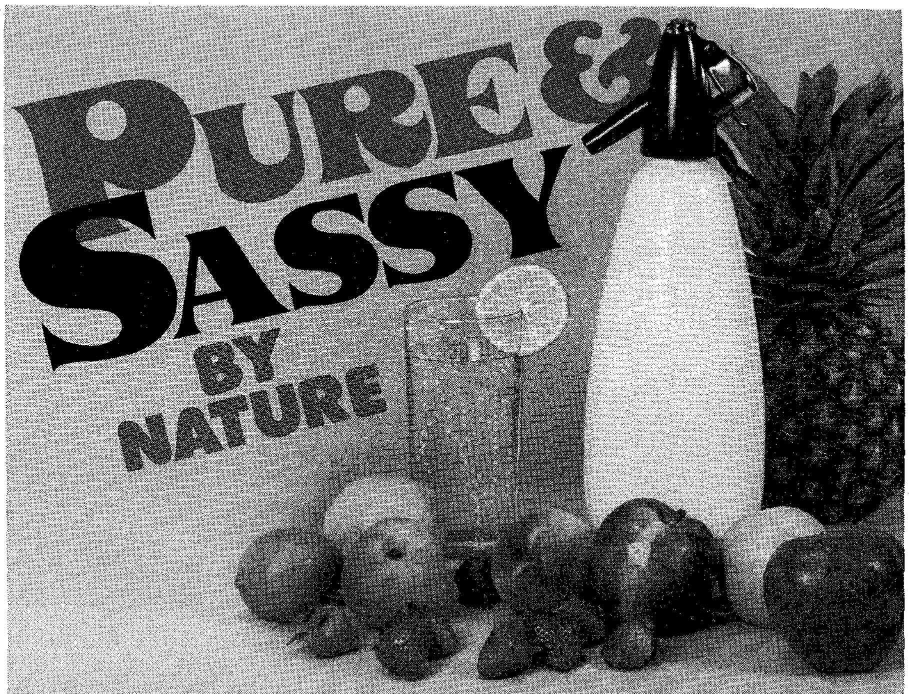

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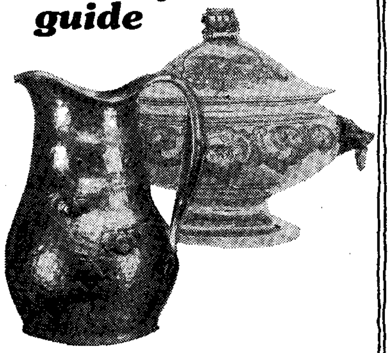

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AROUND TOWN

Drinks Before Dinner–Christopher Plummer stars in a new play by E. L. Doctorow, which takes place in a fashionable New York City apartment where seven people are gathered for a dinner party. With Charles Kimbrough, Zohra Lampert, James Naughton, Virginia Vestoff. Directed by Mike Nichols. Newman/Public Theater, 424 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Frankenstein's Rib–A new play about you-know-whom by Georgina Tolson. From 11/30. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (861-7981).

The God of Vengeance–Sholem Asch's work, set in a large Polish city at the turn of the century. 11/30-12/3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. $3. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

The Golden Apple–Revival of the Jerome Moross/John LaTouche play, directed by Janet Walker. Fri thru Sun, thru 12/10. $3. Church of Heavenly Rest, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

The Halloween Bandit–Mark Medoff's drama, starring Paul Hecht and directed by J. Ranelli. 11/30-12/17, Thurs and Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 5:30. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Hay Fever–Noel Coward's play. 12/1-3, at 8 p.m. $3. 47 Bond Street Gallery (475-3899).

Him–A play by e.e. cummings, directed by Craig Laplount. Absurdist theater. 11/30-12/3, at 8 p.m. $3. New York Stage Works, 15 W 18th (242-3967).

The Hollow–An Agatha Christie mystery comedy-melodrama. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 12/17. $3. Meat and Potatoes Theater, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Homebodies–Michael McClure's *The Button* and Nicholas Kazan's *Family Life,* directed by James Milton. Thurs thru Sun, 11/30-12/17. at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle-aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat & Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

In the Beginning–Joan Harvey's play. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3.50. Truck and Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (254-5060).

In the Recovery Lounge–A comedy by James Farrell, directed by Marshall W. Mason. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sun mat at 3. 11/29-12/31. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Eugene Ionesco's *Exit the King.* From 12/1, Corneille's *Le Cid.* From 12/3, *Hamlet.* $4. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

Jimmy & Billy–A new musical about the presidential family by David I. Levine and Pat Curtis. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; mat Wed at 2 & Sun at 3 p.m. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Keep An Eye on Amelia–A comedy by Feydeau, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m.

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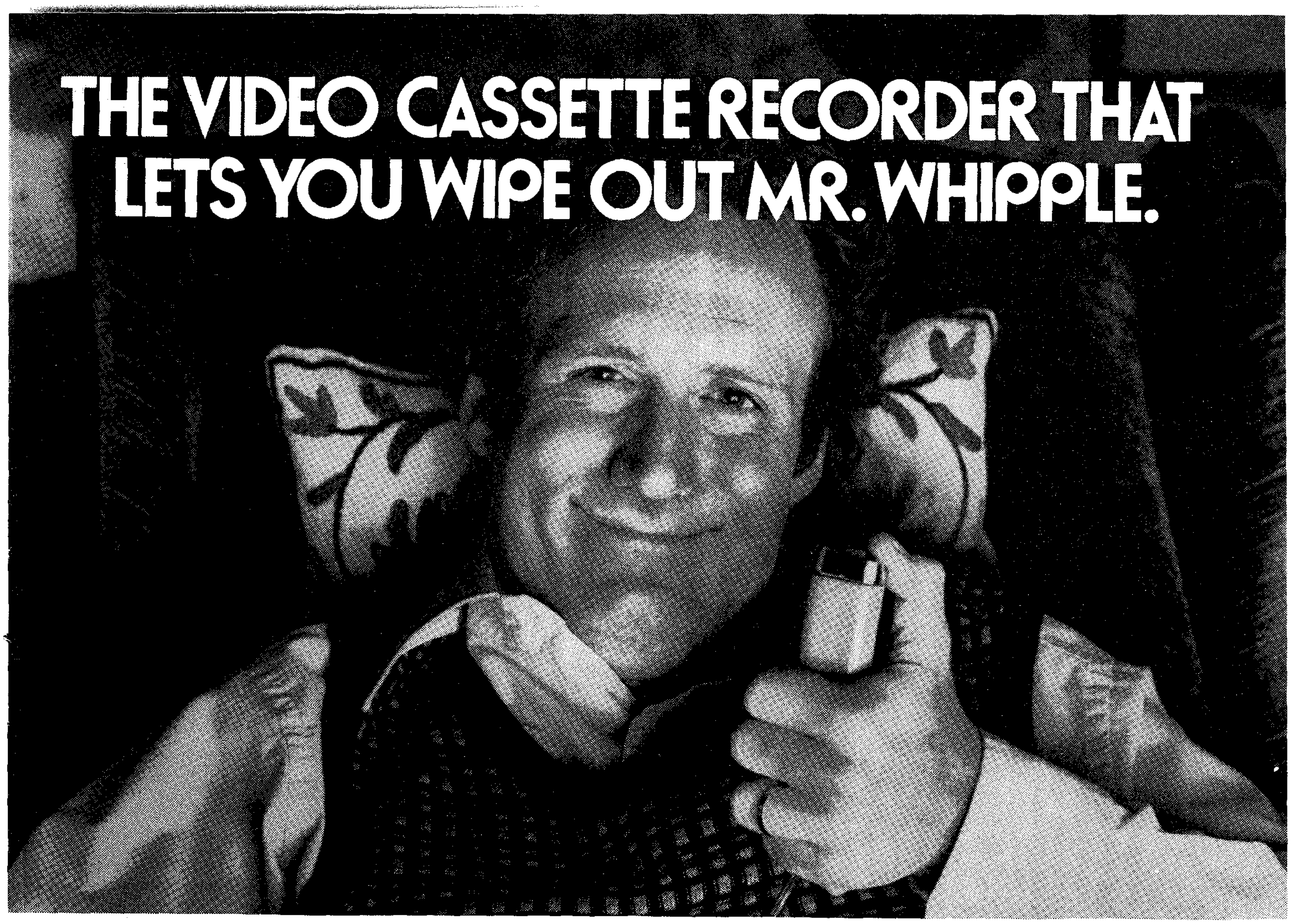

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AROUND TOWN

Thru 12/17. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Laugh a Lifetime–Yiddish musical, directed by Zalman Mlotek. Sat at 8:30, Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. thru 12/3. Norman Thomas Theater, 111 E 33rd (686-3535).

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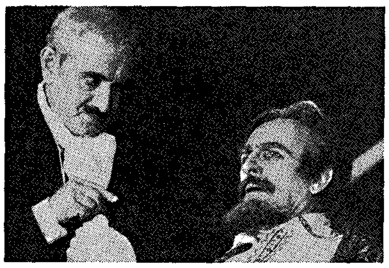


Jack Rechtzeit and **Leon Liebgold** in a comic scene from the Yiddish production of Aleichem's **The Inheritors,** at the Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E 55th. It's about the trials and tribulations of heirs apparent who are awaiting the demise of a rich relative who refuses to pass from the scene. (Call 755-2231 for reservations)

The Lesson–Eugene Ionesco's play starring Owen S. Rachleff and Didi Conn. Followed by a film, *The California Reich,* about the Nazi Party in the U.S. today. Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W 42nd (279-4200).

Life in the Day of Joe Swann–Michael Miller's new play about a New York actor, directed by David Rotenberg. 11/30; 12/1-3, 7-10, at 8 p.m. $3. 78th St Theater, 236 W 78th (595-5240).

Long Day's Journey Into Night–Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Sonia Moore. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. 12/1-17. $6. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

The Lucky One–A.A. Milne's play. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/2. $3. New Shandol Theater, 137 W 22nd (675-3384).

Manhattan Theater Club–Upstairs: *Nongogo,* by Athol Fugard, directed by Oz Scott. Wed thru Sun at 8. Thru 12/10. $4. Downstairs: *A Lady Needs a Change,* directed by Bill Gile, a musical salute to Dorothy Fields, featuring over 20 songs. Wed thru Sun at 8:15. Fri & Sat also at 10:30. Thru 12/10. $4. 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

My Old Friends–Musical "about old people, by old people, for old people," by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, starring Maxine Sullivan. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/10. Free. La Mama E.T.C., 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

The Native Bird–Ron McLarty's comedy, directed by Peter Maloney. 11/30-12/17. $3. Cubiculo, 451 W 51st (265-2138).

Night Games–An evening of three-acts by Richard Broadhurst. From 11/30. Park Royal, 23 W 73rd (787-3981).

Nocturne–A jazz concert dream play by Saul Zachary, directed by Licia Colombi. 12/1-3, 7-10, 13-17. $3. Production Company, 249 W 48th (691-7359).

Olympic Park–A memory play by Myrna Lamb set in the 1940's in Newark. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. 11/30-12/24. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Permission to Swallow–A work-in-progress by Donna Jewel, directed by Kim Rosen. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. 11/29-12/16. $3. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWU, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 12/17. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

THE CASTING COUCH

Tara Tyson and **Justin Deas** in a scene from the great Leonard Melfi's play, **Porno Stars at Home,** which starts an open-end engagement at the Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove Street (765-9540) on Tuesday, November 28th. Others in the cast are Jody Catlin, Alan Brooks, and Meg Witner.

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

The Rear Column–Simon Gray's play about five Englishmen stationed at an isolated camp in the Congo. Tues thru Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 6:30 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Rebel Without a Cause–Directed by Nick Swyrydenko. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 12/3. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Returning–Written by Martin Zurla, directed by William Rolleri. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 11/30-12/17. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Romance–An evening of comic one-acts by Tom Topor. 12/1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 15, 16 at 8 p.m. 12/3, 10, 17 at 2 p.m. $3. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Drive (864-2929).

The Sea Gull–Anton Chekhov's play which takes place in turn-of-the-century Russia, directed by Fred Gorelick. 11/28-30, 12/1-3, at 8 p.m. mat 12/2 at 2:30. $3. The Space, 260 West Bdway (925-1666).

Shelley–A musical protrait, written & directed by Morna Murphy, lyrics by P.B. Shelley, music by Ralph Martell. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. from 12/2. $3. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

Shelter West Rep–*Friends,* Kobo Abe's play, directed by Michael Kolba and Atsumi Sakato. Wed thru Sun, 11/29-12/17. *Peaceable Kingdom,* William Packard's play, directed by Edward Rubin. Sat thru Tues, 12/2-19. $3. Shelter West, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Shipping Out: Games of Chance on the High Seas–Comedy with orchestra by Medicine Show and Stephen Policoff, music by Donald Johnston. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. 11/29-1/6. Newfoundland, 6 W 18th (255-4991).

Soho Rep–Jean Giraudoux's *Amphitryon 38. Poe in Person,* from 12/2. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Suicide–American premiere of Nikolai Erdman's 1932 Russian farce, directed by Robert O'Rourke. Fri thru Sun at 8, mats Sat at 2, 12/1-17. $3. Festival Theater, 277 Park Ave So (799-9282).

Take a Giant Step–Louis Peterson's play, 11/30-12/10. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Pilgrim Theater, 240 E 3rd (766-9334).

13th St Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line,* Thurs & Fri at 7:30, Sat at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx.* Sun at 9:30. Alan Rossett's *Double Dreamburger,* Thurs & Fri at 10; Sat at 7:30. Brother Theodore entertains, Sat at midnight. *Success!,* a musical by Steven Matay, Sun thru Tues at 7:30. 13 St Theater, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three–Neil Cuthberg's *Buddy Pals,* Peter Maloney's *Bicycle Boys,* and Susan Naus's *Playing Dolls.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Sun mat at 3 p.m. 12/4-23. Ensemble Studio, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

Too Much Johnson–An 1894 American farcical comedy by William Gillette. Wed thru Sat at 8. 11/29-12/16. $3.50. Little Church Around the Corner, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

Troupe Repertory–Andy Milligan's *Black Mirror.* Osnato & Flynn's *Lady of Means,* thru 11/30. Lillian Carlton's *A Cavalier Affair;* Louis Woertendyke's *Home for the Holidays,* 12/1-17. Andy Mulligan's *The Bitch;* Aldous Huxley's *The Gioconda Smile,* 12/4-17 Phone for times. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

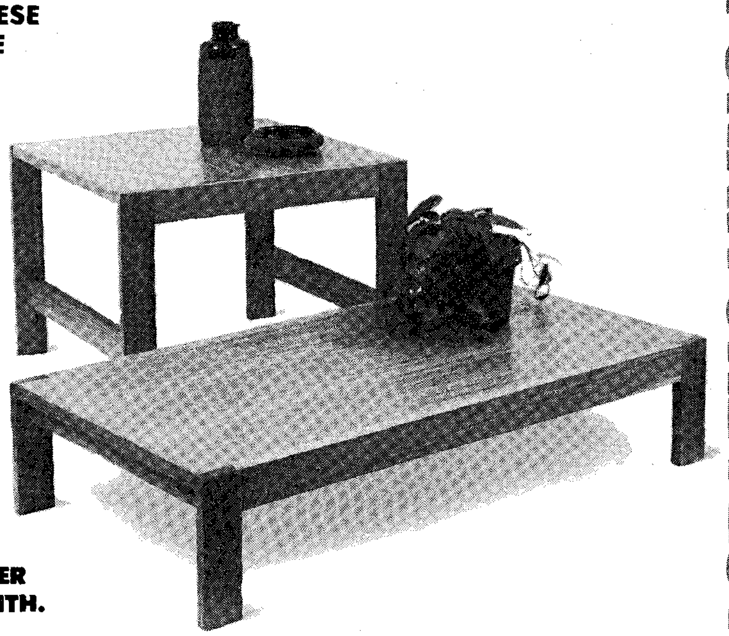
Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Terry Walker, with Dimo Condos and Paul Ladenheim. Fri thru Mon, thru 12/4. $3, (Mon, $1.90). Counterpoint, 152 W 66th (799-6954).

When You Comin' Back Red Ryder–A play by Mark Medoff, directed by Stephen Stewart-James. 12/7-10 at 8 p.m. Free. NY Stageworks, 15 W 18th (242-2695).

Winning Isn't Everything–Lee Kalcheim's political satire. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. $6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Women and the Family System–*Daughters,* written and directed by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, plays 12/2, 3, 6, 7, 8. *Sister/Sister,* by the same people 11/29, 30, 12/1, 9, 10. At 8 p.m. Interart Theater Annex, 552 W 53rd (279-4200).

You Touched Me–By Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, based on a short story by D.H. Lawrence, directed by Marvin Kahan. Thurs thru Sat at



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Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

The Balalaika–300 E 24th. Russian nightclub-restaurant. Singer Emil Gorovets and other Russian entertainers start their stuff at 9 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 9:30 and midnight. Dancing to instrumental trio. Closed Mondays (532-9297).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, dancing, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri performs Monday thru Saturday. 12/4, singer Jan Kiepura, Jr. performs at 9 p.m. The Chansonnette Trio plays for dancing (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 12/31, "Latin Fire," a fantasy revue, at 9:30 & midnight; Sat at 8:30, 11:30 & 1:30. Closed Mon (PL 2-8080).

Club Athens–216 W 46th. New Greek supper club, in the theater district, featuring the dance rhythms of American and Greek disco and ballroom dancing, and singers Hector, Marie, Haris, and Panos. Closed Mondays (840-7494).

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Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

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Cotton Club–666 W 125th. "Chocolata Comes to the Cotton Club," by Ed Bullins & Mildred Kayden. Wed thru Mon (exc. Sun) at 10 & 12:30 p.m. Disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Showcase every Tuesday. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye thru 12/16, at 9:30 & 11:30. Talent shows from 9:30 Sundays (593-1650).

David K's Aquarium Lounge–1115 Third Ave. Singer/pianist Hugh Shannon here nightly Wed thru Sun from 9 p.m. thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

El Sultan–151 E 50th. Looks like a harem and features four belly dancers and a Middle Eastern band in continuous performances from 9 till 4 a.m. Closed Sundays (753-3429).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. An attractive place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

AROUND TOWN

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio, thru 12/31, nightly exc. Sun at 10 midnight, and 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio plays Mon thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun & Mon evenings (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Maryeurs–Madison at 77th. Terry Hammond entertains, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Singing waiters & waitresses, & Fri & Sat, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. On Tuesday nights the evanescent Mississippi bell, Dardenelle, plays piano and vibes with astonishing vigor, and sings with a worldly sweetness that has all but disappeared from popular singing (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In Lainie's Room: Thru 12/9, jazz/pop artist Maxine Weldon. In the Cabaret: 12/1-3, 8-10, comedian Joe Restivo (840-7494).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys. Thru 12/31. Between & after shows—Disco-dancing to a light show (PL 7-8970).

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Roseland–239 W 52nd. Enormous ballroom open for dancing Wed & Fri from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American & Latin bands, with Ruben Hernandez officiating at the disco's midnight sessions, Wed, Fri & Sat (247-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Miss Christian Cooper with songs, dance routines & comedy at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat. (421-0900).

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Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** thru 12/31, Bobby Short plays Tues thru Sat at 9:45 & 11:30. **Bemmelmans Bar:** Tommy Flanagan plays piano Mon thru Sat from 9 p.m. thru 12/2. Barbara Carroll returns 12/4-31.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** A very ritzy joint, and the trio that plays for dancing is also worth listening to. The reason: seven-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, who leads a trio Tuesdays thru Saturdays, playing ballads and swingers and an occasional Django Reinhardt meditation. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sunday and Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret. Thru 12/16, New Life, featuring Joann Greco nightly, except Sun, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. **The Falstaff Room:** Singer-pianist Judy Keithley, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. singer/pianist Jennifer Scott.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Fri, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist Bob Page, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

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p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. 11/30-12/2, at 8:30 & 10:30 p.m. Julie Kurnitz accompanied by Richard Burke on the piano (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–Fifth Ave & 12th St. Helen Humes's dazzling bright voice enhances blues and ballads with equal authority, and for her first appearances in the city in several months she'll be here 11/29-12/2, 12/6-9, and 12/13-16 (490-7000).

The Bottom Line–15 W Fourth St. 11/27, 28, Sea Level and Albert Collins. John Fahey, the master and innovator of American acoustic guitar styles, and an inducer of musical trances, will make a very rare appearance here on 11/30. John Hammond, a technically adept, latter day minstrel of the blues, comes in 12/1-2 (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always. The Curtis Sisters, Gale on violin and Prudence at the piano (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. And he plays on possibly the best instrument in town, an August Foster piano. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter is fast becoming a landmark, having established herself as a near-permanent resident of this famous restaurant-boite. She sings standards and originals, and she's swinging and irreverent way beyond her 83 years. Rose Murphy, she of the chichichis, comes in on Sundays (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Phil Leshin (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Genuine New Orleans restaurant. Buddy Tate is one of the pyramids of swing tenor sax, and his barrelchested tone will be well displayed in a bass-drums trio context Mondays thru Fridays all month (687-1860).

Entrance–227 E 56th. Don de Natale stars in "Dancin Disco," a revue at this new restaurant/cabaret/discotheque. The twin Hill Sisters are featured. Thru November (421-5511).

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. Pianist/singer Gladys Easter is currently celebrating her fourth year here and plays Wed thru Sat from 9:30 til closing. In the heart of the theater district (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mondays, this very handy bar with an exceptional juke box, presents Al Haig, one of the masters of modern jazz piano; Chuck Wayne, the fleetest of bop guitarists, comes in on Tues, and his former partner in duets, guitarist Joe Puma, joins with pianist Hod O'Brien for the rest of the week. Alicia Sherman sings with them Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hors d'Oeuvrerie–One World Trade Center. Tues thru Sat, pianist Russ Kasoff from 4:30; the Al Gafa Trio, for dancing, from 9:30 until 1 a.m., alternating with Roger Ram. Sun, Roger May Trio, from 4 to 11:30. Mon, Russ Kasoff from 4:30, and Roger May Trio, 7:30 until 12:30 (938-1111).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The atmosphere is unbeatable—it's a penthouse loft—and the jamming

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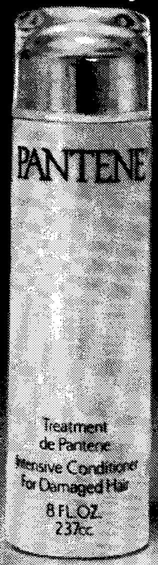

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AROUND TOWN

engaging. There are also musician lectures and swap nights—call for details (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying trumpeter Roy Eldridge is at his second living room (eight years at the same stand), and is always worth a late night visit. He is at the helm of a quintet, with the expert drummer Eddie Locke, and plays and sings blues, cotton curtain items, ballads, and fiery swingers. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Lone Star Cafe–Fifth Ave at 12th. Texas food and entertainment, Mon thru Sat, 9:15 to 3 a.m. Sun, 8:30 to 2 a.m. (242-1664).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Singer/pianist Freddy Cole here through 12/2. Performances begin 9:15 with three sets nightly. Woody Allen continues to hold forth on Mondays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Ricardo Roda entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. *Cozy ambience and good food.* Customers can sing along with Jerry Scott at the piano, from 8:30 until closing (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with music nightly by singer/pianist Danny Deaver or Elaine Francis, from 6 p.m. to midnight (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music, Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Michael Spavack band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 11/27-28, the great harmonica wizard of Chicago blues, James Cotton. 11/30-12/1, Linda Cohen and the vocal duo and veteran of one hit, Brewer and Shipley (673-7030).

Park Place–363 Park Ave So. A new restaurant with a vaguely Oriental approach to "health" food, has the good taste to present Dardanelle, singing and playing piano and vibes, Wed thru Sat. Usually she's accompanied by a bassist (LO 8-2724).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon, Jazz A Cordes; Wed, the Lynn Oliver Swing Band; Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Tues, the New Orleans Nighthawks; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies. Saturday Night Stompers on Sat (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th St. 11/28-12/2 at 11:30 p.m. Don Scardino, with Victor Garber. 12/3 at 9 & 11 p.m. Marta Sanders. 12/5-9, at 9 p.m. singer Karen Akers; at 11:30 p.m. Jessica James. Also, Zora Rasmussen sings here Sat nights at 12:55 a.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

The Sea Breeze–27 W 72nd. Seafood establishment, with singer/pianist Edward Linderman entertaining Tues thru Sat from 8 p.m. on (595-2534).

Seventh Avenue South–21 7th Ave So. Jazz nightclub. 11/28, 29, Brad Catron's Cafe. 11/30-12/2, Terou Nakamura. Bennie Wallace, a young modernist of the tenor saxophone who combines avant techniques with lyric accessibility, arrives with his band 12/5-6. Music starts at 10 (242-4694).

StoryTowne–41 E 58th. Elvin Jones, the indefatigable drummer, has a knack for putting together and galvanizing good bands. His latest quartet can be heard 11/29-12/2. Shows at 9:15 & 11:30 nightly; three shows on Saturday (755-1640).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Gina Gilardi. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 11/30-12/2, Stormin' Norman & Suzy. Thurs at 9 & 11, Fri & Sat at 10 & midnight (260-0370).

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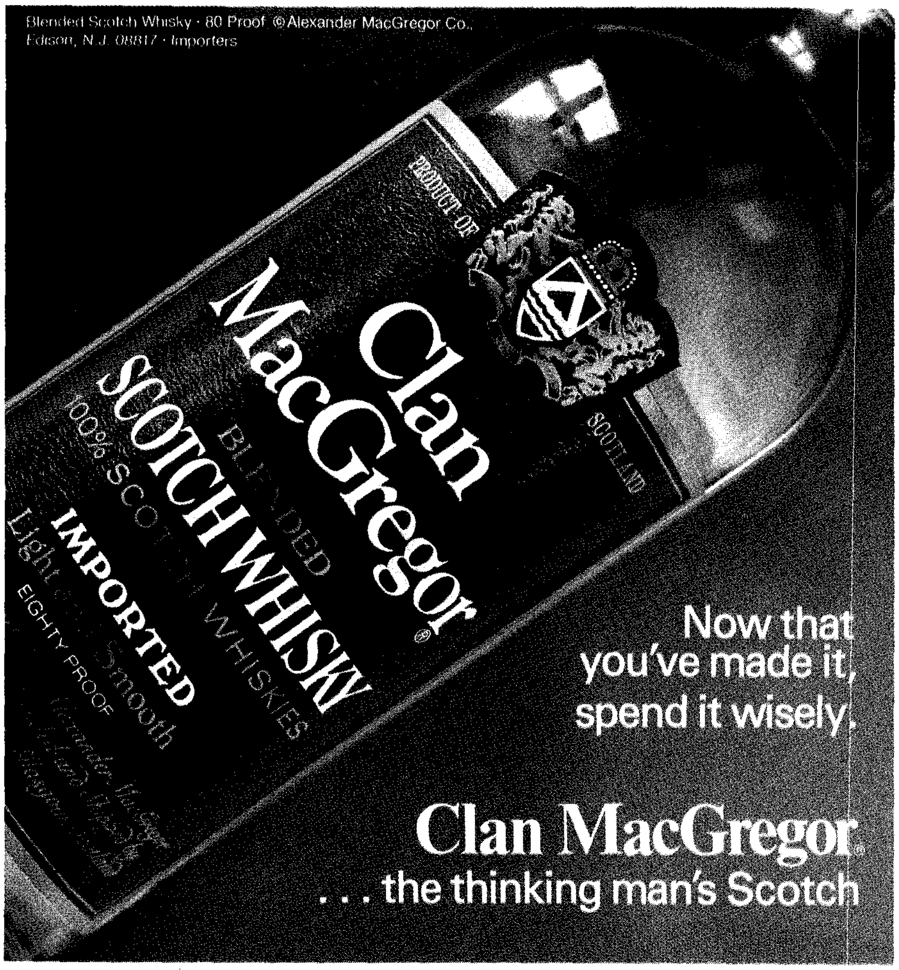
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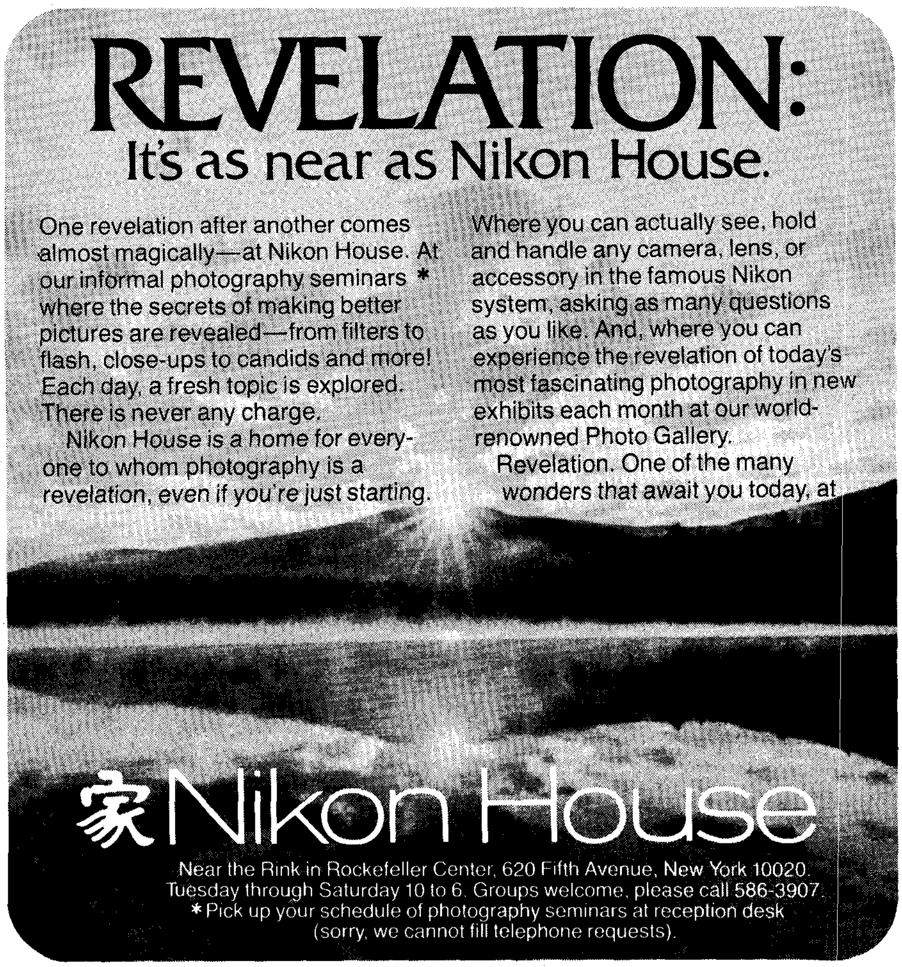
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AROUND TOWN

Restaurants

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our restaurant critics, who chose the restaurants independently and dined there anonymously. ***(S.B.)*** Seymour Britchky. ***(G.G.)*** Gael Greene. The code: **AE,** American Express; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge; **V,**Visa.

Highly Recommended

Auberge Suisse–Citicorp Bldg. 153 E 53rd. The setting is modern and cool, and it takes a crowd of diners to warm the place up. But the Swiss food—of sparkling ingredients—is handsomely presented and vividly flavored. The escargots Café de Paris is a wondrous dish dominated by herbs, brandy, and browned Swiss cheese. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (421-1420). *(S.B.)*

Dimitri–152 Columbus Ave nr 66th. New to bustling Columbus Avenue, this unfussy bistro offers modest prices and surprisingly good, eclectic food—a little French, a little Greek, a little Italian. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5 to $9. AE CB DC MC V (787-7306) *(G.G.)*

Gage & Tollner–372 Fulton St, Bklyn. The most elaborate seafood menu in the city is available in this carefully preserved nineteenth-century relic. There are great rows of huge arched mirrors, well-worn mahogany tables, and ancient chandeliers within which, on winter nights, gas flames flicker in century-old fixtures. The clam belly broil is understandably legendary. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $23. AE DC MC V (875-5181). *(S.B.)*

La Gamelle–59 Grand St nr West Broadway. Gutted, stark, and stagy, this new SoHo spot is promptly packed with the colorful "bohemians" of that blooming quarter. Straightforward French food interpreted in high flavor. The blackboard menu changes from day to day. Tues thru Sun noon to 3 p.m. & 6 to midnight; Mon 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées $7.50 to $8.75. No credit cards (431-6695). *(S.B.)*

La Metairie–189 W 10th. This, the best French restaurant in Greenwich Village, is tiny and rather relentlessly charming in the rustic manner. The dishes on the brief blackboard menu change regularly, and the well-prepared food varies from the sturdy to the elegant. Courtesy common here. Apéritifs and wine only. Tues thru Sun seatings at 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $12.50. No credit cards (989-0343). *(S.B.)*

Mon Paris–111 E 29th. A little hard on the eyes, what with crimson fleurs-de-lis of velvety flocking on the walls, but the good French country cooking has been placating the vast appetites of an addicted clientele for decades now. Regulars know to order the unlisted soufflés for dessert. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $14. AE MC V (683-4255). *(S.B.)*

La Petite Ferme–973 Lexington betw 70th & 71st. This is the best exponent of simple French cooking in town. The setting is of studied bucolic simplicity, with such accents as an ancient rake standing in a corner, plaid dish towels for napkins, doves in a cage. The mussel appetizer, with chopped red onions and a vinaigrette dressing, can inspire the jaded, revive the forlorn. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $13. AE DC MC V (249-3272). *(S.B.)*

Takezushi–11 East 48th St. Sushi fans cheerfully wait for a seat at the counter to commune with these Japanese masters. Try the sea-urchin tuna, the bellyfish roe, the sea clam, and the celestial mackerel. It helps to have a familiar to help order in Japanese, but if you love the taste of the sea, almost anything you point to will be a pleasing mouthful. By the piece, 60¢ to $1, or order lunch at the table. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10 p.m.; Sat 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (755-6534). *(G.G.)*

Le Veau d'Or–129 E 60th. Contented crowds have been coming here for hearty French country cooking for decades, and the place seems hardly ever to change. Le Veau d'Or has the warmth of golden wood, of red leather, and of a contented and civilized clientele to whom fashions are merely fashions. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m.

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to 10:30 p.m. Complete dinners $11.90 to $19 (838-8133). *(S.B.)*

Wonderful Settings

Ambassador Grill–United Nations Hotel, 1st Ave at 44th. Luxurious comfort in a setting of hard-edged modernity, starkness and posh, marble floors and burgundy velvet, polished crystal and fresh flowers, and an overhead trompe l'oeil arrangement of glass and mirrors that recedes upward like an inverted glittering cascade. The food is mostly French, and the simpler dishes are very well prepared. Daily 7 a.m. to 11 a.m.; noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées. $9 to $15. AE CB DC MC V (355-3400). *(S.B.)*

Box Tree–242 E 50th. This tiny restaurant is lovingly assembled, with an impeccable eye for ornament. It is like a dark jewel, bejeweled. The food is of French inspiration, but idiosyncratic and often superb. The vacherin—a hazelnut meringue filled with whipped cream and berries—may be the most sublime dessert in New York. Mon thru Fri lunch at 12:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat dinner sittings at 6:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.; Sun at 7:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $28.50. No credit cards (758-8320). *(S.B.)*

Nirvana–30 Central Park So. From this heavily adorned, fifteenth-floor Indian aerie one is afforded a panoramic view of Central Park. Much of the menu is standard fare, but there are several interesting rarities, including a spectacular lamb curry that is heavily laced with fresh spinach. Daily noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $4.95 to $9.95. No credit cards (752-0270). *(S.B.)*

The Russian Tea Room–150 W 57th. The Tea Room is a glittering heterogeneity of things to eat, people to see, objects that adorn. It is intoxicating, even without its list of exotic vodkas. The food is splendid, most notably the blini—browned and fluffy buckwheat pancakes you wrap around sour cream and caviar. Sun thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Complete dinners $8.75 to $18.75 AE CB DC MC V (265-0947). *(S.B.)*

Tavern on the Green–Central Park at W 67th. A fantasy glass pavilion dripping with Baccarat chandeliers and other magnificent excess from the irrepressible dream-merchant, Warner LeRoy. So far, no one has been able to get the kitchen to sparkle too, but the desserts are wonderful. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sat 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sun 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight. Dinner entrées $6.95 to $21. AE CB DC MC V (873-3200). *(G.G.)*

The "21" Club–21 W 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Mon thru Sat noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $12 to $16. AE CB DC MC V (582-7200). *(G.G.)*

Nice and Inexpensive

The Big Kitchen–1 World Trade Center. This, the best-designed and handsomest fast-food enterprise in New York, is a wonderous joy. It's a collection of stands—deli, rotisserie, ice-cream-parlor, health-bar, soup station. Magnificent fresh oysters and clams, pasta with clam sauce cooked to order, good barbecued ribs, hand-shaped burgers, and fine croissants, and the same celebrated pastries served 107 stories up at Windows on the World—to eat now, or carry away. Mon thru Fri 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat & Sun 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. No credit cards (938-1153). *(G.G.)*

The East West Restaurant–105 E 9th. Health food à la Japanese, with an emphasis on vegetables, fish, and tempura cooking. You may bring your own beer or wine, but the chopstick-wielding young people who keep this simple place busy drink tea, mostly. Clapboard walls, hanging plants, and lots of long hair. Daily 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $7.50. No credit cards (260-1994). *(S.B.)*

El Tenampa–304 W 46th. By New York Mexican-restaurant standards, this small, homey, family-run establishment is highly experimental, even radical, for the menu goes well beyond tortillas and mole poblano. Some of the food is painfully hot, much of it is available nowhere else in New York, and almost all the dishes have the sprightliness of food just made. Bring beer. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.75 to $6. DC (840-9398). *(S.B.)*

Hee Seung Fung (HSF)–46 Bowery. The town's most splendid parade of dim sum. Point to what you want and pay by the dish. Don't miss the paper shrimp,

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crab claw, stuffed green peppers, vegetarian egg roll, and tiny ribs in black bean sauce. Big, bright, crowded. Takout too. Daily 7 a.m. to midnight. Dim sum lunch 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dinner, also, noon to midnight. No credit cards (374-1319). *(G.G.)*

Sushiko–251 W 55th. Most Japanese restaurants in New York are frequented by Japanese businessmen. The whole family comes to this one. Sushiko has one of the best and most educational sushi bars in town, offering such rarities as abalone, salted Japanese eel, and tuna stomach. The less exotic meat dishes are good, too. Simple surroundings. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner entrées $3 to $8. AE CB DC (974-9721). *(S.B.)*

Ukrainian Restaurant–140 Second Ave nr 9th. The place is as straightforward as its name; the decor is knotty-pine roadhouse ballroom; and the food ranges from solid to hefty, including a hot borscht that is tart and earthy. The servings are immense so you will not mind the absence of interesting desserts. The waitresses wear folk blouses. Mon thru Thurs 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri 5 p.m. to midnight; Sat & Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $4.25. No credit cards (533-6765). *(S.B.)*

Vincent's Clam Bar–119 Mott St. Liquor and seafood bars up front, plastic-topped tables in the back. Raw clams and oysters, steamed mussels and conch, and deep-fried soft-shell crabs and calamari make up most of the menu. The alternative sauces—medium and hot—are both very hot. Large portions or small. No desserts. A nuts-and-bolts restaurant. Mon thru Thurs 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.; Fri, Sat, & Sun 11:45 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner entrées $2.50 to $3.75. No credit cards (226-8133). *(S.B.)*

The Greats

Christ Cella–160 E 46th. Spartan of appointments, lavish with quality, this place knows the value of customers and treats them accordingly. The broiled steaks and broiled lobsters are superb. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:30 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $25. AE CB DC MC V (697-2479). *(S.B.)*

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich, even strongly romantic. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set: grilled food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sat noon to 2 p.m. Dinner entrées $8.50 to $14.50. Pool Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $12.50 to $18.50. AE CB DC MC V (754-9494). *(G.G.)*

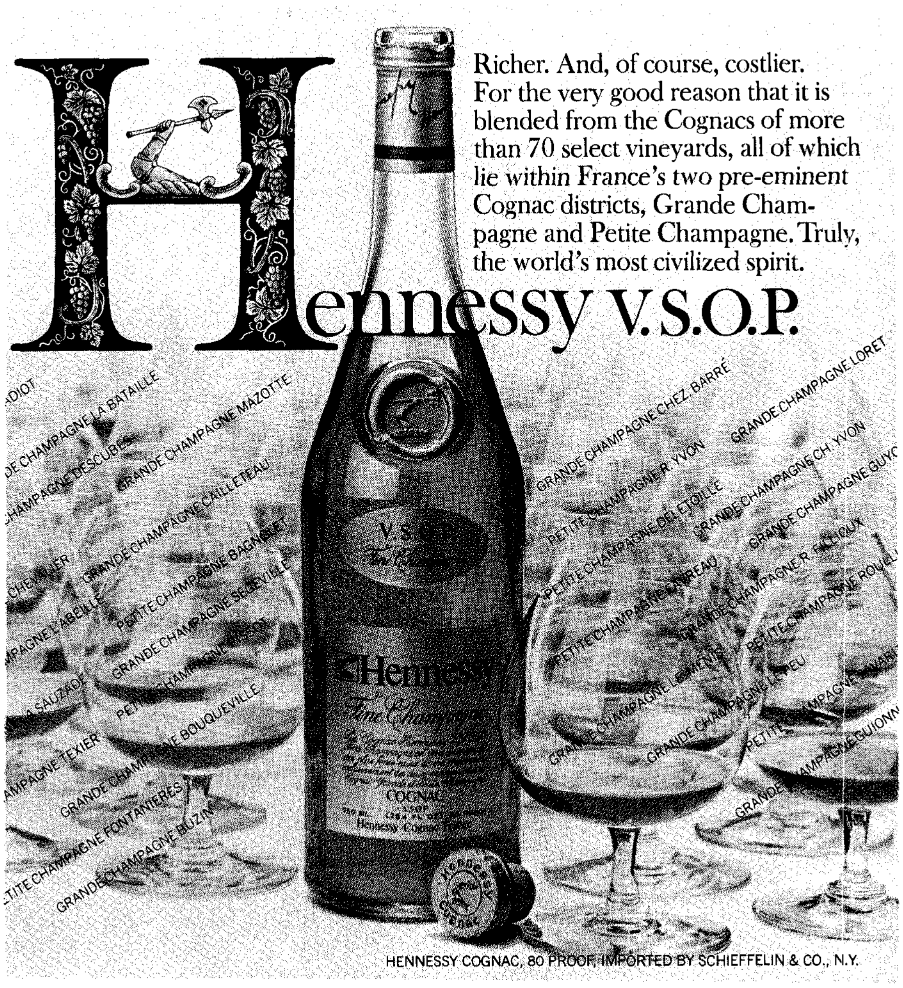
Gloucester House–37 E 50th. A number of seafood restaurants in New York are reliable for their simple fish dishes. This is one of them. But this is the only such place that also serves good chowders and shellfish stews; vegetables that are crisp and fresh; light-as-air French-fried onion rings; and strawberry shortcake made with real biscuits and true whipped cream. Amazingly expensive. Handsome nautical decor. Daily noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $10.50 to $21.50. AE CB DC MC V (755-7394). *(S.B.)*

Hunam–845 Second Ave nr 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Mon thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5.25 to $10.50. AE CB DC (687-7471). *(G.G.)*

Lutèce–249 E 50th nr Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Tues thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 6 to 10 p.m. Mon & Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $16.50 to $17.25. AE (PL 2-2225). *(G.G.)*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–Downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Dinner entrées $4.95 to $11.95. AE CB DC MC V (532-3888). *(G.G.)*

The Palace–420 E 59th. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most obscenely expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat seating 6:30 p.m. thru 9:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $80, but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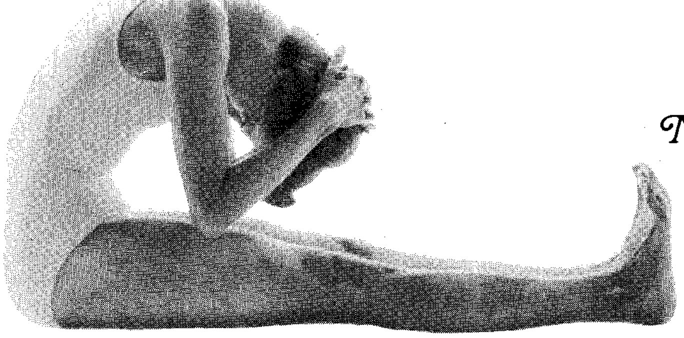

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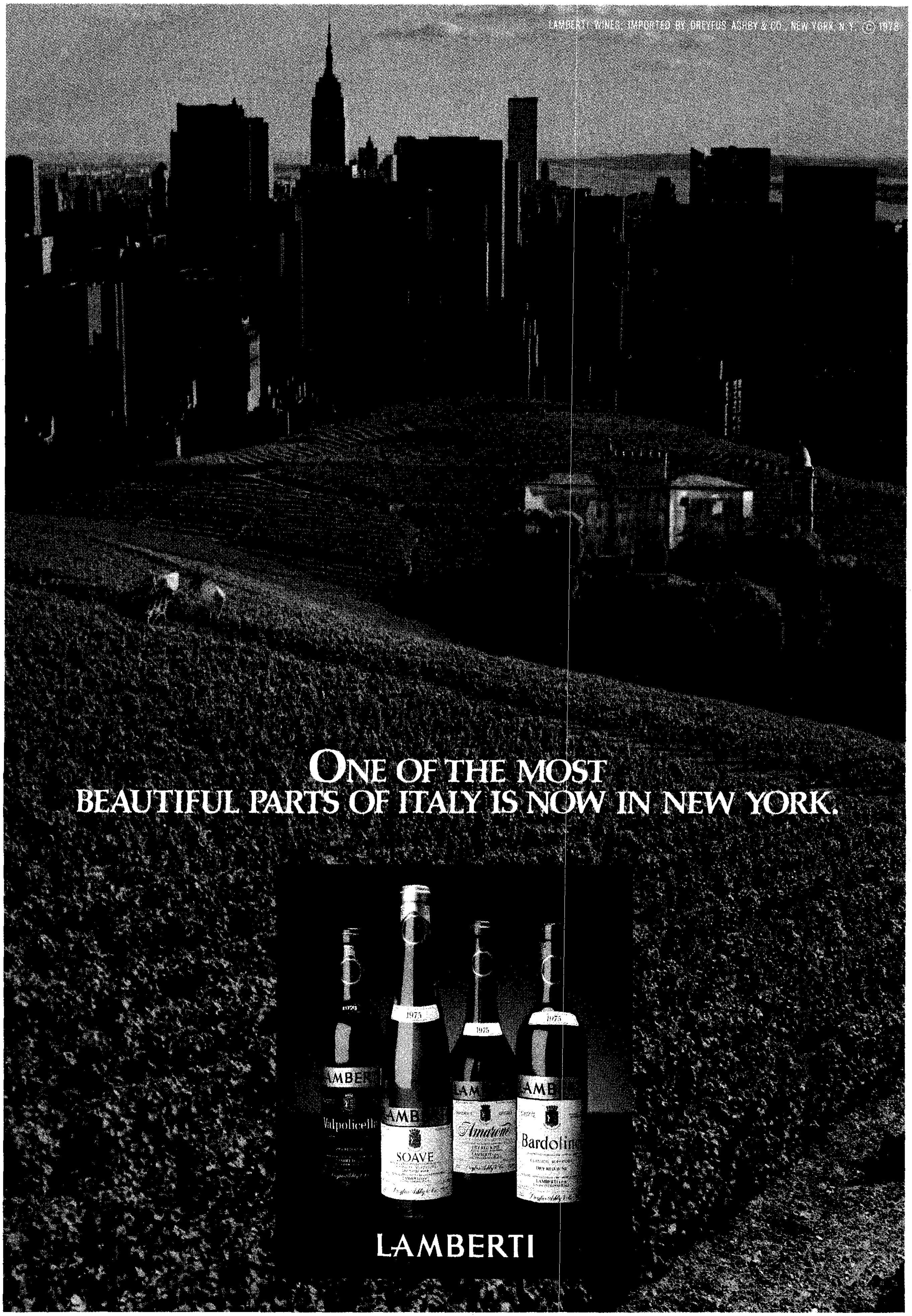
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The Palm–837 Second Avenue nr 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $24. AE CB DC MC V (687-2953). *(G.G.)*

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Daily noon to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $19; prix-fixe dinner $14. AE CB DC (371-8844). *(G.G.)*

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank St at Hudson. Crowded, noisy, often booked days ahead, this food-establishment hangout does sublime things with vegetables, lush pastas, and a good fish soup. At times, sad to note, the waiters, normally sweetly manic, grow testy, if not arrogant, and even the kitchen sometimes sputters. Bring wine. Wed thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $4 to $7. No credit cards (929-4400). *(G.G.)*

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave nr 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat noon to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.95 to $19.75. AE DC (838-0850). *(G.G.)*

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. If the food is sometimes pedestrian, the views are so splendid you may not notice. Mon thru Fri 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sun noon to 7 p.m. (buffet). Dinner entrées $10.75 to $17.95; prix-fixe dinner $19. AE CB DC MC V (938-1111). *(G.G.)*

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100), 11/28 at 3:30 & 7:30, 11/29-30 at 10:30 & 7:30, 12/1 at 3:30 & 7:30, 12/2 at 11, 3 & 8, 12/3 at 1 & 5:30.

John Curry's Icedancing, Felt Forum (563-8000), 11/28 at 8, 11/29 at 2 & 8, 11/30-12/1 at 8, 12/2 at 2 & 8, 12/3 at 2 & 7.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 A.M.-7 P.M. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, November 28

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Riccardo Muti conducts, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky,* at 8.

Guarneri Quartet/Alicia de Larrocha, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Camerata String Quartet & Mini Carnival, Market Atrium of Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 6.

Anton Kuerti, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Zubin Mehta conducts, with Kathleen Battle, soprano;

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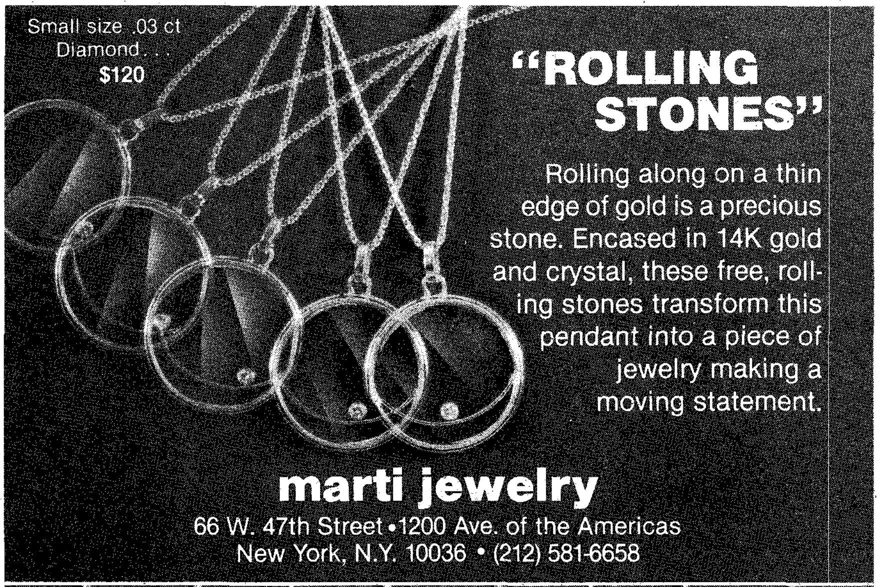

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AROUND TOWN

Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Simon Estes, bass-baritone. Works of Schubert and Bruckner, at 7:30.

Brooks Kerr, piano, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-2200), at 8.

A Class Act, Wellington Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (724-6634), at 8.

Wednesday, November 29

Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Gregory Allen, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Music by Meyer Kupferman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Good Times Duo & Musical Mime Theater, Market Atrium of Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 6.

Chamber Music, Van Wyck Jr. High, 85-04 144th St., Queens (263-8066), at 8.

Phoenix Ensemble, Whitney Museum downtown, 55 Water St. (483-0011), at 12:30.

Musicians of Brooklyn, Brooklyn College Gershwin Theater (859-1180), at 8.

Thursday, November 30

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Zubin Mehta conducts, with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Joseph Robinson, oboe. Works of Brahms, Carter, and Vivaldi, at 8:30.

Isaac Stern, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Manhattan Brass Quintet & Mitchell Korn Ensemble, Market Atrium of Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 6.

Raquel Bolderini, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

League-ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Steven Smith, organ, Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.

Andrea Powe, vocalist, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Friday, December 1

Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Metropolitan Museum, 8.

Ken Pearlman, Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave. (243-9714), at 8.

Dave Burrell/Michael Gregory Jackson Trio, Public Theater, at 10:30.

Concertino String Quartet, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 11/30, at 2.

Liesel Soley, vocalist, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Columbia University Orchestra, McMillin Theater, Broadway at 116th St. (280-3825), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Martin Tubridy, bass-baritone/**Ariel Wynn,** mezzo-soprano/**Sam Warner,** piano, Wellington Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (586-7228), at 7:30.

Yugoslavian-Balkan Festival, Carnegie Hall, at 8:30.

Bronx Choral Society, St. Raymond's Church, Castle Hill & East Tremont Aves. (822-4871), at 8.

NYU Contemporary Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Sea Chanteys, Secret Sail Loft, 125 Cedar St. (343-9575), at 7:30.

Hugo Pamcos, harp, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.

Saturday, December 2

Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Young Artists Concert, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.

New Little Orchestra Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 & 3.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 11/30, at 8:30.

Il Divertimento, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Orchestra Conducted by Charlotte Bergen, Carneige Hall, at 2:30.

Ray Charles, Carnegie Hall, at 8:30.

Kudu, *African music,* ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.

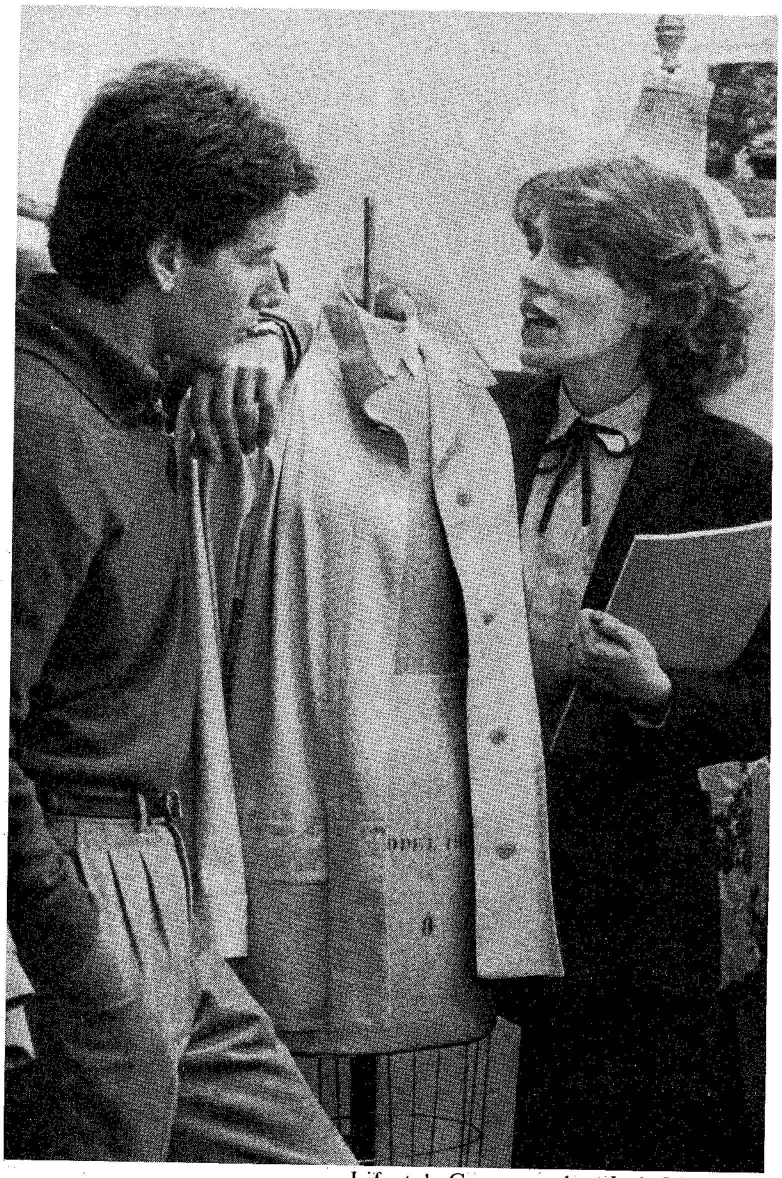
Homage to E.E. Cummings, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Palma Toscani, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Marten Sameth, baritone, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Theater Chamber Players of Kennedy Center, Washington Irving High, Irving Pl. at 16th St. (586-4680), at 8.

Arts Editor Dennis Cunningham


Lifestyle Correspondent Judy Licht

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There's more to see, do and enjoy in New York than any place else in the world. But you really have to know your way around.

Arts Editor Dennis Cunningham helps you plan your theatre, movie and entertainment calendar. And because he's been an actor and director himself (not to mention his Ph.D. in Theatre), you can trust his judgement. You'll never hear him crow about a turkey.

Correspondent Judy Licht takes you inside the mini-worlds that make up the New York life-style. From Calvin Klein to Coney Island. From Mulberry Street to the Pierre. All seen through the eyes of a savvy New Yorker who has been around long enough to feel at home at Gracie Mansion, but still gets goose bumps when she passes the Statue of Liberty.

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THE CONCORD HOTEL

AROUND TOWN

Andrew Cyrille Quartet/Interface, Public Theater, at 10:30.
Phyllis Lynd Concert Party, Barbizon Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (877-8233), at 8:30.
Lorin Hollander, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Sunday, December 3

Spellman-Morehouse Choirs, Avery Fisher Hall, 2.
Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Zaidee Parkinson, piano/**Grayson Kirst,** tenor/**Paul Dunkel,** flute, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Dessoff Choirs, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Paul Berliner, traditional music of Africa, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 2:30.
Ian Shapinsky, piano/**Aaron Shapinsky,** cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Grace Wieder, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Steven Kemper, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Francisco Aybar, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Cantilena Chamber Players, Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (860-1313), at 3.
Bach Cantatas, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65th St. (877-6815), at 5.
Chamber Music, New-York Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), at 2:30.
The Music Project, Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St. (222-9311), at 3.
Suzanne Fremon, piano, Museum of the City of NY, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672), at 3.
Christmas Lessons & Carols, Blessed Sacrament Church, 152 W 71st St. (877-3111), at 7.
S. Michael Martin, Hubris Gallery, 150 Thompson St. (982-1827), at 4.

Monday, December 4

Hideko Udagawa, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Samuel Mammel, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Robert Fleischer, violin, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Tuesday, December 5

National Orchestral Association, *Carnegie Hall;* Vladimir Kin conducts, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. Works of Mozart, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and Wyner, at 8.
Stephen Hunter, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
American Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Stephanie Brown, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (744-9120).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
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Tues, 11/28 at 8: **Carmen** with Crespin, Mitchell, Bini, Devlin. Conductor: Patané; director: Igesz; designers: Svoboda, Walker & Reppa. Wed, 11/29 at 8:30: **The Bartered Bride** with Stratas, Gedda, Vickers, Talvela. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Svoboda & Skalicky. Thurs, 11/30 at 8: **Luisa Miller** with Ricciarelli, Dunn, Carreras, MacNeil, Plishka, Morris. Conductor: Levine; director: Merrill; designers: Colonnello & Caine. Fri, 12/1 at 8: **Carmen** (Same cast as 11/28). Sat, 12/2 at 2: **The Bartered Bride** (Same cast as 11/29). Sat, 12/2 at 8: **Aïda** with Cruz-Romo, Troyanos, Chauvet, Wixell, Flagello, Cheek. Conductor: Patané; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa & Hall. Mon, 12/4 at 8: **Luisa Miller** (Same cast as 11/30). Tues, 12/5 at 8: **Aïda** (Same cast as 12/2. Lamberti for Chauvet).

OTHER

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *L'Oracolo,* 12/2 at 7:30, 12/3 at 3.

Brooklyn Opera Society, Brooklyn College Gershwin Theater (789-6759). *La Bohème,* 12/2 at 8.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Babes in Toyland,* 11/29 at 2 & 8:30, 11/30-12/1 at 8:30, 12/2 at 4 & 8:30, 12/3 at 4, 12/5 at 8:30.

Regina Opera, 1250 65th St., Bklyn (232-3555). *La Traviata,* 12/1 at 8, 12/3 at 4.

Dance

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ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER
CITY CENTER

Wed, 11/29 at 7:30: Anniversary performance. Thurs, 11/30 at 8: *Gazelle; Butterfly; Facets; Suite Otis.* Fri, 12/1 at 8: *Streams; Cry;* new Sappington work; *Revelations.* Sat, 12/2 at 2: *Blues Suite; Coverage II; Gazelle; Revelations.* Sat, 12/2 at 8: *Congo Tango Palace; Reflections in D; Toccata; Road of the Phoebe Snow; Revelations.* Sun, 12/3 at 2: *Blues Suite; Butterfly; Facets; Suite Otis.* Sun, 12/3 at 7:30: *Streams; Cry;* new Sappington work; *Suite Otis.* Tues, 12/5 at 8: *Gazelle; Cry; Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder; Revelations.*

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater will celebrate its twentieth year with a three-week engagement at the City Center (131 W 55th St.). **Carmen De Lavallade,** an original member of the company, will dance in the special anniversary performance on opening night, November 29, at 7:30. The season runs thru December 17 (246-8989).

OTHER

Choreographers Showcase, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 11/28 & 12/5 at 8.

Ethyl Eichelberger, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/1-2 at 11.

Nimbus Dance Theater Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/1-2 at 8, 12/3 at 3.

Philippine Dance Co., Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), 12/1 at 8.

Yvonne Seggerman & Benita Bike, Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (924-0077), 12/2-3 at 8:30.

20th Century Tights, 10 E 18th St. (625-7683), 12/1-2 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Enrico Baj–Paint and collage using brocade, knobs, shells, thru 12/9. Arras, 29 W 57th (421-1177).

Leigh Behnke/Sally Hazelet Drummond–Still-life spectral pairs in watercolor on paper/Luminescent optical abstractions, thru 12/6. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

George Bellows/Joseph Golinkin–Lithos of sports, activities, and scenes of NY, thru 12/1. Spectrum, 30 W 57th (246-2525). Mon-Fri 11-6.

Mario Botas–Poe-related watercolors, thru 12/9. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Michael Boyd–Recent works, thru 12/9. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Mary Callery**(1903-1977)–Large polychrome sculpture in welded steel, 12/2-30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Casaus–Figures, sea and landscapes from Spain, 11/29-12/30. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390).

Charles Coiner–Recent paintings, thru 12/2. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

***John Dobbs/Alice Neel**–Drawings of man and his foibles/Drawn portraits and landscapes, thru 12/2. Summit, 101 W 57th (586-6734). Tues-Sat 12:30-5:30.

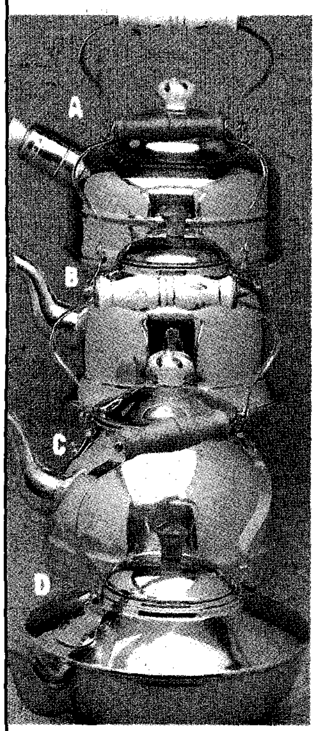
Don Dudley–Modular blocks nailed into the wall, thru 12/2. Adler, 50 W 57th (757-8208).

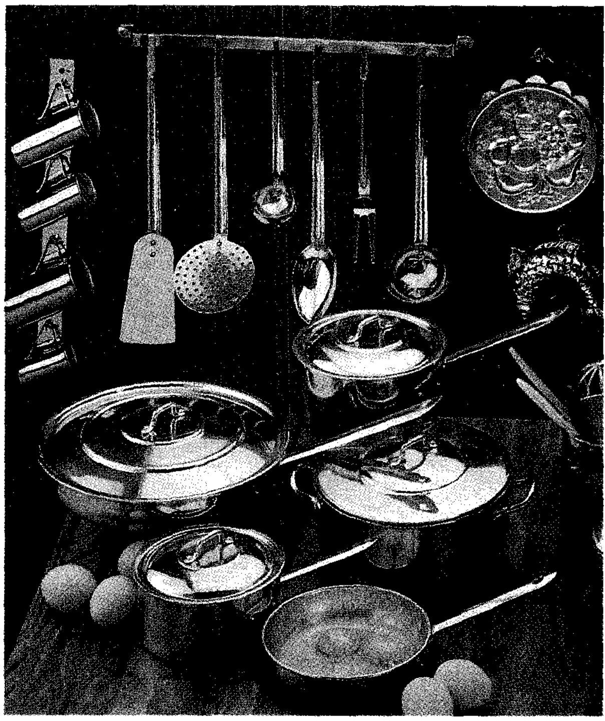
Pinchas Choen Gan–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 12/6. Protech, 37 W 57th (838-7436).

Theodora Gavenchak–Layered figures, thru 12/26. Gallery 84, 30 W 57th (581-6000).

Rube Goldberg–Political cartoons with election messages, thru 12/9. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

A penny saved is an A&S copperware sale!





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AROUND TOWN

***Sidney Goodman**–Watercolors, charcoal with pastels done in the past two years, thru 12/8. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Arshile Gorky**–Paintings and drawings shown at this space (then Julien Levy) in the 40s, thru 11/28. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Gerald Incandela–Collages using photo negatives and developer, thru 12/16. Gladstone/Villani, 38 E 57th (758-6765).

Howard Kanovitz–Pastel, surreal still lifes, thru 12/13. Rosenberg, 20 W 57th (757-2700).

Yasuhide Kobashi–Sculpture and drawing, thru 12/8. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Alfred Leslie**–A large tripych, *Americans: Youngstown, Ohio, 1977-78,* and other huge figure compositions, thru 12/7. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

***Stephen Lorber**–Interiors with still-life objects on paper, thru 11/30. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Tom Merrifield–Dancers in bronze, thru 12/2. Battaglia, 11 E 57th (371-4684).

Peter Todd Mitchell–New oils, 12/1-30. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5.

***Henry Moore**–Sculptures, drawings, and graphics, thru 12/16. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Reuben Nakian–New sculpture, thru 12/31. Gruenebaum, 38 E 57th (838-8245).

***Gustavo Novoa**–New oil paintings from his "Jungle Fables" series, thru 12/30. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

Robert Nugent–Assemblages of handmade paper, twigs, beads, thru 12/2. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Jean Peltier–New oils, thru 11/30. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

James Rosenquist–Hand-colored etchings from 1978, thru 12/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Clifford Ross–Paint-and-canvas symbolic abstractions, thru 12/7. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

***Theodore Roszak**–Constructions using machine motifs from 1932 to 1945, thru 12/2. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Jo Anne Schneider–Paintings, 12/2-30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***George Segal**–Slice-of-life environments, female figures in sparce settings, and pregnancy reliefs, 11/30-12/30. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Robert Sivard–Watercolors, thru 12/16. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Richard Smith–New editions, thru 12/30. Jacobson, 24 W 57th (581-8346).

Lowell Tostedt–Illusionistic surface series drawings using draped forms, thru 12/30. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Alice Valenstein–Abstract watercolors, thru 11/30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Randy Williams–Book constructions, thru 12/9. Just Above Midtown, 50 W 57th (757-3442).

***Susan Wilmarth**–A wax and oil paint medium applied with metallic brushes, thru 12/2. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Darrell Austin–Atmospheric landscape visions, thru 12/2. Perls, 1016 Mad Ave (472-3200).

***Romare Bearden**–Collages from the 20s, thru 12/16. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Dimitrie Berea–Impressionism, thru 12/2. Harkness House, 4 E 75th (794-0203). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat till 2.

***Jake Berthot**–New paintings and skull drawings, thru 12/9. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

***Emile Branchard/William Fellini**–Two American primitives working in NYC in the first half of the 20th century, thru 12/23. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

***Stan Brodsky**–West shore series, 12/2-23. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Anthony Chen–Nature paintings, thru 12/5. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

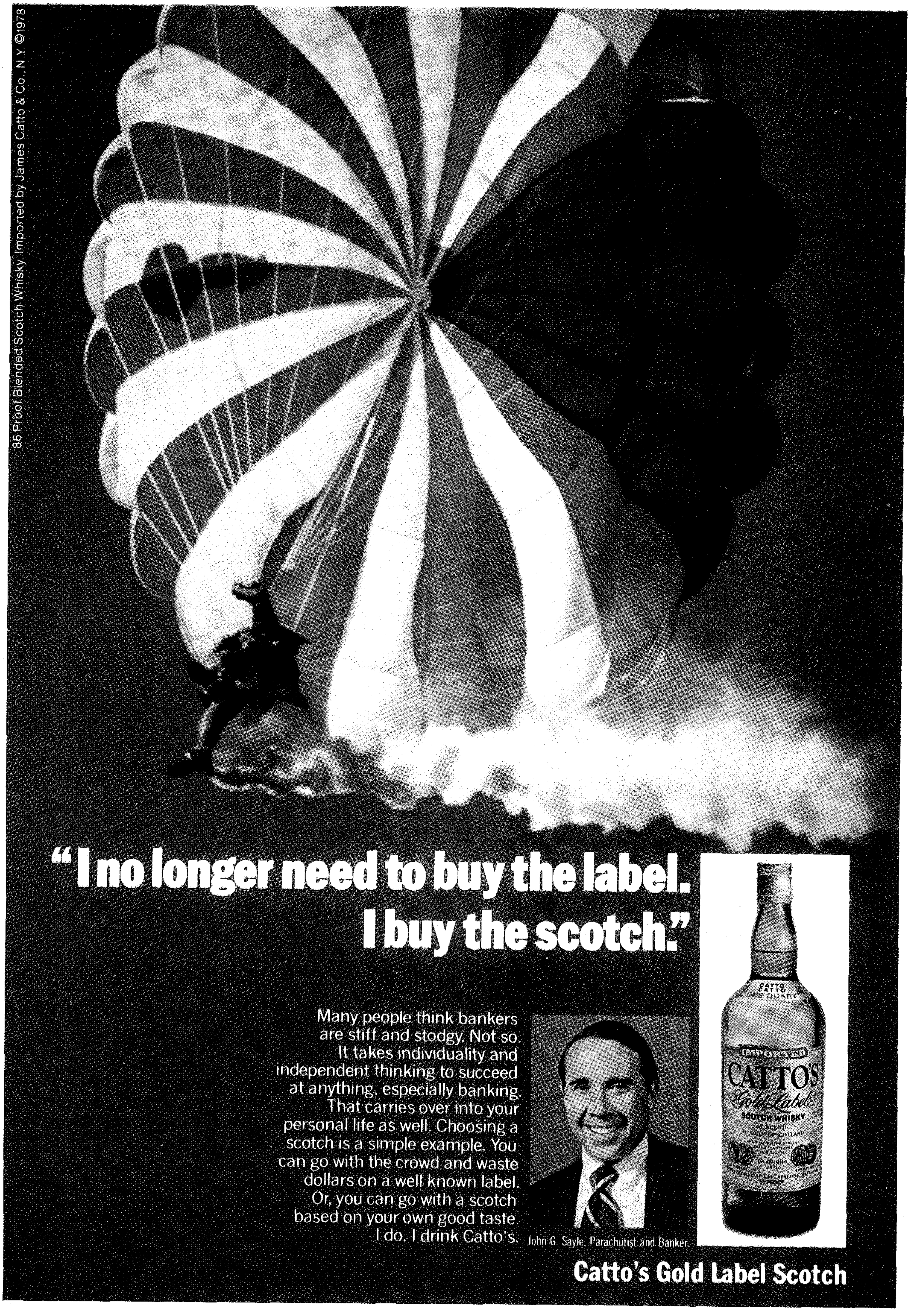
Elba Damast–Figures and objects obliterated by splashes of color, thru 11/30. Galeria-Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Ken Davies**–Realist still-life and trompe-l'oeil views of rural America, thru 12/2. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

***Edgar Degas**(1834-1917)–Major oils and pastels, thru 12/3. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10–5.

***Otto Dix**(1891-1969)–Drawings and watercolors, thru 12/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

William Dole–Collages from 1958 to 1978, thru 12/9. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (LE5-1919).



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AROUND TOWN

Lucile Driskell–Bronze and marble sculpture thru 11/30. Environment, 205 E 60th (MU8-5880).

***Will Howe Foote**(1874-1965)–The Old Lyme School of American impressionism, thru 12/12. Lotus Club, 5 E 66th (391-0385).

Evelyn Glick–Landscapes, thru 12/9. Marbella, 903 Mad Ave (288-7809).

Sharon Gold–Dark acrylic and canvas on wood, thru 12/9. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Antonio Gonzalez–Primitive oils, 12/12-1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Meraud Guevara–Surreal women, thru 11/30. Salander, 831 Mad Ave (879-6606).

Gary Kuehn–Recent paintings, thru 12/9. Cucalon, 145 E 72nd (472-8741).

Vinton Lawrence–Drawn paintings, thru 12/4. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

David Lund–Maine, thru 12/16. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Pat Mainardi–Recent paintings, thru 12/6. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Antoine Poncet–White and black marbles and bronzes, thru thru 11/30. Weintraub, 992 Mad Ave (TR9-1195).

Robert Quijada–Cut pieces of canvas and paper sewn, glued, and painted together, thru 12/9. Ericson, 23 E 74th &737-6155).

***Larry Rivers**–Themes from the 50s and 60s in two large canvases, plus studies, thru 12/2. ACA, 21 E 67th (628-2440).

Edwin Schlossberg–Vinyl panels, inks, and acrylics creating 3D poetry, thru 12/30. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Sidney Simon–Stone, bone, and mirror sculpture, thru 12/23. Sculpture Center, 167 E 69th (879-0430).

Edward Sokol–Urban views and junglescapes, thru 12/31. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

***May Stevens**–History paintings, thru 11/30. Lerner-Heller, 789 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Robert Sweeney–New England interiors and landscapes, thru 12/22. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Walasse Ting–Recent works, thru 1/6. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (RH4-3384).

Paul Van Hoeydonck–Space figures in bronze and steel, thru 12/9. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

SoHo

Janette Aiello/Fred Chance/Satish Joshi–Models in drawing and paint/Primitive masks in paint/Abstractions, thru 12/12. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Dottie Attie**–New work, thru 12/6. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Connie Beckley–Sound installation and works on parchment, 11/29-12/22. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196).

***Lynda Benglis**–Numerical associations, thru 12/9. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Thomas Berg–Folding chairs in paint, thru 12/2. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Stephen Brown**–Nude self-portraits and erotic fantasies, thru 12/6. Bowery, 135 Greene (730-9452).

Nino De Faveri–Head trips, thru 12/2. Lohman, 485 Broome (966-7173).

Marjorie di Làscia–Memorial show, thru 12/6. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

***Tom Doyle**–Large wooden sculpture to be entered and walked on, thru 12/30. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Diane Fitzgerald–Ocean close-ups on canvas and paper, thru 11/30. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

Kent Floeter–Works, thru 12/14. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Marian P. Froehlich–Large white constructions, thru 12/3. Pindar, 127 Greene (533-4881).

***Kathleen Gilje**–Groups of women or baboons in pencil drawings and oils, thru 12/2. 55 Mercer (431-7758).

Gerry Griffin/Ursula von Rydingsvard–Weapons, tools, structures in rattan, reed, wood/Bear Mountain cedar modules on the roof, thru 12/9. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Richards Jarden/Donald Lipski–Mats/Gathering dust, thru 12/16. Artists Space, 105 Hudson (226-3970).

Jerry Jones–An installation about the artist and gallery space, thru 12/16. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Abe Lubelski/Alan Shepp–Heavy layer paint reliefs/Sandblasted marble granite and slate, thru 12/14. Neill. 136 Greene (925-8633).

Arnaldo Miccoli–Multifaceted drawings and mask abstractions, 12/2. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Paul Mogensen, Spirals, thru 1/6. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Mary Nicholas/Sal Sirugo–Turning totems and ziggurats in wood/Turbulent landscapes and faces, thru 12/14. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Susan Reinhart–Clay pillows and slabs tied and suspended, thru 12/3. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Garry Rich–Dark symbolic landscapes, thru 12/7. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Dorothea Rockburne–3D structural drawings on paper and vellum, thru 12/21. Weber, 420 Bdwy (966-6115).

Barbara Rossi–Linear design on multilayered Plexiglas, thru 12/2. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Janet Shafner–Tools, fruit, bread, and balls, thru 12/10. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Cy Twombly–A ten-part painting dealing with Ilium, thru 1/20. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380).

***George Wexler**–Panoramas of the Hudson Valley, thru 12/6. First Street, 118 Prince (226-9011).

Una Wilkinson–Relaxed, witty East Hampton oils, thru 12/7. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

OTHER

Lydie Egosi–Tapestries with Judaic themes, thru 1/5. Union House, 838 5th Ave (768-5895). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***Janet Fish/Juan Hamilton**–Large still-life objects of recent date/Ceramic and bronze sculpture, thru 11/30. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

John Perretti–Actual still-life objects that melt on the canvas, thru 12/6. St. Bartholomew, 109 E 50th (PL1-1616).

Larry Sutton–Wooden women, thru 12/3. Works of Art, 87 Atlantic Ave, Bklyn (834-9677). Tues-Fri 2-6, Sat & Sun 12-6.

***Antoni Tapies**–Etchings and lithos, 1947-1977, thru 1/6. Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Merril Wagner–Tape and paint on Plexiglas sheets, thru 12/30. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Lynton Wells–Connecticut on photo-sensitized linen, thru 12/2. Droll/Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave (541-6006).

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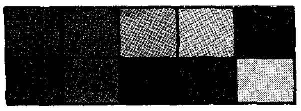

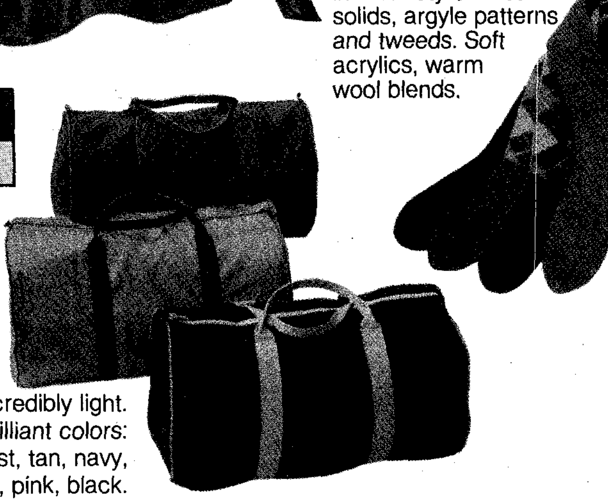

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Betty Woodman–Earthenware, thru 12/9. Greenwich House, 16 Jones (CH2-4106). Tues-Sat 1-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Hamilton**–20 W 57th (765-5915). Small scale sculpture by Bourgeois, Dusenbery, Todd, Witkin, 12/2-30.

***Jackson**–521 W 57th (586-4200). Small sculpture by Frank, Katzen, Segal, others, thru 12/2.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American masters from 1770 to the present, including Copley, Eakins, Marin, O'Keeffe, Whistler, 11/29-12/30.

***Schab**–37 W 57th (758-0327). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30. Drawings, etchings, and engravings of the Italian, French, and Austrian stage from the 16th to 18th century, thru 11/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Carus**–1044 Mad at 79th (879-4660). Two avant-garde views, the expressionist and the constructivist, including Kirchner, Nolde, Lissitzky, thru 12/16.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Members, thru 12/23.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Contemporary British pottery/Drawings by Crowl, 12/2-28.

***Grolier**–47 E 60th (838-6690) Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat till 3. Noah Webster's first editions; letters from Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, thru 12/2.

Gurewitsch–55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Tues-Sat 1-5. Provincetown artists, thru 12/2.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Ancient Egyptian bronze deities and Attic pottery, thru 12/16.

***Julie**–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). Dolls by members, thru 12/6.

***Knowlton**–19 E 71st (794-9700). American realist landscapes, thru 11/29.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat till 4. Arthur, Fite, 12/2-15.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (535-9888). New works by members, thru 1/6.

***Laboetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865) Works done in German art colonies before WW I by Heckel, Jawlensky, Klee, Vogeler, others, thru 11/30.

Ronin–605 Mad Ave (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6. Sosaku Hanga (creative prints) from 1913 to 1976 in Japan, thru 11/30.

***Stone**–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Abstract expressionists de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Pollock, Leslie, thru 12/21.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Paper by Buonagurio, Lutz, Wood, 12/5-30.

SoHo

Bayard–456 W Bdwy (477-3804). Works by Northwest Coast Indians, 1915 photogravures by Curtis on the Kwakiutl, thru 11/30.

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-5. Science-oriented works of the 60s, including Bas-Cohain, Shannon, Sonfist, thru 12/23.

***Caldwell**–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper, an invitational with Barth, Diamond, Hart, Scotti, Zeniuk, 11/29-12/23.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed till 8. Works by Biederman and Kaplowitz, thru 12/30.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Baeder, sculpture by DeAndrea and Myer, photos of Las Vegas by Abrams and Fowler-Gallagher, thru 12/2.

***Jewelweed**–72 Thompson (431-6893). Silver *objets d'art* by Callahan, Gaiss, and Hecht, thru 11/30.

Key–130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Collage and drawings, 12/2-1/20.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Paintings and objects in enamel, thru 1/7.

22 Wooster–(431-6445). Works in all media, thru 12/16.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Fiber works by Beron, sensual flowers by Dukess, aluminum sculpture by Firedman, and black-and-white paintings by Samilow, thru 12/14.

OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary Mexican paintings, 11/29-12/30.

AIGA–1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9-5. Ongoing projects from the Visible Language Workshop at M.I.T., thru 1/3.

***America Hurrah**–316 E 70th (535-1930). Mon-Sat 12-7. Hooked and sewn rugs from 1825 to 1925, thru 12/2.

American Academy–633 W 155th (368-6361). Tues-Sun 1-4. Gropper, Koch, and Rattner, thru 12/30.

Bishop–1059 Third Ave (751-9703). Indonesian batiks and ikats, thru 12/2.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. The origins of Chinese ceramics, thru 1/28.

Gallery 62–National Urban League, 500 E 62 (644-6500). Mon-Fri 10-4. Illustrations of black life from 1923 to 1949 by Bearden, Lawrence, White, thru 11/30.

Glassmasters–621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). Mon-Fri 11-5:45. Stained- and blown-glass objects and ornaments, thru 1/2.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Handicrafts by German artisans, thru 12/31.

Interart–549 W 52nd (246-1050). Mon-Fri 12-6. A video environment using a cab and a 1950 Chevy convertible, thru 12/9.

***Mall of CUNY**, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6. Black America on stage, including photos, posters, costumes, thru 12/8.

NY Public Library–at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 10-8, Tues-Wed 10-6, Fri-Sat 12-6. Zero Mostel (1915-1977): paintings by him, Hirschfeld caricatures of him, photos and personal notes, thru 12/30. George M. Cohan centennial, thru 11/30.

***NYU**–Grey, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603) and Loeb Center 566 La Guardia Pl (598-2027). 20th-century European and American paintings from the Gallatin Collection/The Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors from 1940 to 1978, including Barnett, Gross, Nevelson, thru 12/16.

Profile–113 Jane (860-2415). Tues 4-10, Wed-Sun 12-6. Drawings by sculptors Nania, Rabinowich, Williams, thru 11/30.

Union Carbide–270 Park Ave (535-4250). Works by Gillespie, Gussow, others, thru 11/30.

US Court House–40 Foley Square (228-5283). Patterns by Andrews, Carleton, Stevens, and Yoder, thru 12/17.

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kind of gifts they also want to receive.)

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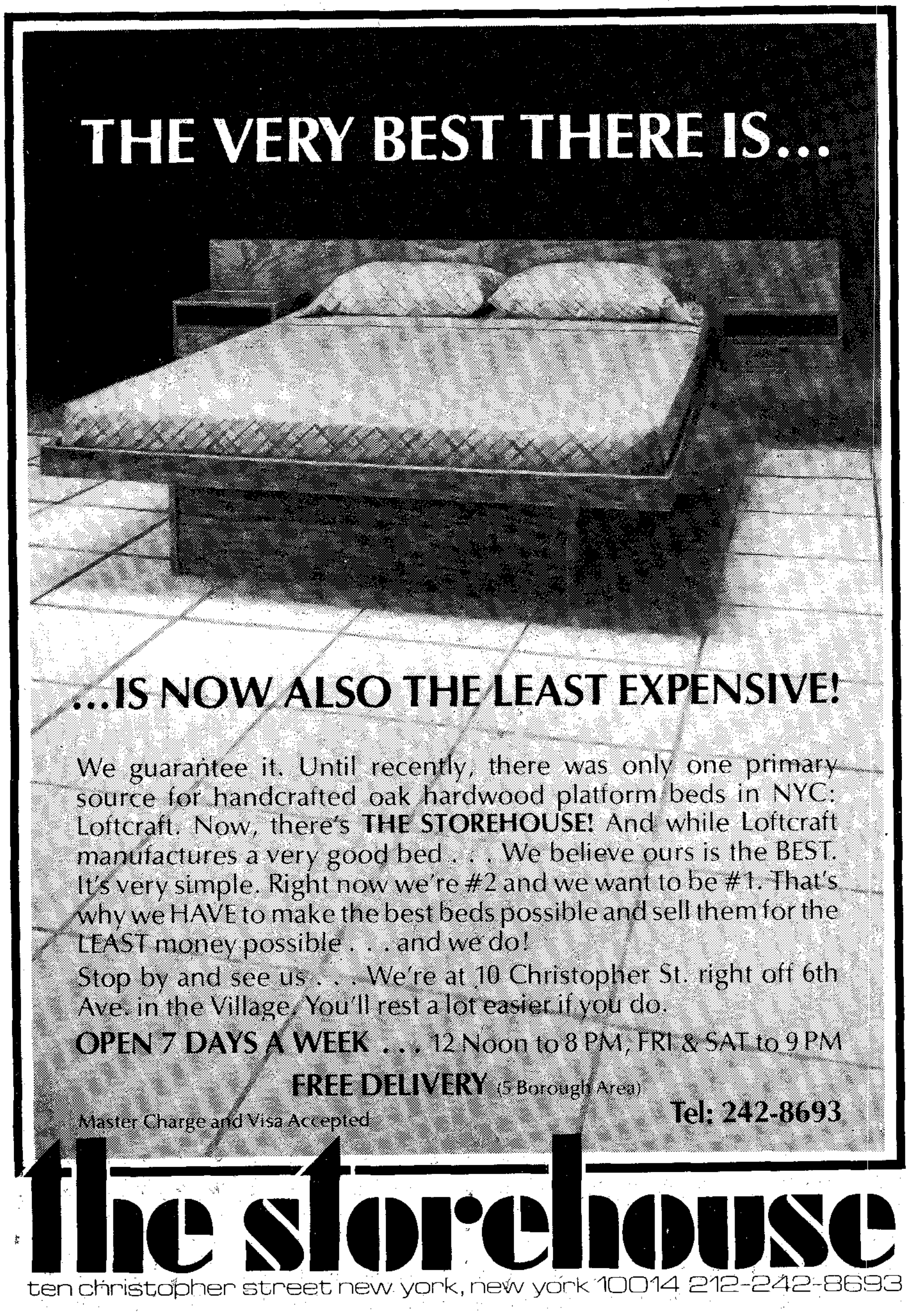
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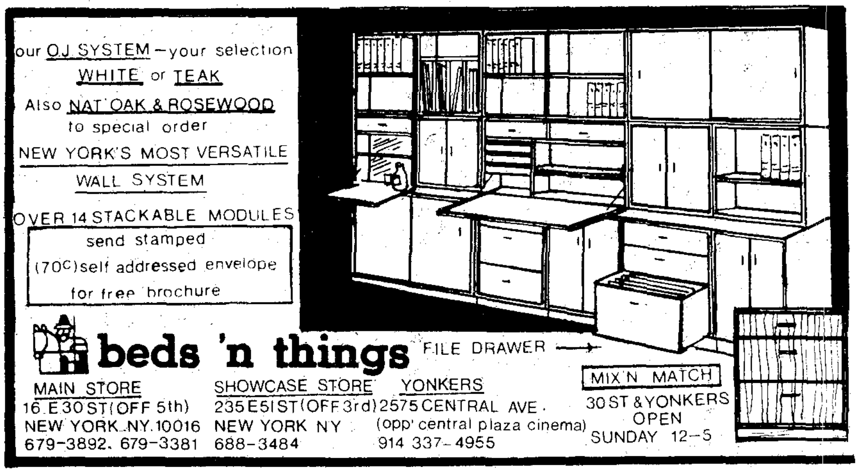
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AROUND TOWN

Photography

Christopher Altamari–TV images, thru 11/30. Automation House, 49 E 68th (628-1010).

***Hilla and Bernd Becher/Deborah Tureville**–Large industrial structures/Fashions, thru 12/30. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

Barbara Bordnick–Portraits of legendary women in jazz, thru 12/21. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).

Mark Cohen–Recent photos, 12/2-23. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Theodore Cohen–Israel, thru 11/29. Guild, 1145 Mad at 85th (861-3776).

Jay S. Colen–Paris on high-speed film during, thru 12/12. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (223-9751). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Michael de Camp/Anne and David Doubilet–Habitats/Underseascapes, 11/29-1/13. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Double Exposure–340 Sixth Ave (260-6051). Contemporaries from New Zealand, thru 12/10.

Nancy Dunn–Distorted color images of New Jersey, *thru 12/2. Nikon House,* 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Deborah Freeman/Chris Mackey–Israel on her 30th/Lower East side children and Orchard Street, thru 11/30, Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (GR5-*6200). Sun-Thurs* 10-9:30, *Fri* 10-5:30.

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (CI6-3965). Mon-Fri 10-5. Invitational, including Aarons, Capa, Jacobi, Orkin, 11/29-12/7.

Mark Golderman–*Color thru 12/16. Sragow,* 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Rene Groebli–Color fantasies, thru 1/2. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Joáo Hafers–*Beach sculptures in color, thru* 12/9. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***Serge Hambourg**–People carrying things in black-and-white, thru 12/16. French Institute, 22 E 60th (355-6100).

Nancy Iddings–Photos, thru 12/3. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

PICTURE PERFECT

The Spirit of Christmas Present is depicted in a stained-glass window, one of the many artifacts in the **Kodak Gallery**'s holiday exhibition, "The Story of Christmas." The show also includes photos, slides, and movies which deal with the various Christmas celebrations around the world. The gallery is open Mon 12-5 and Tues-Sat 9:30-5 thru January 7 (262-6170).

***Robert Mapplethorpe**–Recept photos and objects, 12/2-23. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

***Sheila Metzner**–Simple, personal, portraits, nudes, and landscapes, thru 12/9. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

***Herbert J. Seligmann**–50 vintage works, including NYC's architecture, the plight of the Jews in 30s Germany, thru 12/9. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Aaron Siskind**–Conceptual NYC, 1976-1978, 11/29-12/23. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Soho Center**–114 Prince (226-1995). People by Bissel, Davis, Rodam, others, thru 12/2.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. 14th street by Borden, Atlantic City by Bryen-Ross, and masked figures by Arrandale-Williams, 12/3-26.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Making of a Dinosaur:* The process of restoring dinosaur fossils. *Unseen Flowers of the Desert:* Robert I. Gilbreath's photographs of the tiny flowers that grow in the arid American West; thru 2/28.

Asia House, 112 E *64th* St. (751-4210). *Mon-Sat* 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30. *The Ideal Image:* Gupta sculptural tradition and its influence, thru 12/3.

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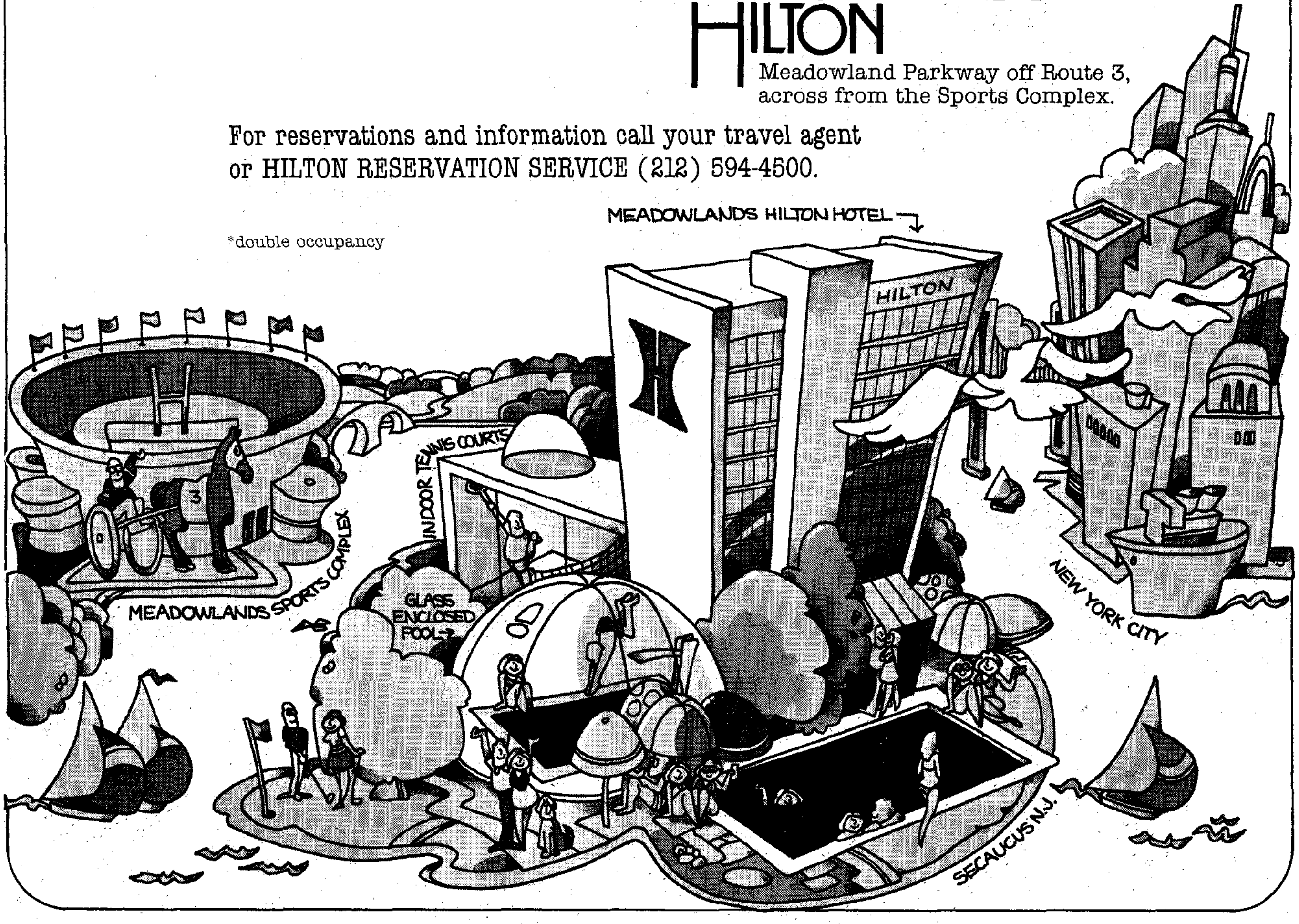
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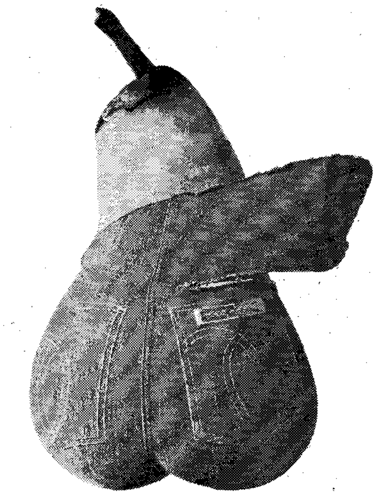

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AROUND TOWN

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). *Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 12:30-4:30. Street Art:* Fifty color photos of New York City murals; thru 12/29.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Africa in Antiquity:* The arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan; thru 12/31. *Brooklyn's Chassidim:* A photographic study by Allen Rokach; thru 12/10.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6868). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Ornament in the 20th Century;* thru 1/7. *Vienna Moderne:* An exhibition of the arts of the Vienna workshops; thru 2/4. *Artists' Postcards:* Original works of art in postcard size; thru 12/2.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Sidewalk Superintendent:* A look at building in America from 1719 to 1830; thru 5/11.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Mark Rothko, 1903-70:* Retrospective including close to 200 of his paintings and works on paper; thru 1/14. *OMA—The Sparkling Metropolis:* Works on paper illustrating the London-based Office of Modern Architecture's plans to revitalize Manhattan; thru 12/17.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Gilded Age in Westchester:* Aspects of art and society in Westchester County at the turn of the 19th century; thru 1979. Recent works of Richard *Smith;* thru 1/14.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Fleeting Gestures:* Photographs of the dance, from its classical form to the present state; thru 1/7.

Japan House–333 E 47th *(832-1155). Mon-Thurs, Sat* & Sun 11-5, Fri till 7:30. Folk art from Hokkaido to Okinawa, including ceramics, furniture, baskets, paintings, and sculpture, thru 1/7.

Jewish Museum–1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6. Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Jack Levine Retrospective:* Paintings, drawings, and graphics; thru 1/28.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues 10-8:45; Wed-Sat 10-4:45; Sun 11-4:45. *The Print Collector in the Kitchen:* Works, dealing with food, by Rembrandt, Whistler, Boucher, and others; thru 1/7. *The Splendor of Dresden:* Over 700 masterpieces, spanning 500 years, from eight Dresden museums and including works by Titian, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Holbein, Velasquez, Rubens, and others; thru 1/14. *Georgia O'Keeffe by Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty photographic portraits; thru 1/14. *Tribute to a Curator:* Outstanding paintings and sculpture acquired by the museum during the tenure of Robert Beverly Hale (1946-66); thru 3/4. The Temple of Dendur: In the Sackler wing. *Diaghilev:* Costumes and designs of the Ballets Russes; thru 6/30. *Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Northern Drawings:* Works by Dürer, Grien, van der Weyden; thru 1/28.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Giovanni Battista Piranesi Drawings:* Commemorating the 200th anniversary of the death of the great Venetian draftsman, architect, and etcher. *Early French Illuminated Manuscripts:* Examples of Carolingian, Romanesque, and early Gothic illuminations. *Letters of Love and Affection:* Letters by artists, authors, statesmen from the late sixteenth thru the ninteenth century. *Songs of Whales:* The music of the humpback whales. Thru 12/5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30 and Thurs 6-8. A collection of 120 American samplers; thru 1/7.

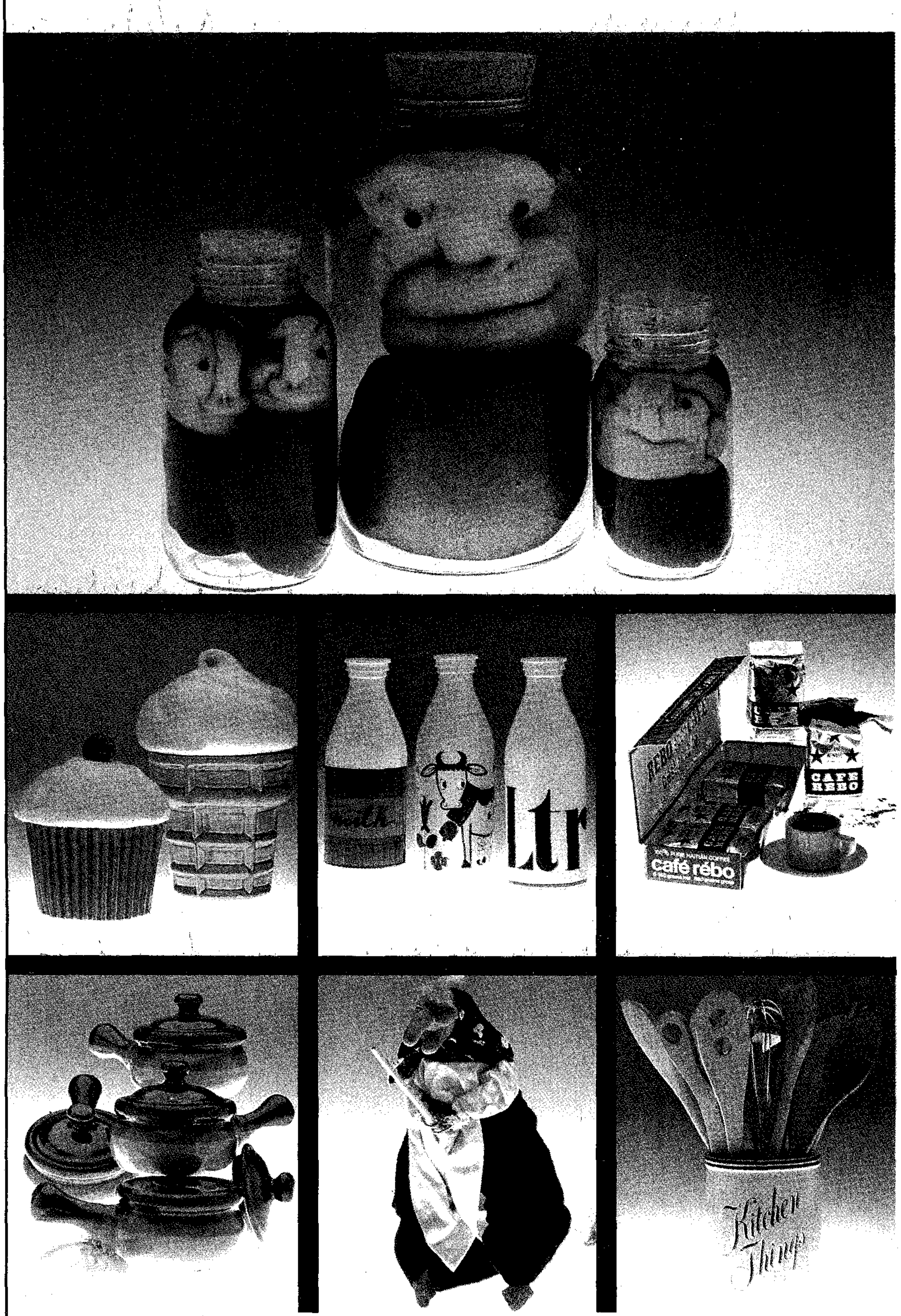
Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Gold and Silver—Treasures of New York:* Over 400 *pieces of decorative art; thru 4/29. Katharine Cornell Remembered:* Photographs, costumes, audiovisuals, and memorabilia honoring the late American actress.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Peter Voulkos Retrospective:* Works by this pioneer of 20th-century American ceramic art; thru 12/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *As We See It:* New holographic works representing the experiments of artists in dance, film, photography, poetry, and sculpture; 12/1 thru 2/25.

Christmas stuffing!



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AROUND TOWN

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art:* Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and cutouts of virtually every period in the great artist's career; thru 1/30. *Grain Elevators:* Photographs by Frank Gohlke; thru 2/4.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Outside New York:* Works by Katharine Carter, Tom Hatch, James Hill, Alexa Kleinbard, Janis Provisor, and Dan Rizzie; thru 12/1.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Moving in the City:* New permanent exhibition of the Society's collection of 19th-century carriages, stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. *Over Here:* Exhibition of World War I posters marking the 60th anniversary of the end of the war; thru 7/4. *The American Magazine and Others:* Representative American magazines from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 1/31.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions, thru 11/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-4. *Treasures of Cyprus:* Eight thousand years of Cypriot art, history, and culture, from the Neolithic age up to the mid-19th century; thru 12/17.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. *The World of Bob Thompson:* Paintings by this artist; thru 1/7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Abstract Expressionism—The Formative Years:* More than 100 paintings from the late thirties and early forties by Baziotes, Gorky, Newman, Motherwell, de Kooning, Pollock, others; thru 12/3. *Inner City:* A room-size installation of a detailed scale model of an entire city block by Michael McMillen; thru 12/3. *Introduction to 20th-Century American Art:* Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Nevelson, David Smith, Hopper, de Kooning, and Gorky. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *The Symbolist Mood Around 1900:* Paintings, sculpture, photos reflecting the Symbolist movement on American artists; thru 12/6.

Sports

JET BOOKENDS

The Jets have taken giant strides in their rebuilding program and are in the running for a playoff spot this season. Two reasons for the improvement are **Chris Ward** (left) and **Marvin Powell** (right), who have solidified the offensive line with their strong play. The Jets tackel the Baltimore Colts this Sunday, December 3 at Shea. At 1 (421-6600).

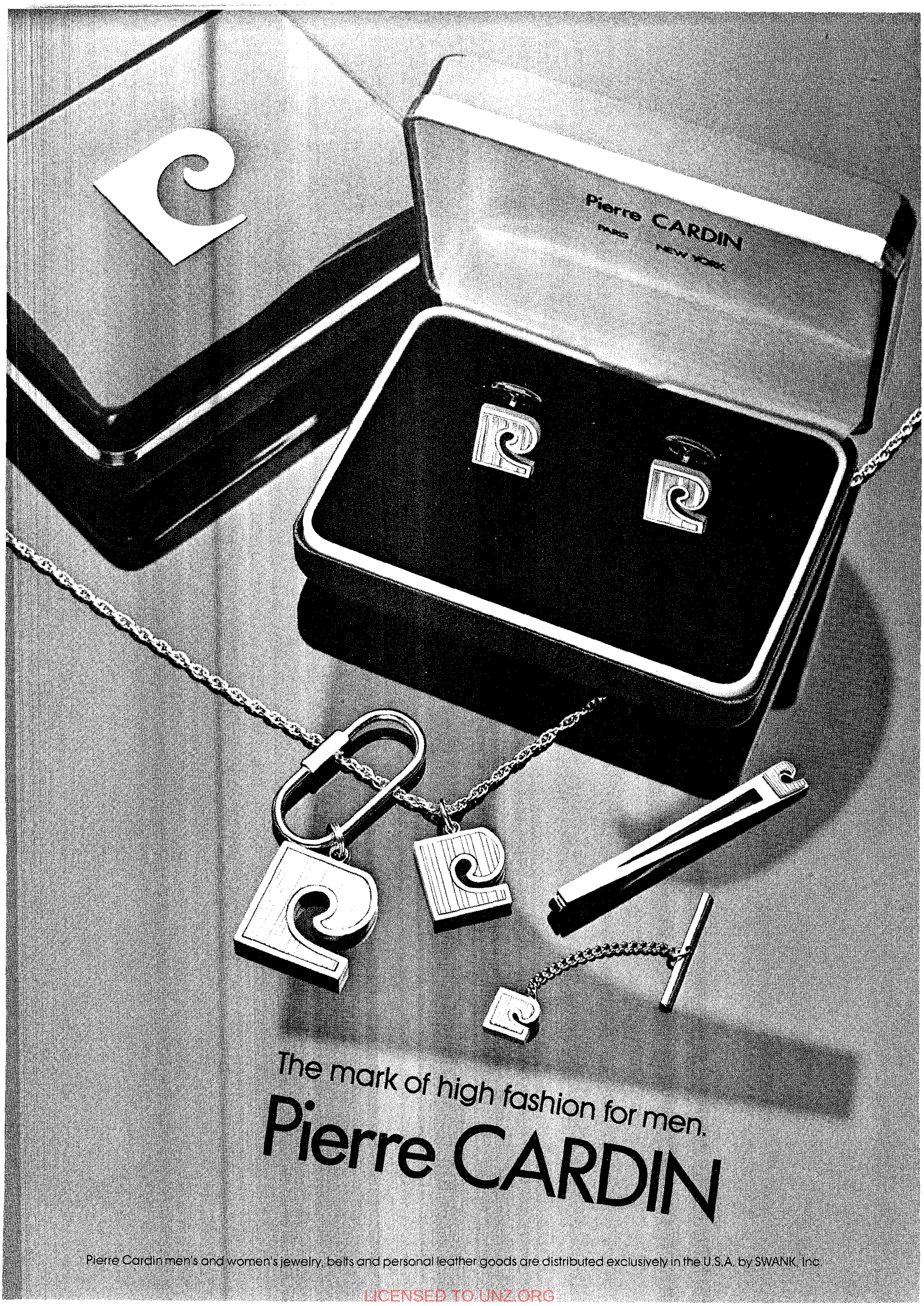
Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222); vs. Los Angeles Rams, 12/3 at 1.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, 12/5 at 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Boston Bruins, 12/3 at 7:35.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Washington Bullets, 11/28 at 7:30; vs. Portland Trail Blazers, 12/2 at 8.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888). No home games this week.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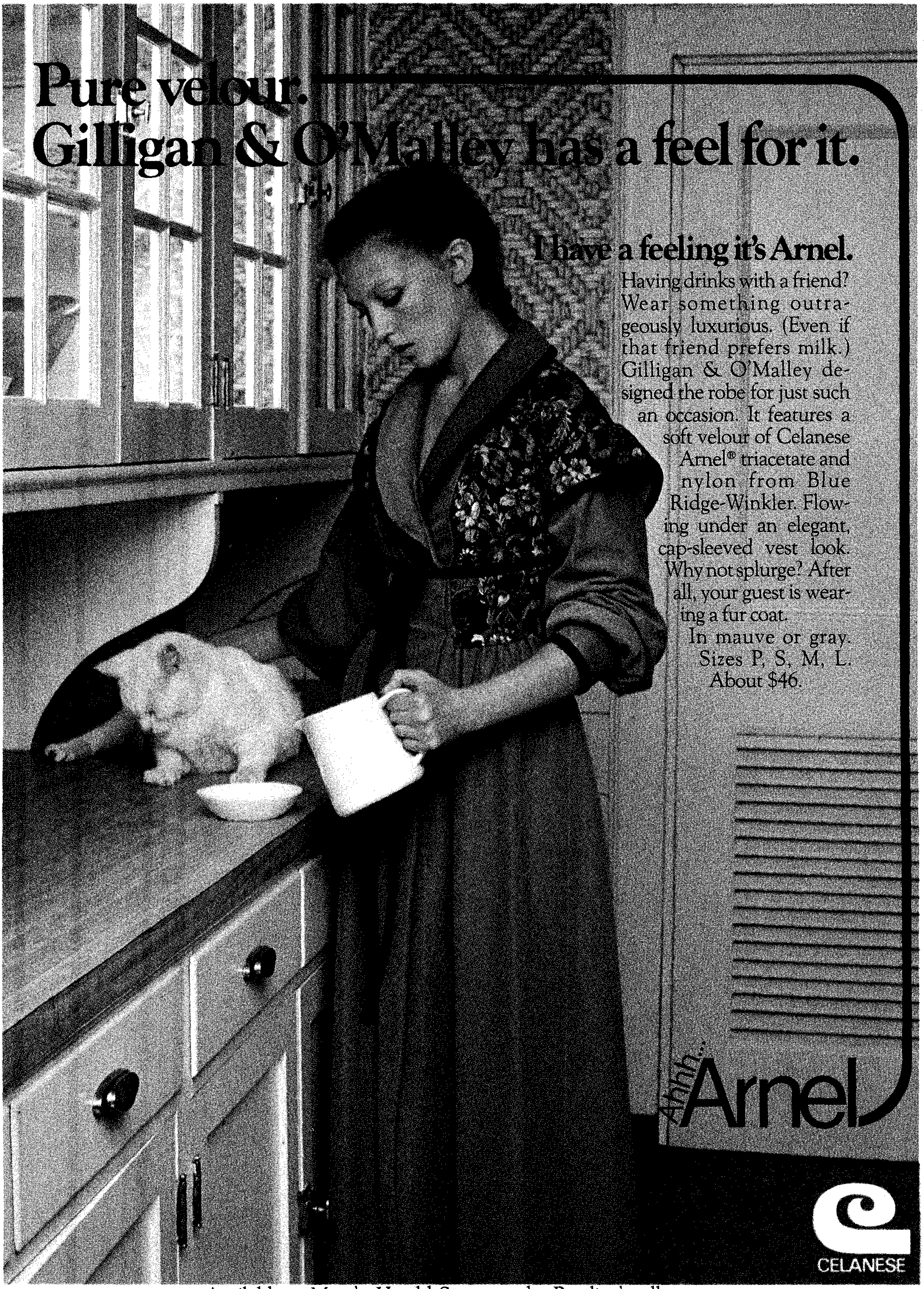
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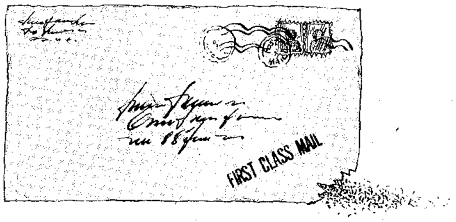


Heroin: The Deadliest Game Has Changed

By Jerry Capeci

> "...Almost as much heroin is smuggled, virtually risk-free, by mail now as by couriers—eight grams, or $13,000, per letter..."

It was supposed to be over by now. The Turkish poppy fields were burned. The Mexican border was tightened up. The Marseilles heroin refineries were shut down. But despite some success by the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, and much cooperation from many foreign governments, heroin is still flowing—and flowing big—into North America.

And these days, it is almost 100 percent pure—the highest-grade smack ever produced—making it profitable to ship or carry in small quantities, and thus more difficult than ever to detect.

This isn't the brown heroin of years past. Now it's called "Asian White," and it's deadlier than ever. It comes from the fabled "Golden Triangle" of Southeast Asia, an estimated 50 to 60 tons a year from poppy fields in the rugged mountain terrain of northeast Burma, northern Thailand, and Laos, an area virtually immune to the pretenses of Western law and order. Like Vietnam.

And, as proved true on that battlefield, the guerrilla is king in the Golden Triangle—perhaps some of the same guerrillas. The DEA refers to them simply as "dissident military bands"—the folks who bring you Asian White. And what's certain is that, unlike the French, Turkish, and Mexican pushers of the sixties, no one has stopped them yet.

The cast of characters has changed in other respects. Black Americans have moved up from the street trade to the wholesale level and are dealing one on one now with the heroin merchants of Bangkok, where an ounce of Asian White purchased cheaply for $125 will bring nearly $45,000 in Manhattan or Beverly Hills. Some DEA sources say blacks now control 40 percent of the U.S. heroin traffic, a figure that includes some rings that are mixed black and white, as the grip of the organized-crime syndicate slowly loosens.

Smuggling routes and methods are sharply different now, too, than in the 1960s, when the French Connection ring brought heroin in huge quantities from Turkey through Marseilles and Montreal to New York.

"Now they're nickel-and-diming us to death," says Michael J. Costello, deputy chief of the DEA's Unified Intelligence Division, based in New York. "A pound here, two pounds there, it's a whole new ball game."

Eight grams of heroin here and there, entering the United States by mail in innocent-looking "letters" from major European cities—that's the newest gimmick. And incredibly, Costello says, the mails now probably bring almost as much Asian White into the United States as "couriers"—smuggling the stuff concealed on their person—do.

That takes on great significance when you consider two things: More than 70 pounds of Asian White was confiscated from couriers at JFK International Airport *alone* in the first ten and a half months of 1978, and most law-enforcement officials agree that no more than 15 percent of all the heroin coming into the country is seized.

In the sixties, individual smugglers could make a living by mailing small quantities of heroin direct from Saigon or Bangkok to the United States. But when customs officers began screening all mail from Southeast Asia in concert with the DEA in 1973, the smugglers had to devise new mail routes. Here's how they work, according to Costello:

A quantity of heroin—perhaps a pound (448 grams)—refined in a mountain laboratory in Burma and packaged for shipment by courier from Bangkok to Europe (via air or water), is delivered to its next major "contact" in, say, Amsterdam. The contact divvies the stuff up into 56 neat little piles of eight grams each, then seals each into a small, flat plastic packet.

The packet is placed between several folded sheets of notepaper, ideally inscribed with some handwriting to resemble an actual letter. The "letter" is then tucked into an envelope bearing the correct postage and the address of some person in the United States previously recruited as a "mail drop"—often an otherwise perfectly law-abiding person.

That contact in Amsterdam then goes out for a ride on his bike and drops some of the envelopes in mailboxes around town. Or he may give most of them to a cooperative businessman or tourist to mail from various cities around Europe, with the appropriate postage, in order to diversify sources. Diversification is the name of the game, since a heavy volume of mail from any one city increases the chance of detection.

The American "drop," of course,

"...White heroin from Southeast Asia is rapidly replacing brown heroin from Mexico; it's the highest grade ever produced..."

knows exactly what to do with the letter from Europe as soon as it arrives. His instructions are to place it unopened into another envelope and mail it to a central recipient elsewhere in America. An important safeguard in this system is that neither the European sender nor the U.S. drop knows any other details of the operations of the ring dealing in Asian White. Most drops never see or talk to anyone who can be implicated if an accident—and that's what it usually takes—occurs and the mailed heroin is found.

Few, if any, are aware of what's inside the letters they're handling. It's better for them not to know, because eight grams of Asian White at the street level is worth nearly $13,000.

Such mail-route heroin smuggling is being practiced with disconcerting regularity, Costello says, in most of the major cities of Western Europe, including Paris, Munich, Rome, and London—all central contact points. The letter dodge is one of the DEA's worst problems—but not the only one.

They're called "mules" — heroin couriers. And these days they're offering new challenges to the nearly 200 narcs in twenty regional DEA offices worldwide.

The mules seldom live up to any of the old stereotypes these days. There's nothing stealthy about most of them, much less suspicious. Some are American businessmen or -women who may make only one or two trips to Europe a year. Or a family man takes on the assignment to finance a six-week vacation tour of the Continent with his wife and kids, paying for the holiday and making a nice profit too, simply by bringing in two pounds of heroin when he returns home.

Almost every ingenious means imaginable has been used by the smugglers to conceal the contraband; customs agents have to be on the alert for more than just false-bottomed suitcases and body vests. Aerosol spray cans, cold-cream jars, hollowed-out *objets d'art*, and even artificial limbs have all been used. Some mules have been found carrying heroin internally, with the aid of a condom. Obviously the "routine searches" that uncover internal possession are not quite routine.

In truth, the DEA, like any law-enforcement agency, would have trouble catching any narcotics smuggler without the intelligence supplied by informants. Whether they are paid informants or narcotics suspects who have been "turned" and cooperate with the government to earn leniency, they are the biggest weapons the DEA has.

A few weeks ago, on November 14, one paid informant scored heavily with the arrest at Kennedy Airport of four Thai nationals charged with importing seven kilos (fifteen and a half pounds) of Asian White into the United States. The informant had infiltrated a ring headed by what may turn out to be Bangkok's "main man"—believed by DEA agents to be exporting more than half the Asian White harvested in the Golden Triangle. The informant actually had received the seven kilos of heroin from the main man to give to the foursome subsequently nailed at the airport; he may provide some valuable testimony, if all goes well, toward dismantling the "Oriental Connection."

The connection begins in a remote corner of northeast Burma, near where that country's border touches both Thailand and Laos (hence the "Triangle"), barely 100 miles south of China's Yunnan Province, about 500 miles due north of Bangkok, and some 400 miles due west of Hanoi.

The "dissident" bandits of the area cultivate their poppy fields as their ancestors did, working the same mother lode for centuries. But the poppy business has never been better. Its heroin derivative, extracted from the flower's gummy opium, remains a magic potion to an estimated 450,000 American addicts.

DEA chemists rate the Asian product as about 95 percent pure, more than three times purer than the best heroin previously brought into the United States from Mexico—and seven times more potent than the staple Mexican brown heroin, which arrives here about 14 percent pure.

Washington's early recognition of the potential source of heroin in the Golden Triangle for American traffickers triggered "preventive law enforcement" in the early seventies by agencies which were predecessors of the DEA. This helped keep the flow of Asian White to a relative trickle in the mid-seventies. But things have drastically changed. Now the white is showing up more and more in the streets of New York and other cities in the East. In fact, two thirds of the heroin sold on street corners in Harlem is Asian White. And some of the low-grade "brown" seized by narcs here has been shown under closer analysis to be Asian White baked with cocoa to make it look like Mexican brown.

"Some addicts are used to brown and might think they're getting beat," explained Jack Peterson, head of the DEA's regional office in Los Angeles. "They might even be afraid of it," he added. "Even junkies know about overdoses now."

So the high quality of Asian White makes it doubly menacing. If improperly diluted, it can kill. And if cut to the normal street level, currently running at 3 percent purity, it takes a lot less to spread the heroin plague.

Most DEA agents concede that more and more Asian White is getting through customs—and the mails—than ever before. It is not yet enough to increase the potency of the product sold in the marketplace, but a return to the 8-to-10-percent-purity levels of the sixties is a real possibility.

Costello is watching the statistics carefully. "Our seizures of Asian White across the country in the first half of the year," he notes, "were four times greater than in all of 1977."

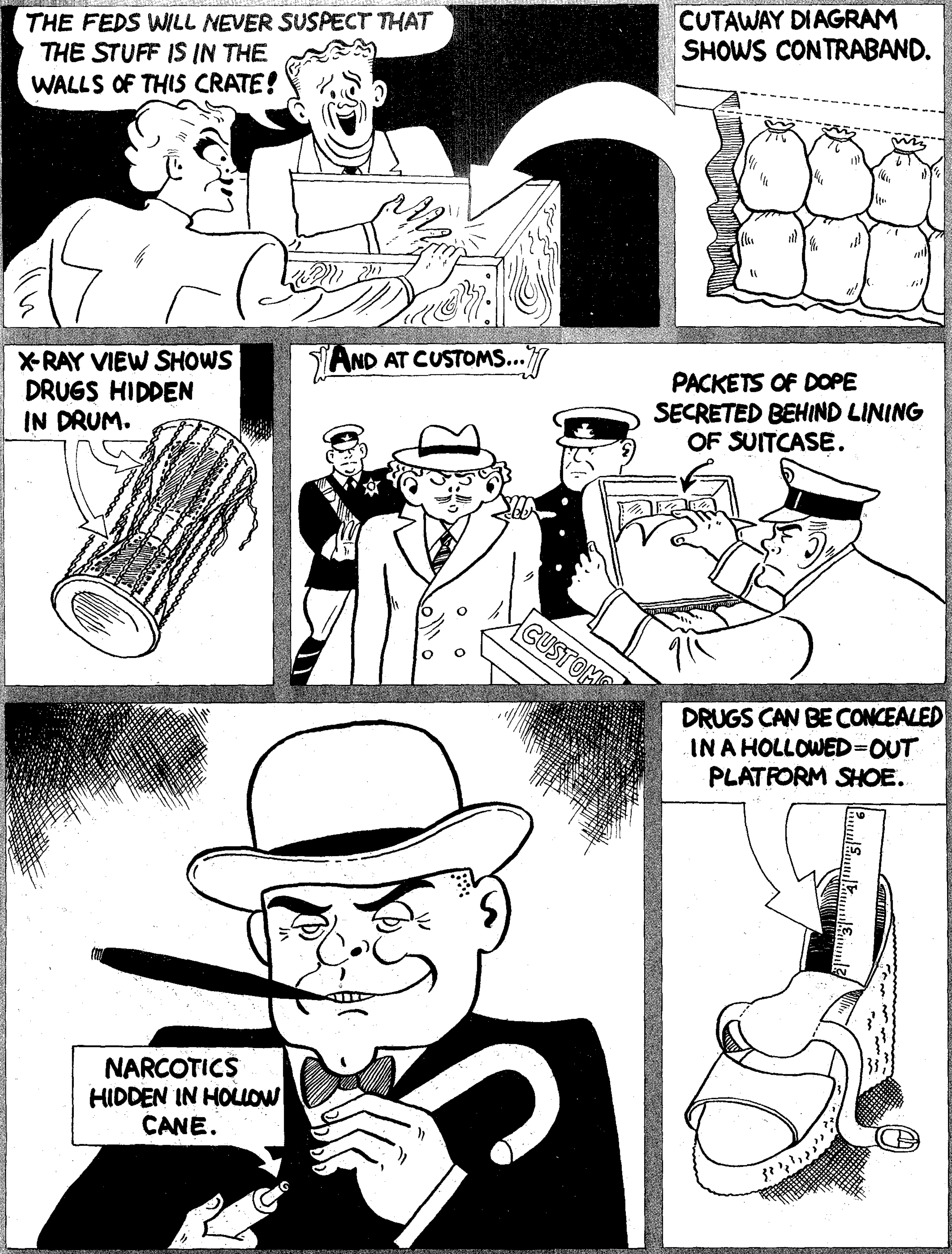
The biggest change in heroin traffic today is at the big-money levels, where blacks have been making noticeable inroads in a racket once owned by the Mafia. Once content to dominate the streets of Harlem and similar U.S. slums, blacks have been especially active in Mexico in recent years, importing most of the low-grade brown heroin, a favorite in the ghettos.

But now black men are importing from the Golden Triangle too. And paving the way, to some extent, has been the government's relentless prosecution of organized-crime figures on narcotics charges.

"Mafia control is weakening because they tend to get out of something when it gets too hot," one mob observer says. "So many guys did time—Vito Genovese died in prison, doing 15 years; Carmine Galante got 20 years; Big John Ormento died, doing 40 years; Vinnie Papa was murdered in Atlanta, doing 20 years. These days, the mob is serving as financier to the blacks. It's lower risk."

Costello isn't so sure. "They're not the dominating force they used to be," he said, "but the Italians still have the potential to reach the top again."

Now it is the black heroin hierarchy risking prison, with the celebrated Nicky Barnes drawing life and kingpin Frank Matthews still a fugitive, having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2
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6

Let me count the ways: *While sophisticated mail-drop schemes have become a major method of heroin smuggling, more traditional ways (above) have continued. And often they go undetected—unless law-enforcement agents have been tipped off by informants.*

Illustration by Randall Enos

"...Black Americans have moved up to the wholesale level in white heroin; sources say they control 40 percent of the market..."

jumped $325,000 bail in 1974. The DEA has posted a $20,000 reward for Matthews's capture.

There are plenty of successors ready to take command, however. Many are black ex-G.I.'s who got their start shipping small quantities of Asian White home from Vietnam. A lot of them had Oriental contacts arranged when they were demobilized. Those who didn't have spent the postwar years trying to establish their own networks—and they have found that the center for making contacts is Bangkok.

Many used white or Oriental intermediaries to make these contacts at first. But in time the new black entrepreneurs realized that they themselves could move freely among Bangkok's 1.6 million citizens and utilize the city's large and modern Don Muang airport. Black Americans have been heavily represented in Southeast Asia since 1965, after all, fighting a war. They were less alien than they might have thought.

One black who apparently decided to establish his own network by personally traveling abroad with two black women couriers may be indicted soon, according to sources, by a Brooklyn federal grand jury on smuggling and other charges.

He is Harold Morton, 31, of Detroit, where most major black heroin rings are based. A year ago, Morton and his mules, Sandra Jones and Gloria Roe, arrived at JFK after a flight from Amsterdam. They were arrested after a "routine search"—as customs agents delicately put it—turned up more than a half pound of Asian White secreted inside the couriers' "crotch areas."

But the initial smuggling charges against Morton had to be dropped because of insufficient evidence, although federal agents kept trying to work on the two mules. Sandra Jones, out on bail, reportedly made the mistake of demanding money from Morton to ensure her silence. Six days later, on December 11, she was found dead in a car in a West Los Angeles alley with two bullet holes in her chest. A Detroit cabby is awaiting trial for her murder —allegedly ordered by Morton.

Gloria Roe then pleaded guilty to smuggling and conspiracy charges and began cooperating with the prosecution, testifying before the Brooklyn grand jury investigating Morton's alleged narcotics operation.

Morton, who describes himself as an "entertainment producer," reportedly was one of several heirs to a black Detroit–Los Angeles heroin ring headed by Vernard "Butch" Harris, shot dead at age 25 when a DEA task force and Los Angeles police raided his palatial mansion on Loma Alta Drive in Beverly Hills in 1974. Harris was the founder of Sound Track Productions, which he modeled after another Detroit firm, Motown Records, allegedly as a front to shield his enormous heroin profits.

The lure of this most lucrative commodity is powerful enough for some of the most unlikely people to risk long prison terms for the chance to become super-rich.

Charles Praetorius started out as a New York travel agent, with about $1,000 to spend in September of 1976. According to the government's case against him, as an airline employee he flew free to Thailand and invested $400 in two ounces of Asian White heroin.

Eighteen months later, when DEA agents arrested Praetorius and his wife, Diane, in their mansion in Westchester County, they found $60,000 in cash in a wall safe. That was last March. The former travel agent was now alleged to be employing about 25 couriers, mostly airline employees, each carrying about two pounds of heroin per month from Bangkok into the United States strapped to their bodies.

Praetorius and his wife and one of their mules were convicted this month on the testimony of five other couriers of conspiring to import 40 pounds—worth about $29 million at current street prices—of Asian White. Praetorius faces 30 years in prison and $50,000 in fines on the convictions, which are being appealed.

Until recently, some European governments perceived heroin as an American problem and showed little interest in tightening up ports of entry in their own countries. Now, with addiction on the Continent having increased tenfold in the past eight years, European customs officers are getting tougher. The effects are still to be seen.

But an example of what can be achieved under optimum circumstances is available in Canada, where the pattern of heroin traffic has been reversed in the past decade.

In Montreal, once an important transshipment point in the French Connection route because its French-speaking population simplified the lives of smugglers, Inspector Gilles Favreau of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police reports, "we have not seen a kilo of heroin all at once in more than a year."

Toronto, which, like Montreal, has only about 1,500 addicts among its 3-million or so residents, was long the key Canadian location for smugglers because of its large international airport and easy access by car to Detroit and Buffalo. But the airport has been tightly sealed by the RCMP, and Inspector Sefrin Ginther said less than four pounds of heroin has been seized in his city all year.

Vancouver, with its 2,100 miles of unguarded coastline in western Canada and an addict population of 20,000, including many Orientals, is now the only significant Canadian marketplace for heroin, almost entirely Asian White—presumably being smuggled in by ships from the Orient or by car from Los Angeles. But maybe not, since Canada is also receiving a heavy flow of European mail. One day, Favreau conceded, "we got more than 70 letters mailed to more than twenty addresses, all containing heroin. All the letters contained between four and seven grams."

So no one can be sanguine.

Oddly, few of the law-enforcement officials interviewed for this article expressed resentment over what might be termed an international failure to stem the tide of Asian White at its source.

DEA agent Charles Wilson, based in Los Angeles, was one of the first American narcs to spend time in the Golden Triangle region—several years during the early seventies—trying to help local government officials to establish "crop substitution" programs in about 30 pilot villages in northern Burma.

The Americans brought sophisticated new equipment to improve communications and monitor the heroin traffic into and out of Bangkok. Surveillance alone led to massive seizures, as large as five tons in Thailand in those days, as well as lesser scores in Hong Kong, Europe, and even the United States.

But the crop-substitution program fizzled, perhaps inevitably. "It was useless," Wilson says. "The Burmese government can't control the northeastern section of the country. The guerrillas run the show. They need cash to buy supplies. The poppy is the cash crop."

Of course. Money talks. And each guerrilla has a more or less guaranteed annual wage of nearly 478,000 Burmese kyats for his labors, year in and year out. That's $100 American, plus a $25 bonus if he's wounded in action.

Nothing to snort at, you might say. ■

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Broadway's Newest Angel: Hollywood

By Marilyn Stasio

"...Whatever its future, *Platinum* is a landmark, a Broadway show funded, produced, guided, and hyped by a Hollywood studio..."

Platinum looks like the typical Broadway musical. It has incessant music, incandescent costumes, a depressant star, and no book. It opened to mostly downward reviews. Its future, at this writing, looks similarly downward.

Nothing out of the ordinary here, you might think. But you would be wrong. Because, unlike the typical Broadway musical, *Platinum* was largely manufactured in Hollywood.

More than $325,000 of the show's capitalization was put up by a Hollywood film company—and that's only the beginning. The lighting, sound system, some of the scenery, as well as some costumes were designed and approved in a Hollywood movie studio. So was the artwork for the show's advertising and promotion campaigns, which include some very pricey television ads. Even the show's flashy silver logo was made in movieland.

How in hell, you might well ask, could a Broadway show, with Broadway producers and Broadway talent, be manufactured in Hollywood? Simple. Everybody commuted. "If one of the red-eye flights ever went down," says one of the producers, "the whole show would have been wiped out."

The movie studio involved in this unusual stage venture is Paramount Pictures. For two months, in the late spring of 1978, Paramount put up the *Platinum* company on its studio lot. They were given office space, rehearsal facilities on a big sound stage, and access to the studio's shops.

During this period, the actors stayed put in avocadoland. Meanwhile, there was a lot of overhead traffic involving East Coast types, like producers Gladys Rackmil, Fritz Holt, and Barry M. Brown, composer Gary William Friedman and lyricist/book writer Will Holt, scenic designer David Hays, and lighting wizard John Gleason. Costume designer Bob Mackie already lived in Hollywood, where he designs glitzy outfits for Cher and the big Vegas acts. So did co-author Bruce Vilanch, who does the literary chores for the same acts. As for the production's main man, director-choreographer Joe Layton, he's been able to live simultaneously on both coasts ever since he learned the secret of transmigration.

As everybody involved in the *Platinum* project is eager to point out, the trans-country production is a genuine landmark in theatrical producing. Never mind its future, if any. For the first time in memory, a Hollywood film company has simultaneously (a) put up a major share of the capitalization for a Broadway show prior to its production, (b) taken an active share in the artistic shaping of the project, (c) lent its own physical facilities and personnel, and (d) guided, and to some extent paid for, such post-production necessities as the advertising and promotion campaigns.

In return for its largess, Paramount will share in the show's potential profits as a limited-partner investor. It will also have first refusal on the movie rights to the property, which, one executive opined, might rival *Saturday Night Fever* in impact.

The juggernaut has already started rolling. Hollywood and Broadway have rediscovered each other's charms, and it's going to take a lot more than one failing show to turn back the trend.

Long before there was *Platinum*, there was money. Twentieth Century–Fox led off the sun-kissed deals three years ago, when it bankrolled the stalled Broadway production of *The Wiz* to the tune of $1.165 million. To sum up some of the more recent sales: The film rights to *A Chorus Line* went to MCA/Universal Pictures for $5.5 million, which was topped by the sale of *Annie* to Columbia for $9 million. Universal put up $500,000 for *Alice,* which, however, expired in Philadelphia. The company also made an initial investment of $400,000 (which has since escalated) in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas.* Columbia socked more than a half million into *Dancin'* and has a small share (5 to 10 percent) in *I Love My Wife.* Paramount bought *Tribute* before it opened for $1 million, a record amount for a straight play but the same sum that *Same Time Next Year* went for after the show became a hit.

And at this very moment, wherever ladies and gentlemen of the trade are gathered, similar deals are being hacked out for the future. "My God!" marvels somebody involved with Michael Bennett's *Ballroom,* "there's been at least one phone call every day from Hollywood. First they call us to ask if we want any money. Then they call back to ask us if we want any more. Then they call back to ask us if any of our previous deals have fallen through."

What makes all of this wheeling and dealing so interesting right now is that more and more of it is going on *prior* to Broadway production, the better to beat out one's competitor and reach the inside track. It makes sense, of course, when you think about it. After all, a studio can finance an incipient show for far fewer dollars than it would cost to buy an established hit.

"...MCA/Universal's designs on Broadway are very simple. It is out to make a solid investment in material for future movies..."

Warner Communications, for example, has just locked into a long-range, multi-million-dollar relationship with a Broadway producing company to develop new stage properties. MCA/Universal has installed a vice-president in New York to oversee similar theatrical projects, and has also launched a subsidiary called "New Ventures," to stimulate project development in, among other things, minority films and theater.

Hollywood interest in Broadway isn't new; it's just more sophisticated these days. Broadway producer Morton Gottlieb, who negotiated two pre-production deals himself, on *Sleuth* and *Tribute*, remembers when Jake Wilk, the Warner Bros. representative, was a big power on Broadway in the thirties and forties. "Warner's was much more active than any other studio," Gottlieb recalls, "but they were all buying stuff in those days—*Room Service, Dream Girl, Born Yesterday*, lots of stuff."

The big difference then was, according to Gottlieb, that "there was none of this business about pre-production money and limited partnership and all that. The movie companies just bought the shows outright." That, of course, was also before the Dramatists Guild was formed to protect the interests of the Broadway playwright.

This is not the way things operate today. Stevie Phillips, who masterminded the entire production of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* after she "fell in love with it the minute I saw it" at an Actors Studio workshop a year ago, negotiated a total-ownership buy for MCA/Universal, with herself as producer. The unusual non-Guild contract gives MCA/Universal future stage rights, motion-picture rights, television rights, music-publishing rights, recording rights, and merchandising rights. The "significant" six-figure purchase price paid to authors Larry King, Peter Masterson, and Carol Hall escalates with each new venture. But Universal and Stevie Phillips have the power.

"I'm breaking new ground," Phillips crows. "I know that I'm setting a precedent for everybody. A film company has never before not only acquired a property but become the sole investor and producer. This is a whole new business that could interest the entire Hollywood industry."

The next step, she says, is to develop—better yet, to *initiate* and develop—new projects for the stage and for subsequent spinoff productions. To that end, MCA/Universal has unleashed Phillips on four or five more theatrical projects, including "a very big musical show that started as a development at my desk, between me and a writer." She talks, too, of setting up workshop readings and showcase productions that will help her parent movie company to evaluate potential properties.

"I hope Universal will want to create a whole new division called MCA Theatricals, with me at the head. In my fantasy life, I see new theaters, cleaning up 42nd Street, a fifth column of young women producers."

Although he may not share Phillips's flights of fancy, Irwin Meyer sees a similar future for Warner/Regency Communications. Unlike the MCA/Universal project, which is headed by a movie-company vice-president, Warner/Regency relies on the scouting services of two sometime Broadway producers, Meyer and his partner, Stephen R. Friedman. But the visions have a familiar ring.

"This could have an impact on the whole theater in America," says Meyer, "because we'll be looking everywhere for projects—raw scripts, writers' concepts, workshops, showcases, and out-of-town and even foreign productions."

Another fruitful area for exploration, confides Meyer, is Warner Bros.' own archives. "We'll be looking for old movies to turn into stage musicals."

Stevie Phillips has thought of this too: "I'm interested in recycling some of Universal's old properties, especially old comedies that we can contemporize and musicalize into new properties."

In Morton Gottlieb's view, "the whole idea of recycling old movies into stage shows and back into movies strikes me as incredibly dreary." Although recycling makes sense for the film and television industries, with their harrowing need for fresh material, Gottlieb contends that it doesn't work the same way for the theater.

"There's a big difference between some theater producer's falling in love with *Pygmalion* and desperately wanting to adapt it to the stage, and these people sitting down and calculatedly going through all their lists for old stuff they can recycle. That's like necrophilia. It doesn't come from a genuine creative urge."

Broadway, however, thanks to the phenomenal successes of *A Chorus Line* and *Annie*, is once again a desirable investment field. The blockbuster response to the movie version of *Grease* proves that it can also be a fertile source for film spinoffs. Finally, it is a major marketplace for creative talent.

In exchange for these goods and services, the theater will naturally be paid—lots of money. All this loot will presumably win back writers and other creative talent wooed away in recent years by the hitherto more lucrative fields of movies and television. Stevie Phillips and Irwin Meyer speak piously of the benefits to the national theater, and Harvey L. Schein, the executive vice-president who represents Warner Communications in Warner/Regency, cites civic responsibility as one reason for Warner's new business venture.

On the other hand, Ned Tanen, a top Universal executive, reminds us of the gut motives of the movie companies. "We're not looking at this as a crapshoot," he says. "We're not coming into it like Daddy Warbucks either."

MCA/Universal's designs on Broadway, he says, are "very simple. We're not out to make money, but to make a solid investment in our most valuable commodity—material for future movies. These days, an early investment on material has become very crucial."

For all her dreams of reshaping the destiny of the American theater, Stevie Phillips has gotten her boss's message. "Our theater product has to justify its own existence as being financially remunerative," she says. "And of course we don't want properties that don't have motion-picture potential."

The Broadway arm of Warner/Regency interprets its role differently. "We're not tied to doing anything because it's going to be a film," says Claire Nichtern, the new company's creative-affairs director. "It isn't our job to be looking for motion pictures. We're looking for theatrical impact."

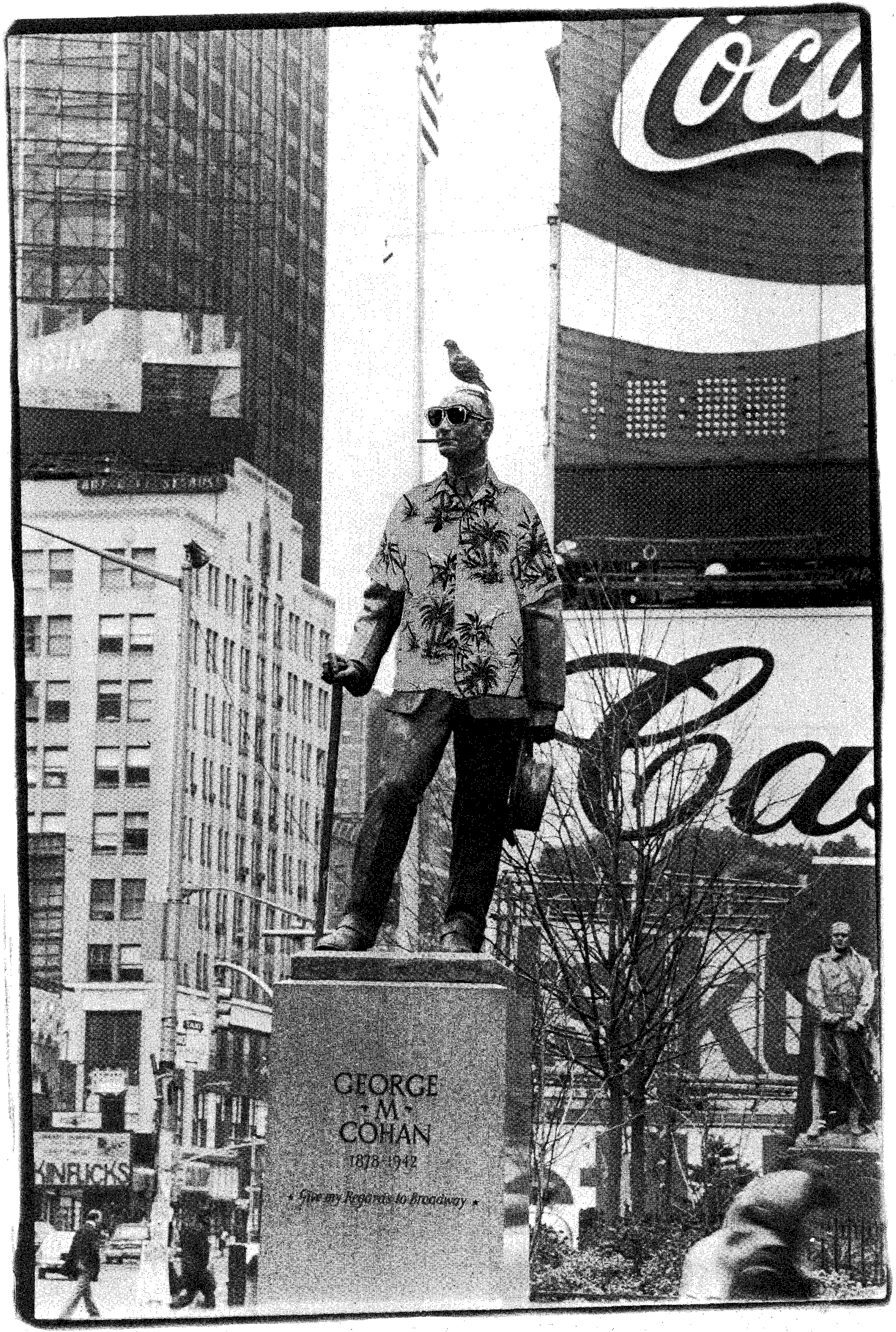
Where the producers are united is in their disinclination to talk about flops and their possible effect. *Platinum* has everybody spooked right now.

"*Whorehouse* is a hit," Stevie Phillips says proudly.

Yes, but how many *flops* will Universal allow her before it starts tugging at her mantle?

"I have no chalkboard set up to keep tabs on her," says Ned Tanen. "I haven't allotted her a certain amount of money or a specific number of flops. Look, we're not naïve, and we're not children. We don't expect lots of hits. This is a risk business."

Nevertheless, Tanen admits that MCA's half-million-dollar involvement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> "...'These Hollywood carpetbaggers are out to use Broadway for their own purposes,' says a producer. 'They'll mess it up'..."

with the ill-fated *Alice* was an unusually costly one. The show closed out of town after an unresolvable rift between collaborators Mike Nichols and Vinnette Carroll. "I learned a lesson on that one," says Tanen. "I should have known that that director wouldn't let Mike have the creative input."

"Broadway is not a good investment for an investor without creative input," agrees Warner's Harvey Schein. "But," he adds, in terms that should give pause to some euphoric Broadway parties, "it has always been a good investment for the producer with creative input."

Some people are already wary of movie people talking about "creative input." "These Hollywood carpetbaggers are just out to take control of Broadway and use it for their own purposes," says one prominent New York theatrical producer who requests anonymity because he's trying to make his own deal with the enemy. "They're going to mess it up for the rest of us."

Leveler heads feel that the dangers are more subtle. "Hollywood is not yet sufficiently familiar with the role of the New York theatrical producer," says Peter Stone, the head of a special Dramatists Guild committee set up to study the situation. "They are coming to New York and trying to apply certain Hollywood principles of production which they *are* familiar with." The Guild hopes to discourage them from inflicting on Broadway what executive director David LeVine characterizes as "practices that are neither customary nor palatable here."

Certain of these practices affect the playwright. "In the theater, the playwright only leases his copyright to the producer and becomes his partner," Peter Stone explains. "The Hollywood writer sells his copyright to his producer at the outset of the production and thus becomes an employee of the producer. Let's put it this way: In Hollywood the writer is like J. Robert Oppenheimer, the only guy with no rights to read his own papers."

What some Hollywood-backed producers seem to be after is an outright buy of the property—or as close to that as they can get. MCA/Universal managed something like this with *Whorehouse,* which is operating on a non-Dramatists Guild contract.

Along with financial rights goes artistic control—and that's the nub of the problem, says Stone. "Hollywood producers expect artistic approval and control of the text, because that's what they have in Hollywood," he says. "When they realize that Broadway contracts call for equal artistic approval, they try to buy the author's share of the rights with cash. God knows they've got plenty of that! 'Oh, that's okay,' they say, 'I'll just give the guy another $50,000. Wait a minute, I think I've got it right here in my pocket.' "

Fritz Holt sees the pitfall from the other side of the pit. "It's very difficult to put these [pre-production] deals across because authors hesitate to have any infringement on the movie rights before the show opens. My argument to authors is: You have to give up to get. Better to get your material on, rather than have no production at all."

It's a classic argument, but it probably wouldn't convince the authors of, say, *Annie,* which went for a record $9 million, but only after it was established as a hit. Before the show opened, you could have bought the movie rights for $24 and a few beads.

Besides, Holt's argument ignores one crucial point about Broadway folks: They *like* to gamble. It's their game.

The new Hollywood people and their alien methods of producing promise Broadway undeniable economic, technical, and creative resources to which it is unaccustomed. But they also spell extinction for the high rollers. Package production and production by committee will slowly replace the luck-of-the-draw producing techniques that now turn Broadway's wheels. And the middlemen—the agents and executive vice-presidents and creative-development people—will edge the poker players off their stools at Sardi's.

There's nothing intrinsically sinister about middlemen. (Except, maybe, when they open their mouths. Sam Weisbord, the president of William Morris, once said: "Our goal is to conglomeratize the world.") Traditionally, their corporate-dealings ways just haven't been Broadway's.

They have always been Hollywood's. With the current trend toward conglomerate production, properties are no longer created, but manufactured as multiple-use products. In recent years, the entertainment industries have been aligned into huge corporate monoliths.

"We see the theater as a promising source of product for our other endeavors," says Warner's Harvey Schein. "The theater was the only entertainment area we have not been involved in. We look on this [Warner/Regency] as closing the circle." (Mr. Schein, meet Mr. Weisbord, and look out, world!)

Now that the giants have turned their eyes to Broadway, authors aren't the only ones in danger of being turned into disposable-idea machines. The new producers talk that talk about contributing to the health of the national theater. They are not disbelieved. And God knows, nobody wants to spoil Stevie Phillips's vision of herself as Madame de Staël. But the "national theater" has something to say too.

"Experience has proved that these experiments have not always been totally rewarding for the theaters involved," says Neal Du Brock, executive producer of the Studio Arena Theater in Buffalo, where *Platinum* originated in a version called *Sunset.* Although Du Brock speaks warmly of his relationship with the producers, he admits that the Studio Arena chose to sell out its interest for a flat fee of $25,000 rather than take a percentage on the show's future.

This was more than a critical judgment of the show.

Voicing another secret fear festering on Broadway, Morton Gottlieb says, "I'll tell you what bothers me most: The costs go up for the rest of us when these new producers come to town. The William Morris Agency extracts from them extravagant terms for playwrights, stars, and directors, and the producers always give in. It's only money, and they've got plenty of it behind them. They figure that they'll get it back anyway, either from TV and movie sales or from other rights. The rest of us are stuck with their inflationary terms."

Gottlieb still approves of the showers of Hollywood gold streaming in from the West. Try catching a producer who says he doesn't. But the boys still nurse a nostalgic love for the old days. When Gilbert Miller would produce a play, make a movie deal with MGM, and then make the same sale twenty years later with Fox . . . When Harry Warner's little girl, Doris, came to New York on what Daddy thought was a schoolgirl's lark, discovered a play that became a Pulitzer Prize winner, and sold the movie rights to a rival movie company . . . "When the ex-mistresses of Hollywood moguls used to *be in* Broadway shows, instead of *producing* them," in the immortal words of one jaundiced Broadway sharpie.

When life on the Broadway shores, in other words, was a lot simpler—and probably a lot more fun. ▬

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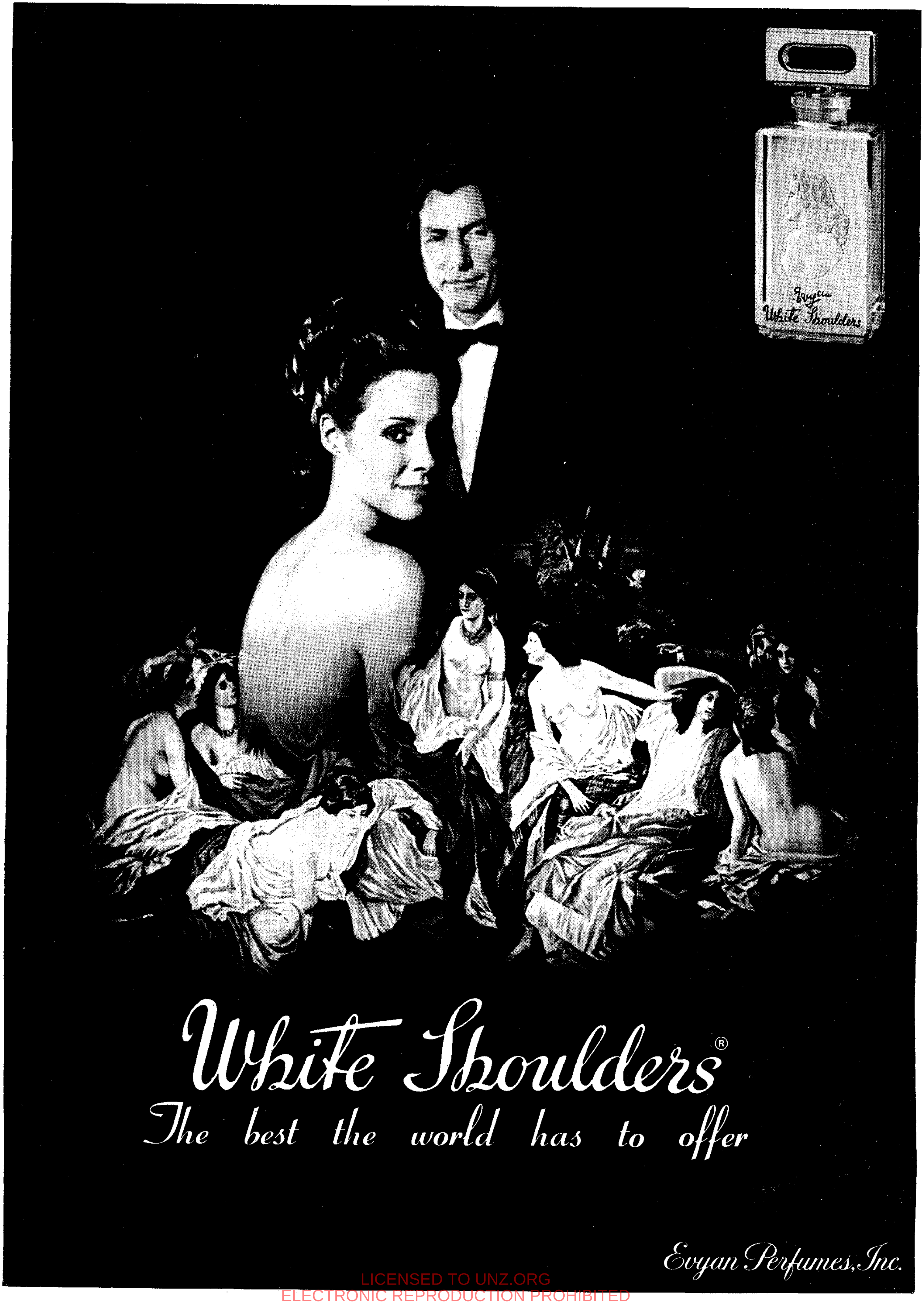
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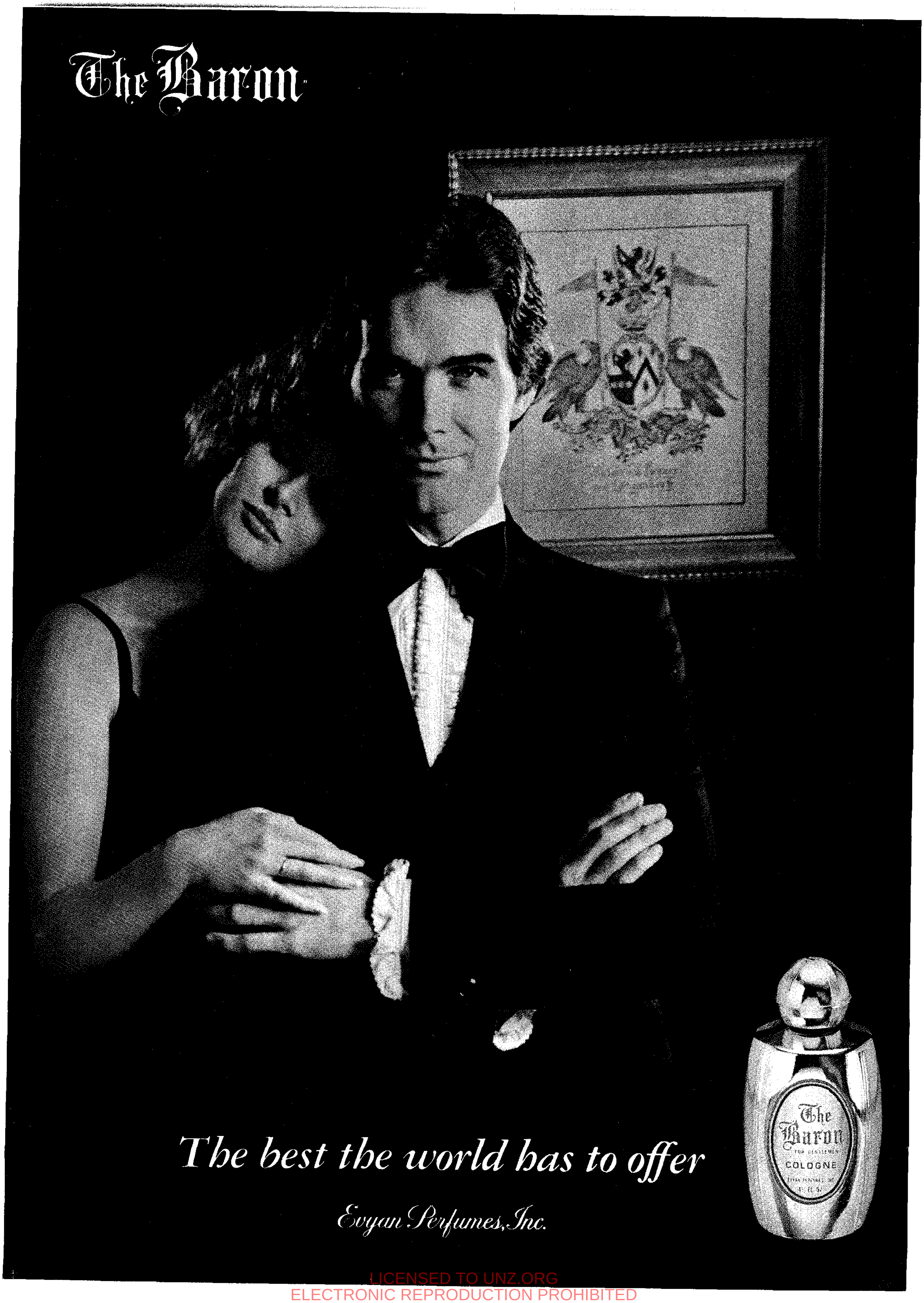
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ON
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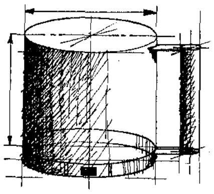
In 1973 we introduced the first Cuisinart® food processor and created a revolution in the kitchen.

The DLC 7 embodies the total of all we have learned in the past five years. It embodies some meaningful improvements over existing food processors.

CAPACITY



The bowl has 46% more capacity than our earlier models. (It is both wider and higher.) For example, you can now make bread and other yeast recipes using up to 6 cups of flour. You will make three pounds of bread dough in 90 seconds.

POWER

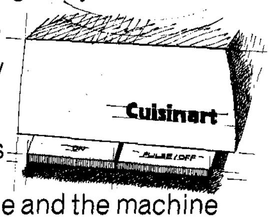
Because the DLC 7 has a considerably stronger motor, it can handle those 6 cups of flour without any strain. The DLC 7 will allow you to process larger loads. And do it faster, too. Many recipes that formerly required multiple steps can now be done in one.

SAFETY

The DLC 7 has an extra safety switch that prevents the machine from operating when the bowl is not in position. The machine stops within 2.8 seconds when turned off because of its new quick stop mechanism.

PULSE ACTION

This machine has an ingenious off-on system that gives you more control. On the front of the DLC 7 there are two very wide keys. Press the left one and the machine goes on and stays on; press the right one and the machine stops. Press the right one again and the machine goes on for as long as you hold the key down. You determine how fast to pulse. A plus in many food processor jobs.



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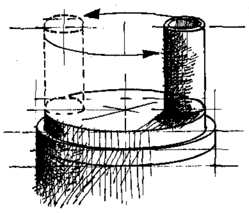

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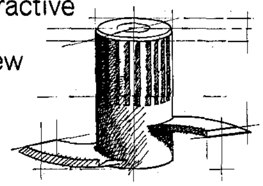

There is a new mixing dough blade of a rather startling stubby shape—but we found this new shape simply works much better.

In total, there are 2 discs, a chopping blade, and a dough mixing blade.

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Exceptional we think. But, then, we believe this new food processor is, too.

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The Front

By Henry Post

"...'You will receive your money at the rate of $500 a week for your salary for being the owner of a restaurant and bar'..."

Monday is Jennie Tobin's busiest day. The chauffeur takes her from her little home at 21-21 Steinway Street in Astoria, Queens, and together with her husband, Sonny Tobin, she makes the rounds of bars and restaurants around the city, all ripe with weekend cash. Jennie looks like a pie-baking, plump little grandmother, free with her kisses and hugs, wide-eyed, and sweet-voiced; she's the last person one would connect with the Police Department's Organized Crime Control Board, the State Select Committee on Crime, or the State Liquor Authority, where a file describes her as having "connections with organized crime elements . . . [and] a long record of undisclosed interests in many bars over the past 25 years." While investigators at these agencies all know Jennie Tobin's name and follow her activities, they have yet to prove anything against her.

What investigators say about this sweet-faced woman is that she's smart, wealthy, and dangerous. They also say that no matter how many bars, restaurants, cabarets, motels, warehouses, vending companies, massage parlors, and other businesses she may be illegally involved in, Jennie Tobin has made very few mistakes.

But she may have made one recently.

One night in June of 1977, a man in his late thirties entered La Boheme, a little restaurant at 68 Second Avenue, at East 4th Street, owned by Samy Shmuel Zarum. Samy is 31, a dark-haired Israeli who moved here in 1971 with plans for a career in the theater. In 1972 he opened the Primitive Theatre in SoHo, serving as its artistic director until its close in 1975. At that time, Samy and his American girl friend, Diane Boyajian, decided to give up theater life temporarily to try their hands at the restaurant business.

La Boheme had become a modest success. Samy and Diane, with no restaurant experience, made the place work, putting twenty hours a day into it, transforming it into a place that one review called "an oasis," a hangout for local theater people. The location was good for that, close to the little-theater row along East 4th Street.

"He was acting like this big shot," recalls Samy, describing the man who came in that night. "He was buying everyone drinks, throwing cash around, and said his name was Tommy D.

"He said he'd heard I wanted to sell the restaurant," says Samy, who had

Portrait of Jennie: Each Monday morning, Jennie Tobin's chauffeur takes her on a round of bars and restaurants from which she allegedly picks up the weekend take.

"... Samy thought the restaurant was out of his hands. He was wrong. In effect he had become a front man for Jennie Tobin ..."

become interested in the film business and in moving to California. "Tommy said he would buy it, or that he knew people, this rich couple, who would buy it. He asked me if I wanted to meet them, and I said sure."

The following Tuesday, Tommy D. returned with Jennie Tobin and her husband and chauffeur. "She seemed like a sweet little woman," recalls Samy. "Sonny was just this quiet little man who didn't say anything."

Jennie asked Samy how much he wanted for the restaurant. Samy said that $65,000 would do it, and Jennie said she'd get back to him. A few weeks later Tommy D. appeared at the restaurant again, bought everyone drinks, and then told Samy that his price was too high.

Then Tommy D. took Samy on a tour of the city, pointing out, according to State Liquor Authority files, "various licensed premises that were owned by the Tobins." Tommy pointed out nine bars, restaurants, and cabarets and then claimed that the Tobins owned an entire block on Amsterdam Avenue between 74th and 75th streets and also a warehouse at 1991 Broadway, where, according to the same report, "they store various vending equipment in connection with their licensed premises." (Another State Liquor Authority affidavit, filed by former Tobin employee Ed Posner, claims that the Tobins actually own, to his direct knowledge, more than 22 bars as well as a hotel located in Greenwood Lake, New York.)

Tommy D. ended his city tour of the Tobin empire with a glowing description of Jennie Tobin as a real mama, a wonderful, generous person as well as an experienced businesswoman. A few weeks later, Jennie Tobin returned to Samy's restaurant and agreed to a price of $40,000, telling Samy that she was buying the restaurant for Tommy D. Samy accepted the verbal offer.

Jennie Tobin set up a meeting with her lawyer, Lester Peskin. Meanwhile, Samy's girl friend, Diane, called her father's friend Richard Wainwright, a lawyer practicing in Brockton, Massachusetts, asking if he would represent them in the sale of La Boheme.

Two meetings took place at Lester Peskin's office. The terms were discussed. Jennie chatted warmly with Wainwright, telling him that she might well use him as her lawyer when buying property on Cape Cod. Peskin then outlined the basic deal: $5,000 in cash for Samy on signing an intent-to-sell agreement, $20,000 in notes payable when the sale was final, and, according to Samy, $15,000 under the table, which Wainwright described as "an orally agreed-on payment."

Jennie Tobin and Lester Peskin explained to Samy that Tommy D. was to be the official buyer of the restaurant. Peskin, an experienced liquor lawyer, would represent Tommy. They explained further that Tommy D. would have to account for the source of his funds when he got a liquor license. It would be easy to account for $5,000 in cash but not for more. Samy was told the deal was perfectly normal.

Samy objected. He wanted his money above the table. Jennie repeated sweetly, "But Samy, how could Tommy show all that money in cash? Don't worry, honey. Leave it to the lawyers."

Still Samy objected. He wanted something in writing. Exasperated, Jennie Tobin scrawled out a note for Samy: "You are to receive the sum of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) at the rate of $500 a week commencing August 16th, 1977, until fully paid. This money is for your salary for being the owner of a restaurant and bar located at 68 Second Avenue, New York, NY." She signed it "Jennie Tobin."

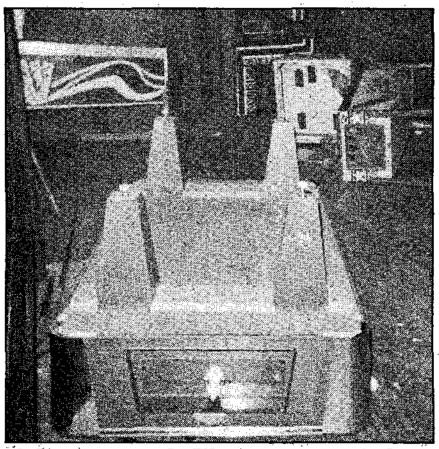
Peskin handed Samy the intent-to-sell agreement and asked him to sign it. Samy asked Diane to read it to him first. But, according to Samy and Diane, the eager Wainwright, annoyed at the trouble Samy was causing and the time he was wasting, said flatly that they could either take it or leave it. Samy signed the intent-to-sell agreement without reading it. Jennie Tobin quickly pulled $5,000 in cash out of her purse and handed it to Wainwright, who also took Samy's copy of the contract and Jennie's handwritten note.

Jennie asked for and received the keys, the lease, and the corporate books. She and the lawyers told Samy that the Tobins would take over La Boheme as of that moment, assuming all financial responsibilities. After the meeting, Wainwright took his fee, $500 plus expenses, and gave the remaining cash to Samy, keeping the contract and note.

At this point, Samy considered the restaurant to be out of his hands. He was wrong. The contract he didn't read states clearly that Samy would remain the responsible owner until the sale was made final, and Samy's name remained on the liquor license. In effect, Samy had become a temporary front man for Jennie Tobin.

Meanwhile, Tommy D. took over La Boheme. He ripped out $12,000 to $13,000 worth of equipment, moving it to the Tobin warehouse. He reopened the place as Timbers, a cheerless gay bar, and moved in rented equipment—a pool table, pinball machines, and jukebox—all supplied by Yorkville Corporation, a vending-machine com-

Unwilling front: Samy Shmuel Zarum, with Diane Boyajian, found himself drawing a salary for "being the owner" of the restaurant he thought he had sold to Jennie Tobin.



Tables turned: Three men roughed up Samy's place.

Photo: left, Mark Ivins

The Front-Man Game: How It Works

The State Liquor Authority was formed after Prohibition and charged with the responsibility of controlling the state's liquor business and keeping organized crime out of the liquor business. It approves or disapproves licenses for bars and can take action against existing licensees if required. Before 1971 this responsibility was shared with the police force in the city of New York. Uniformed police officers were allowed to enter licensed premises to keep an eye on things. The unannounced visits kept bars either legal to the letter or resulted in police shakedowns and payoffs, and after the Knapp Commission investigation in 1971 pointed to widespread corruption within the police force, then Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy ordered that no uniformed officer could enter licensed premises without cause—that is, without a report of an actual crime. In effect, this put the entire burden of keeping organized crime out of the liquor business on the State Liquor Authority.

Meanwhile, the SLA itself had become weak, hurt by payoff scandals during the 1960s. The consequences to the bar scene were obvious. As Michael Roth, former chairman of the SLA, puts it, "The State Liquor Authority wasn't going in. The police weren't going in. It was open season."

One obstacle to control is the difficulty of proving bar ownership. While State Liquor Authority investigators as well as investigators at a local precinct and at the Organized Crime Control Board may all "know" that a certain bar is owned and operated by organized-crime figures, says State Liquor Authority Chairman Edward J. McLaughlin, "you can't take away a license on suspicion alone."

As Michael Roth points out, "the pros know how to get around the licensing problems easily. Mob connections continue to exist [in the liquor business] because it is an excellent way to launder money. It also ties into prostitution and narcotics."

Often the pros operate through "front men." As Roth describes it, "they pick up some guy they've caught in trouble—maybe he's caught in a loansharking operation. They tell him to either pay up—which they know he can't—or to front for them. Front men usually get about $75 to $150 a week. They appear from time to time at the State Liquor Authority to sign sworn statements of ownership. Even if a known gangster is repeatedly seen in a place looking over the operation, that is not enough to show that he actually owns the place."

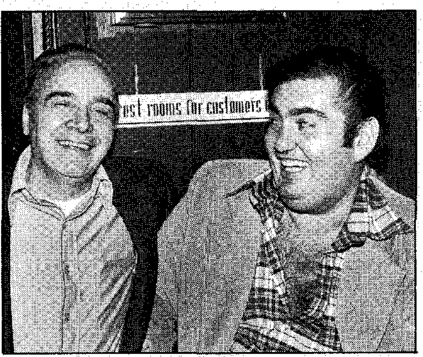
A bar owner adds, "Sure, then they close the place and the poor sap that's been fronting for them gets a knock on the door. The IRS wants to know where the $38,000 in back taxes are. What can he do, call the cops?"

Aside from checking applicants' sources of funding, the State Liquor Authority can investigate currently licensed premises in response to police reports. But many officers who dutifully fill out their quadruple reports after each police action involving licensed premises feel the State Liquor Authority is a lame-duck nuisance, responding only when excessive publicity forces it into action. The fact that its chairman is a political appointee does not help. The current chairman, McLaughlin, is widely assumed to have gotten his job because of Queens Borough President Donald Manes's support of Carey in his reelection effort.

Says Aaron Rosenthal, the recently promoted former police captain of the 6th Precinct, who fought a long battle to close the Limelight on Sheridan Square, "That's like making me the head of surgery at a hospital. What do I know about surgery except what I see on TV? These political appointees are supposed to control organized crime? You could piss in their pockets and tell them it was raining!"

With three attempted murders, five assaults, thirteen robberies, five narcotics arrests, and three reports of alleged organized-crime members running the place, it's been business as usual these last two years at the Limelight.

This bar is owned (on the record) by Irving Manheim, a 60-year-old former musician who until recently lived at 120-19 Casals in the Bronx. Two names frequently mentioned in police files and by an agency investigator in connection with it are Carmine Cardello and Seymour Seiden. Cardello is a reported associate of Vincent Gigante, a key aide to Frank Tieri, head of the former Genovese crime family that is now the largest and most powerful crime group in New York. Seiden, who, like many men in the bar business, is usually known by his first name only, reportedly ran the Limelight. Prior to that, he had managed another disco, the Sanctuary, closed in 1972 by order of the State Supreme Court for being "a supermarket in drugs"—this after 33 drug busts in three nights. Seiden's partner at the time, Shelly Bloom, was found murdered two weeks before the closing in his Gramercy Park bathroom—one bullet hole in his stomach, one in his chest, his head bashed in.



Gables' hosts: Tsitsires and Tancreto, late of the Limelight.

This past summer, Rosenthal ordered sweep arrests of all persons standing outside the Limelight. These sweep arrests are of highly questionable constitutionality, but they worked. The management got the message as business turned sour.

The Limelight closed itself a few months ago "for vacation." Its management, however, remains in the disco business, having taken charge of a failed cabaret, Alfredo Settebello, one block north, and turned it into Gables, a disco catering to the same crowd that the Limelight attracted. Gables is run by two former Limelight employees, Willie Tsitsires and Rocco Tancreto, but is owned by Alfredo Viazzi, a successful restaurateur (Trattoria da Alfredo, Tavola Calda da Alfredo), who says he turned over the place "to professional people in the business."

Gables is now under U/I (undisclosed-interest) investigation at the State Liquor Authority. "Of course we know who really owns the place," says SLA Commissioner Lawrence Gedda. "But knowing it and proving it are something else."

When asked if there's any way for the State Liquor Authority to effectively control organized crime in bars and discos, licensed or not, Roth philosophizes, "These people can use all kinds of fronts to slip through the system we create. It's almost impossible to take away someone's license once they have it. I think it's a part of the price we pay for a free society."—**H.P.**

Photograph by Mark Ivins

"...Don't do anything, counseled the lawyer. Don't go to the SLA. 'These are the kind of people who have connections'..."

pany run by a nephew, Bobby Tobin.

Samy tried to collect his weekly $500. Tommy played hard to get. Annoyed, Samy called Wainwright, who told him, according to Samy, "Don't do anything. Don't go to the State Liquor Authority. These are the kind of people who will break your legs. They have connections."

It took Samy a month to get a copy of the contract he'd signed, Jennie's note, and a receipt from Wainwright. By this time, Samy sensed trouble. He started tape-recording his conversations with Wainwright, Jennie Tobin, Tommy D., and Lester Peskin. He asked the post office to forward mail addressed to La Boheme to his own home. In this mail he received $4,000 worth of liquor bills, all for liquor Tommy D. had ordered but billed to Samy. Confronted with the bills, Tommy D. claimed there "was some mix-up," and agreed to pay them. But again, Tommy was slow to pay.

Samy was trapped and angry. The most important thing was to stop the liquor charges. Wainwright was not representing him, so Samy turned to the State Liquor Authority. The investigator helped Samy draft a letter to liquor suppliers stating that all orders charged to Samy were to be canceled and future orders not accepted.

Samy needed a new lawyer at this point. On the recommendation of a friend at the SLA, he found Michael Linn. A clause in the contract stated that the sale of the restaurant would be voided if Tommy D. did not receive his liquor license twenty weeks after the signing of the intent-to-sell agreement. Two weeks past the time limit, on December 30, 1977, Samy, with the help of four police officers, served Tommy D. with a court order to get him out of the former restaurant. The locks were changed and as Tommy D. was escorted from the premises, Diane claims, he muttered, "This place is gonna burn."

Samy and Diane were careful. They tried to be as friendly to Jennie Tobin as the situation allowed. Jennie, with great calm, assured them she could patch things up. When Samy called her to complain about Tommy and his threats, Jennie said, "Samy, honey, really Tommy doesn't have a mean heart." Samy then told her that Tommy claimed to be a soldier in the Gambino crime family. Jennie laughed. "Oh, Samy," she cooed in her softest voice, "Tommy promised me he'd be good."

Tommy D. harangued Samy: "I've been in this business for years and I'm no saint. But Samy, you are so legal it's unreal. I have *never* seen a business run like a damn church—you want it run like a church!"

Next, Jennie Tobin and her lawyer, Lester Peskin, learned that Samy had gone to the investigator at the State Liquor Authority. At this point, Michael Linn backed off. "Samy," he said, "I got the place back for you. Now I'm getting these calls from Peskin, 'Why did you go to the State Liquor Authority?' I can't deal with it. I'm ridding myself of all this dirt and crap. Kill each other, do whatever you want. I want *out!*"

On January 6, 1978, Samy and Diane went to the State Liquor Authority. In a formal letter dated January 9, 1978, Samy told them everything he knew, attaching copies of Jennie's note, the list of missing equipment, liquor bills, etc. He added that he was in fear for his life and Diane's.

The State Liquor Authority already knew a great deal about Jennie Tobin, but Samy's information on her methods made one of the best-documented cases they had ever seen. On one tape, Wainwright admitted to Samy that Peskin knew Tommy was the front. "Obviously it was Jennie's operation." Samy's contract stated that no broker was involved in the sale, but investigators heard Jennie Tobin refer to herself as the broker, not the buyer. She, of course, is not a licensed broker.

On another tape Tommy D. said, "You know I lost a commission of $3,000 on that deal. I was Jennie's broker." They also had Jennie's note, in which she referred to Samy's salary "for being the owner."

Jennie Tobin was not, however, nervous. Annoyed, perhaps. But she wasn't nervous when she told Samy, "I've been in this business for 25 years, Samy. And nothing like this has happened. I ask you, honestly, Samy, what—what—did you have to gain by going to the State Liquor Authority? It's such a shame. There's nothing we can do now. We just have to wait and see if they do anything." She added, "I don't think they will."

She was right. The State Liquor Authority merely added Samy's report to its ongoing investigative file.

Nevertheless, a month after Tommy's removal Samy reopened his place as the Bar; it remains more or less in the state in which the Tobins left it. Clearly Samy no longer had anything to sell nor any hope of going to California, but he decided to try opening Disco East a few doors down in a small loft space. It is the most humble of discos, nothing more than a bar and a sound system, intended for the local crowd. Samy applied for a liquor license for it in July of this year. At each of his hearings at the local Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, Lester Peskin, Jennie's lawyer, was present, supposedly on other business. Peskin is, of course, a familiar face at the local Alcoholic Beverage Control Board as well as at the State Liquor Authority. At one hearing Lester Peskin circled around the table at which Samy was being interviewed by an investigator. After the hearing, Peskin invited another investigator out for dinner and a show, according to Samy. This investigator is known to the staff at the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board as "Lester Peskin's friend."

In any case, the same local board recommended that Samy not get a license, due to "insufficient explanation of source of funds." And on October 18, Tommy D. came into the Bar and bragged before a number of patrons that Samy would never get his license for the disco. Tommy D. claimed that his lawyer, Lester Peskin, had the power and the influence to stop Samy's license. When called, Peskin would not comment.

At 2 A.M. on November 15, three men pulled up to Samy's bar in a Checker cab, license No. 7130 TD. They announced to patrons, "There's gonna be trouble," and two of them flipped over Samy's new pool table. They then left and drove off in the cab. SLA informer and former Tobin employee Ed Murphy described this as "a typical Jennie Tobin move. She usually has this taxi driver, Jimmy Shine, and a few of his goon friends do the dirty work."

A police check found the cab registered to a company located near Jennie Tobin's place in Long Island City. Police arrested Jimmy Shine.

Samy still expects to receive a liquor license for his little disco from the State Liquor Authority after a series of hearings. His restaurant equipment is, presumably, still in the Tobin warehouse. Lester Peskin has yet to return Samy's corporate books and lease.

One of Samy's last conversations with Jennie Tobin took place after his bar received a bomb threat. "Oh, Samy," she said. "People don't do that stuff here. This is America."

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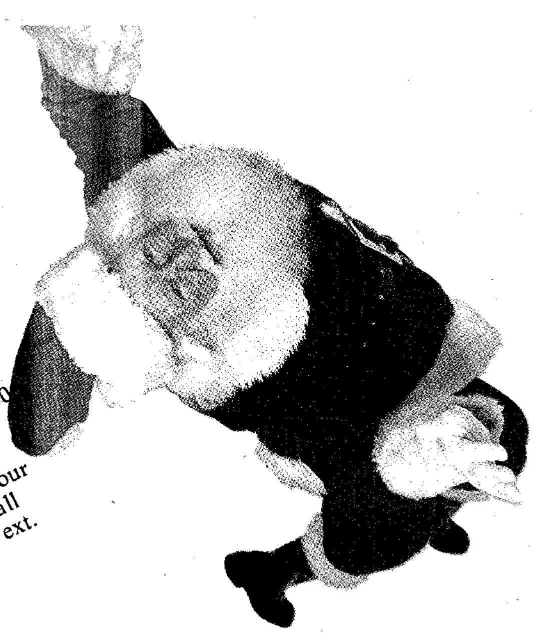


The Nick of time: Book Macy's own Santa Claus to visit your home on Christmas Eve. He can make three stops, in Manhattan only: 6–7:30, 8–9:30, 10–11:30 p.m. $500 (a check to the charity of your choice). Call 695-4400, ext. 3649.

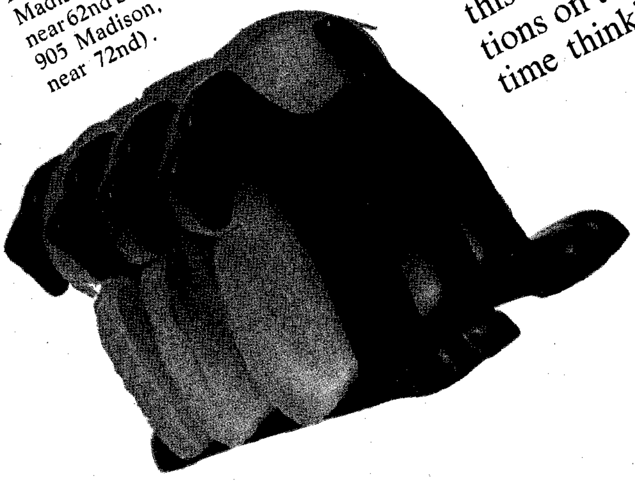
Black magic: Satin pillbox ($17), feather comb ($12), and veil ($6) at Swing Low (11 Second Ave., near 62nd St

68 Best Bets For Christmas

By Ellen Stern

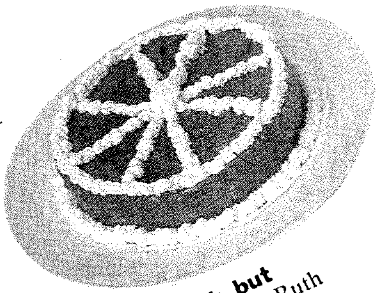
Christmas is not all a matter of bribing the doormen and elevator men. Real gifts may be given to you, and you certainly will be expected to give some in return. To win at Christmas means that the presents you give should be more imaginative (or appear to be so) than the ones you receive without thinking about them. The easiest way to do this is to be guided entirely by the suggestions on these pages. We *have* spent a lot of time thinking about it.

Toast office: English toast-or-mail rack is $19.50 at Diversions (698 Madison Ave., near 62nd St.; and 905 Madison, near 72nd).

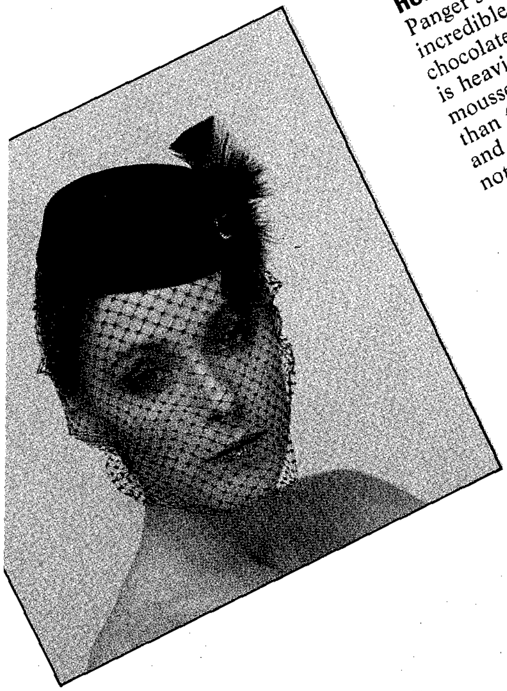


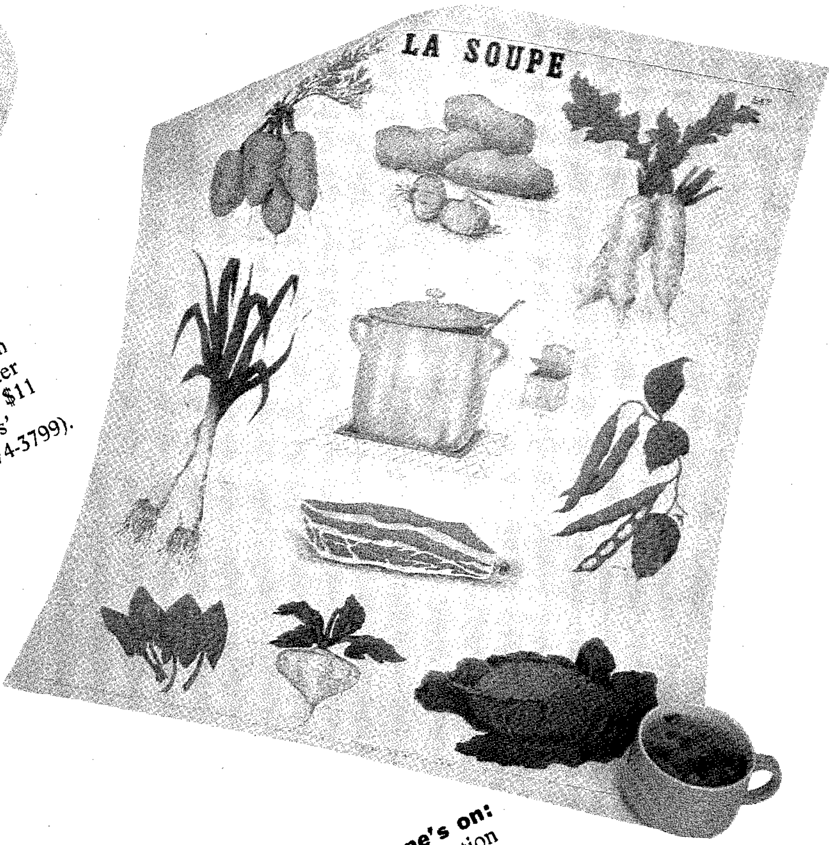
Baby, it's cold inside: Ice-water bottle is $7 at Designpoint (15 Christopher St.).

Photographed by Anthony Loew; hair and makeup by Paul Hayes



Rich but honest: Ruth Panger's incredible chocolate cake is heavier than mousse, lighter than fudge. $11 and 2 days' notice (874-3799).

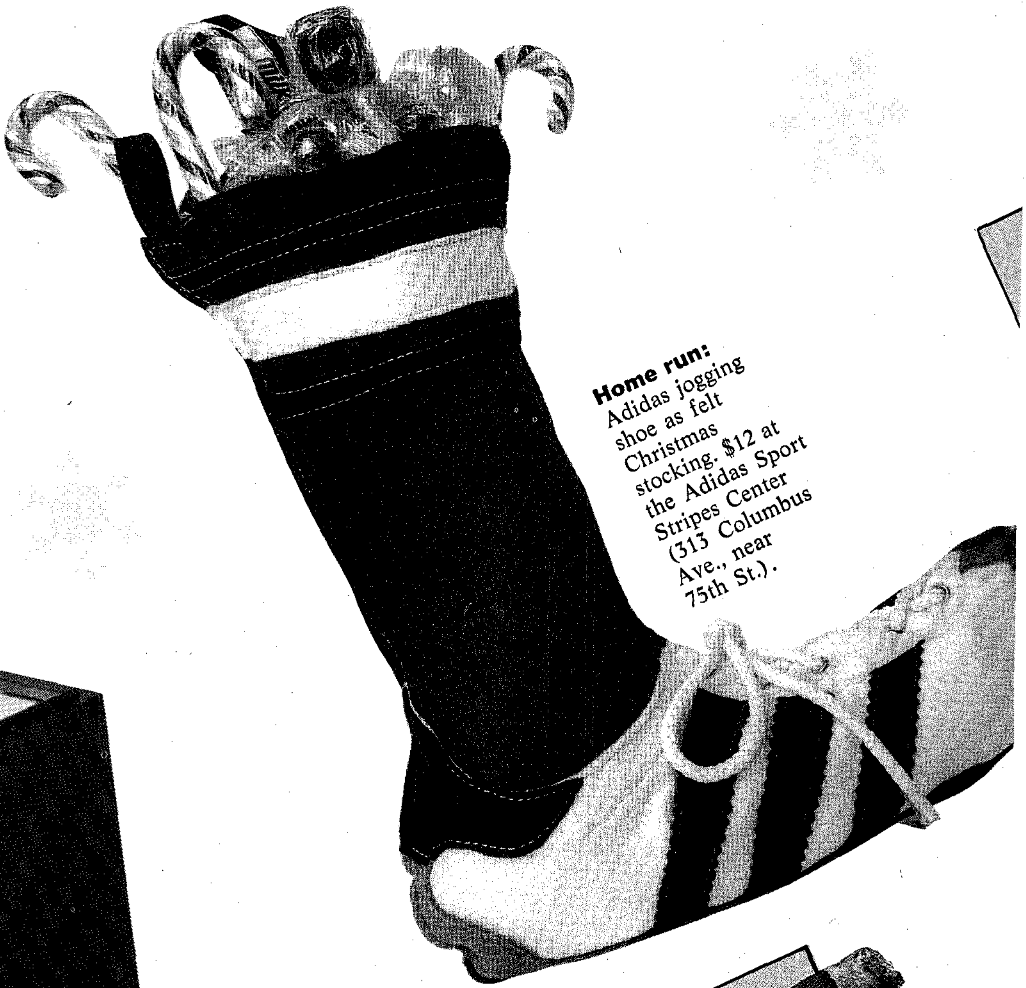




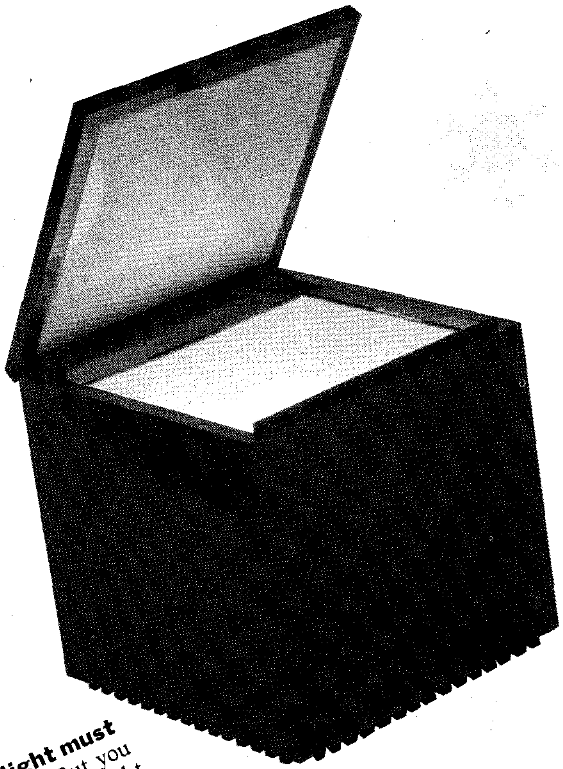
Soupe's on: Reproduction teaching chart from a French schoolroom. $40 at Poster Originals (924 Madison Ave., near 73rd St.; and 386 West Broadway).

Carrying for love: Calfskin carpetbag is $350 at Bally (685 Madison Ave., near 62nd St.).

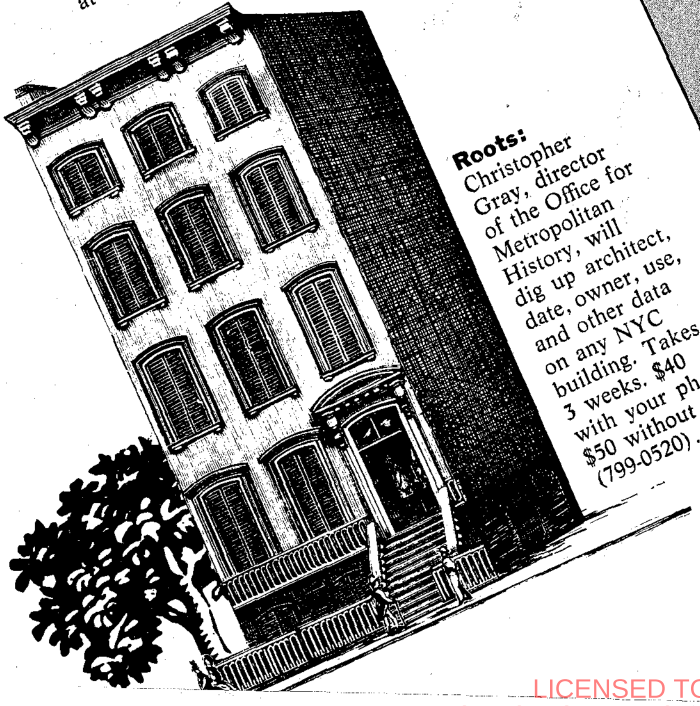
BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS



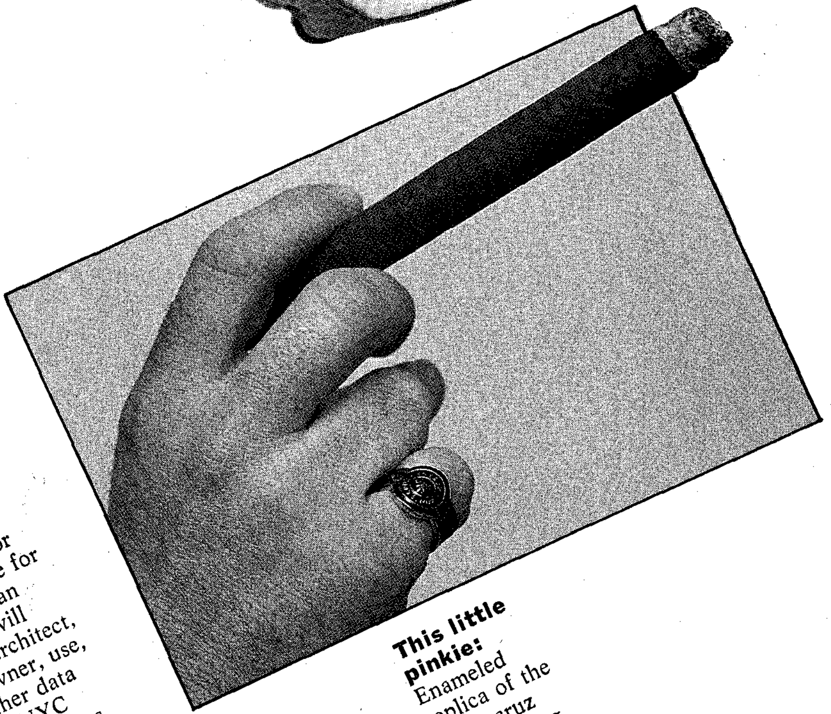
Home run: Adidas jogging shoe as felt Christmas stocking. $12 at the Adidas Sport Stripes Center (313 Columbus Ave., near 75th St.).



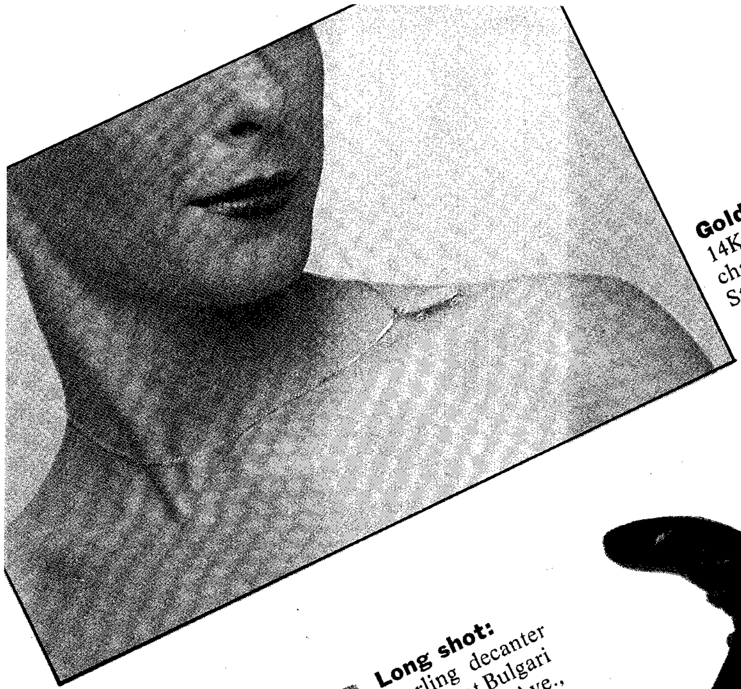
Night must fall: But you mustn't. Light pops on when lid lifts. $48 at Ambienti Design, Inc. (792 Madison Ave., at 67th St.).



Roots: Christopher Gray, director of the Office for Metropolitan History, will dig up architect, date, owner, use, and other data on any NYC building. Takes 3 weeks. $40 with your photo, $50 without (799-0520).

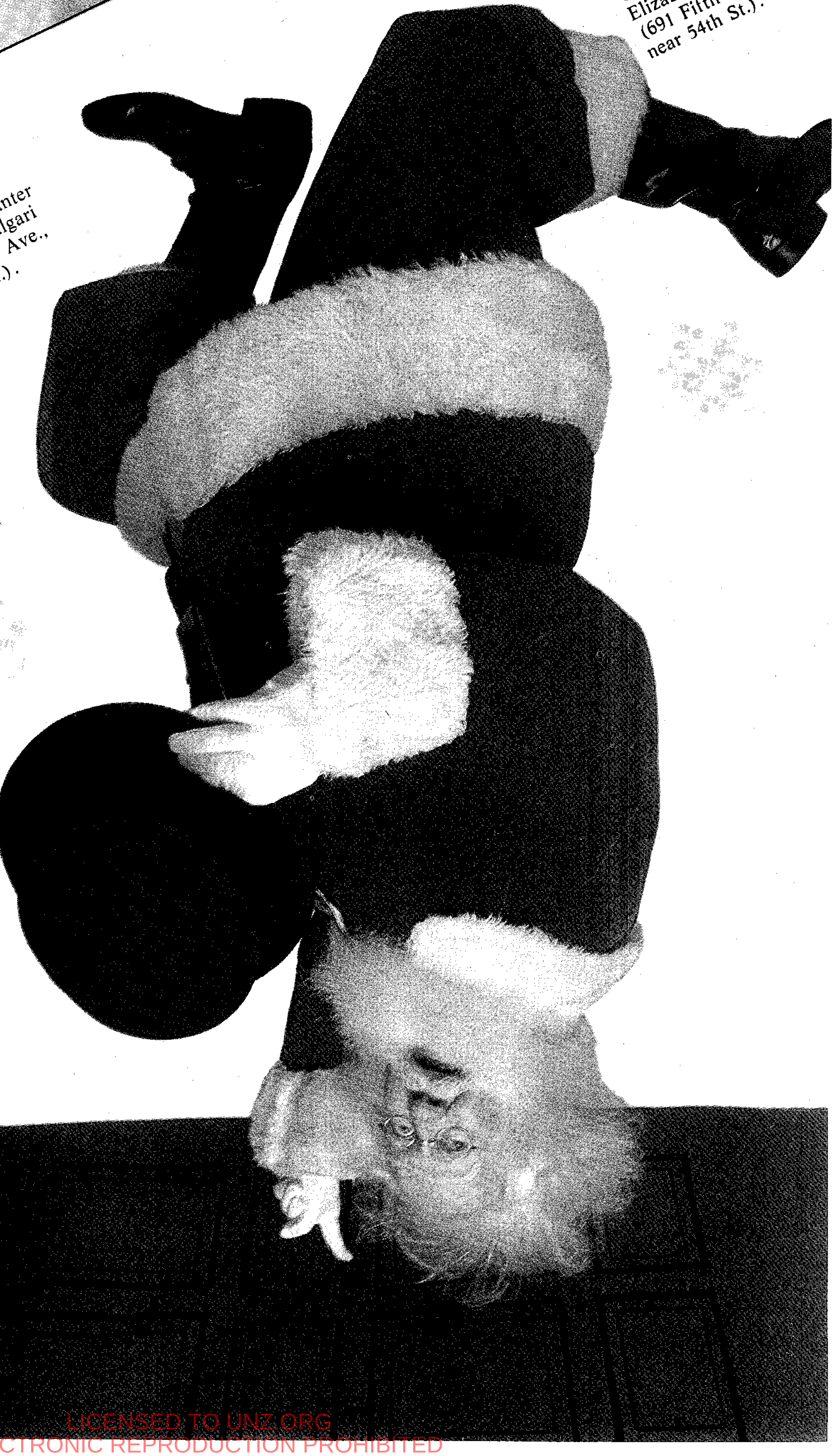


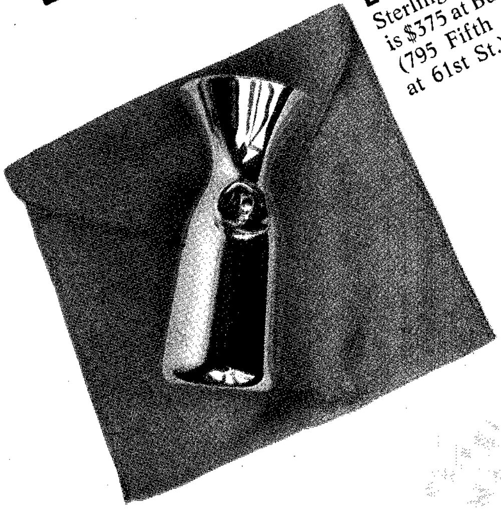
This little pinkie: Enameled replica of the Montecruz Havana ring. $35 at Alfred Dunhill (620 Fifth Ave., at 50th St.).



Gold coast: 14K skateboard charm by Jill Stuart. $75 at Abraham & Straus.

Red-carpet treatment: Exercise mat illustrated with Arden's front door. $45 at Elizabeth Arden (691 Fifth Ave., near 54th St.).

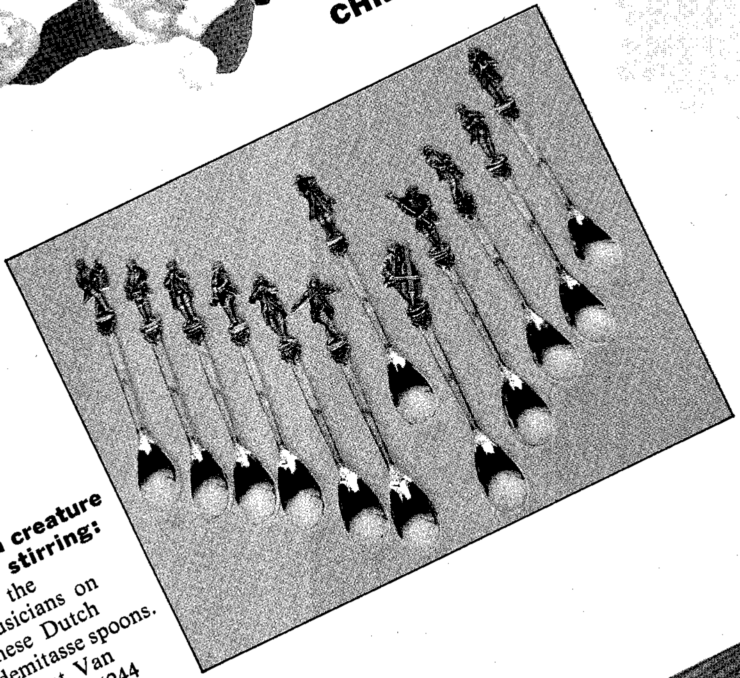




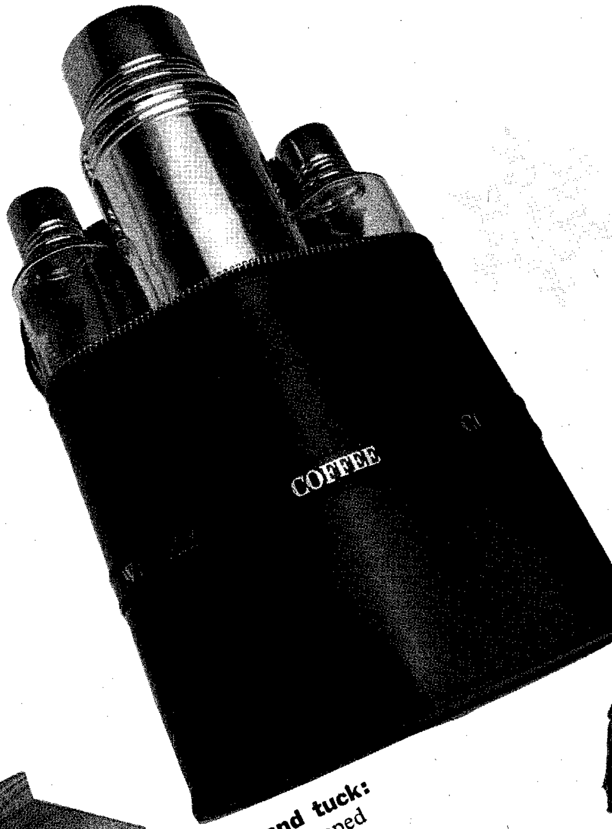
Long shot: Sterling decanter is $375 at Bulgari (795 Fifth Ave., at 61st St.).

Getting the bugs in: Fill the French fly catcher with sugar water, replace cork, watch flies enter and not leave. $38 at French Country Store (35 East 10th St.).

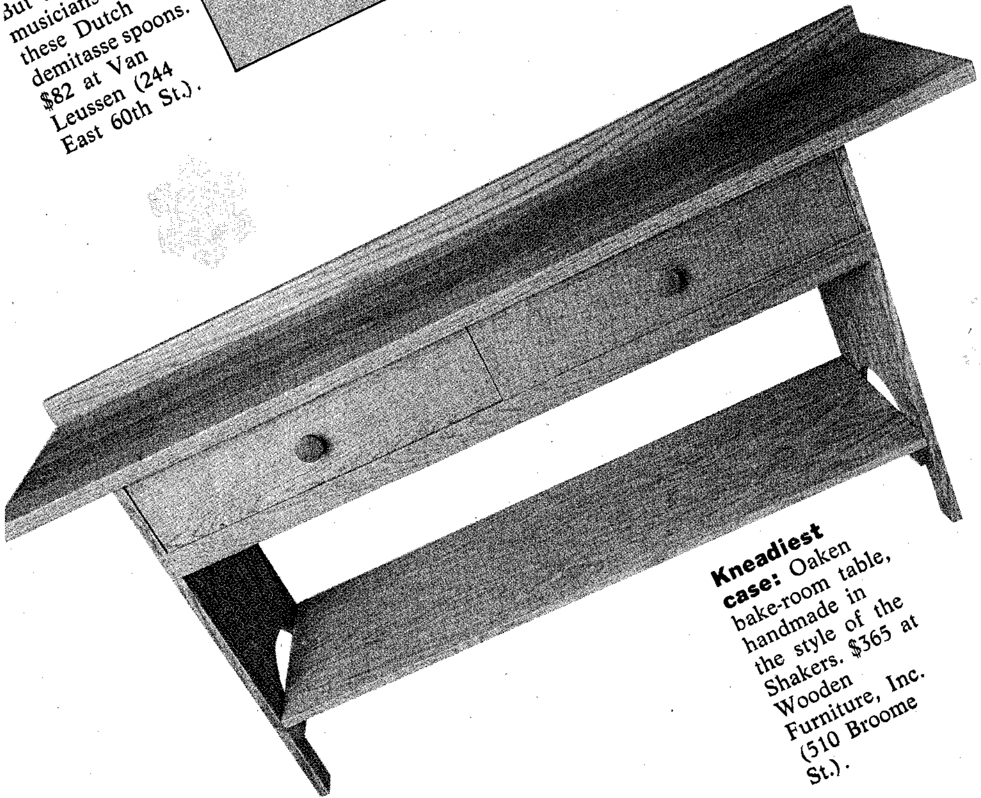
BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS



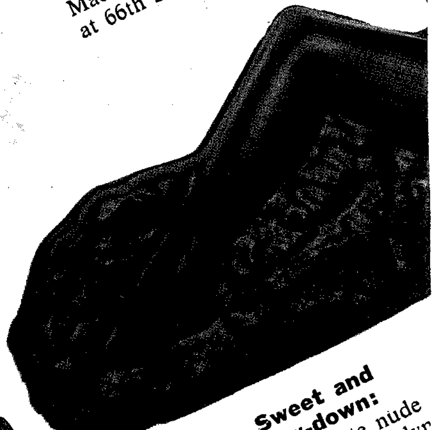
t a creature as stirring: But the musicians on these Dutch demitasse spoons. $82 at Van Leussen (244 East 60th St.).



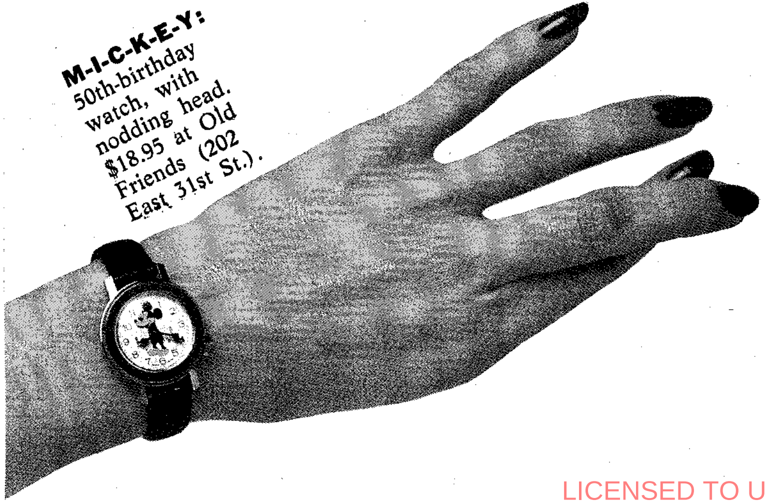
Nip and tuck: Chrome-topped thermos and flasks in a cordovan case. $49.50 at T. Anthony (772 Madison Ave., at 66th St.).



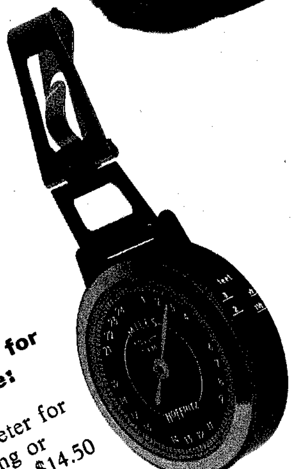
Kneadiest case: Oaken bake-room table, handmade in the style of the Shakers. $365 at Wooden Furniture, Inc. (510 Broome St.).



Sweet and low-down: Chocolate nude is $7 at Evely Chocolates (4 John St.).

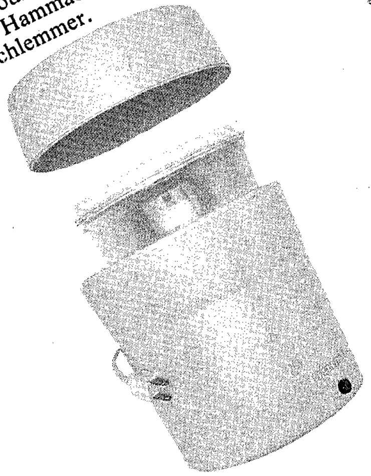


M-I-C-K-E-Y: 50th-birthday watch, with nodding head. $18.95 at Old Friends (202 East 31st St.).

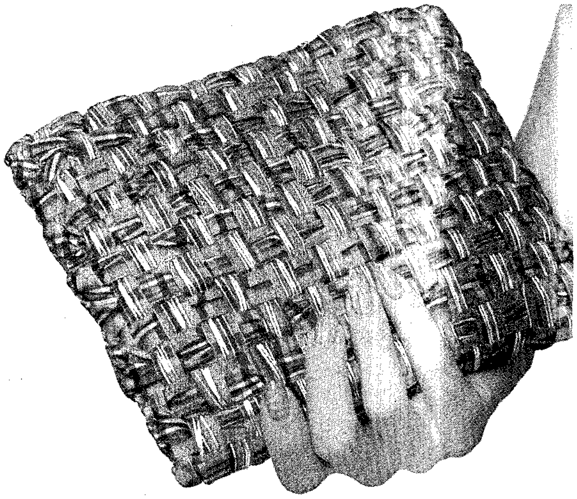


Measure for measure: Clip-on pedometer for walking or jogging. $14.50 at Hoffritz.

Things that go bump in the night: *Dance Coupons,* a 10-photo folio of life at Studio 54, by William Coupon. $250 at Foto Gallery (492 Broome St.).



A fast one: Yógourmet makes 2 quarts of yogurt in only 4 hours. $59.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer.



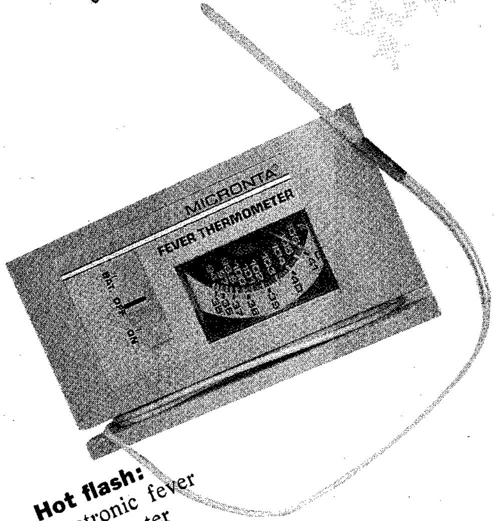
In the clutch: Ruth J. Katz's woven-ribbon bags, to order. This one, in appropriately festive colors, is $140 at LF Design Studio (21A East 73rd St.).

God rest ye: Yankees nightshirt is $22.50 at Saks. Crib quilt, c. 1865, is $250 at America Hurrah (316 East 70th).

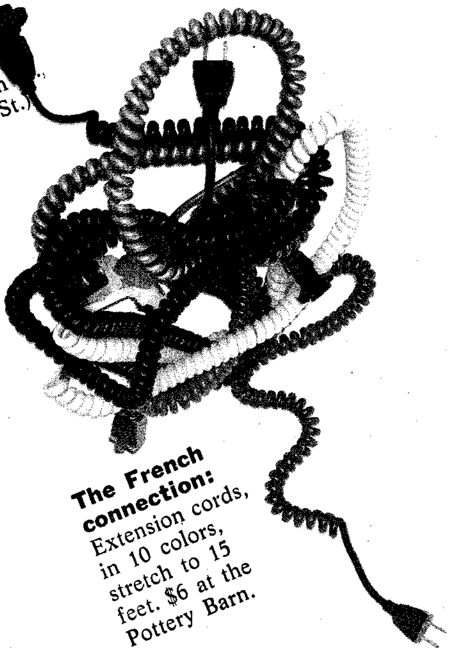
Dreamy: Victorian love seat, $845, and painted pillow, $42, are at the Wicker Garden (1318 Madison, near 94th).

BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS

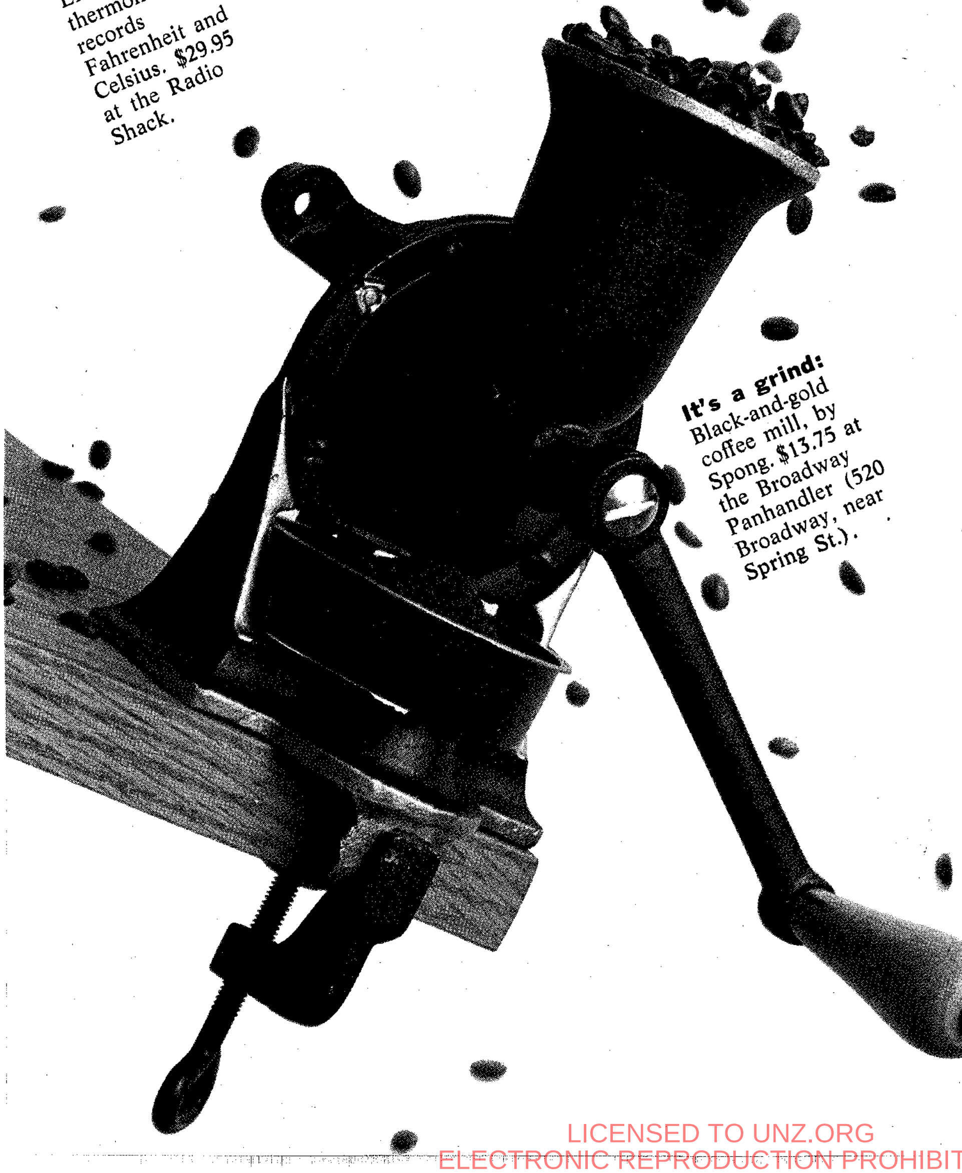
Orientation: Exquisite watercolor on rice paper, c. 1850, by the Chin[illegible] companion to the Segalen, the French ambassador to China. [illegible]25 [illegible] Liber Libror[illegible] (551 Hudson St., near Perry St.)



Hot flash: Electronic fever thermometer records Fahrenheit and Celsius. $29.95 at the Radio Shack.



The French connection: Extension cords, in 10 colors, stretch to 15 feet. $6 at the Pottery Barn.

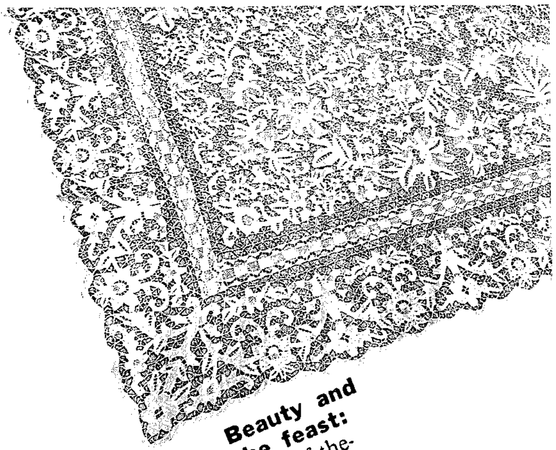


It's a grind: Black-and-gold coffee mill, by Spong. $13.75 at the Broadway Panhandler (520 Broadway, near Spring St.).

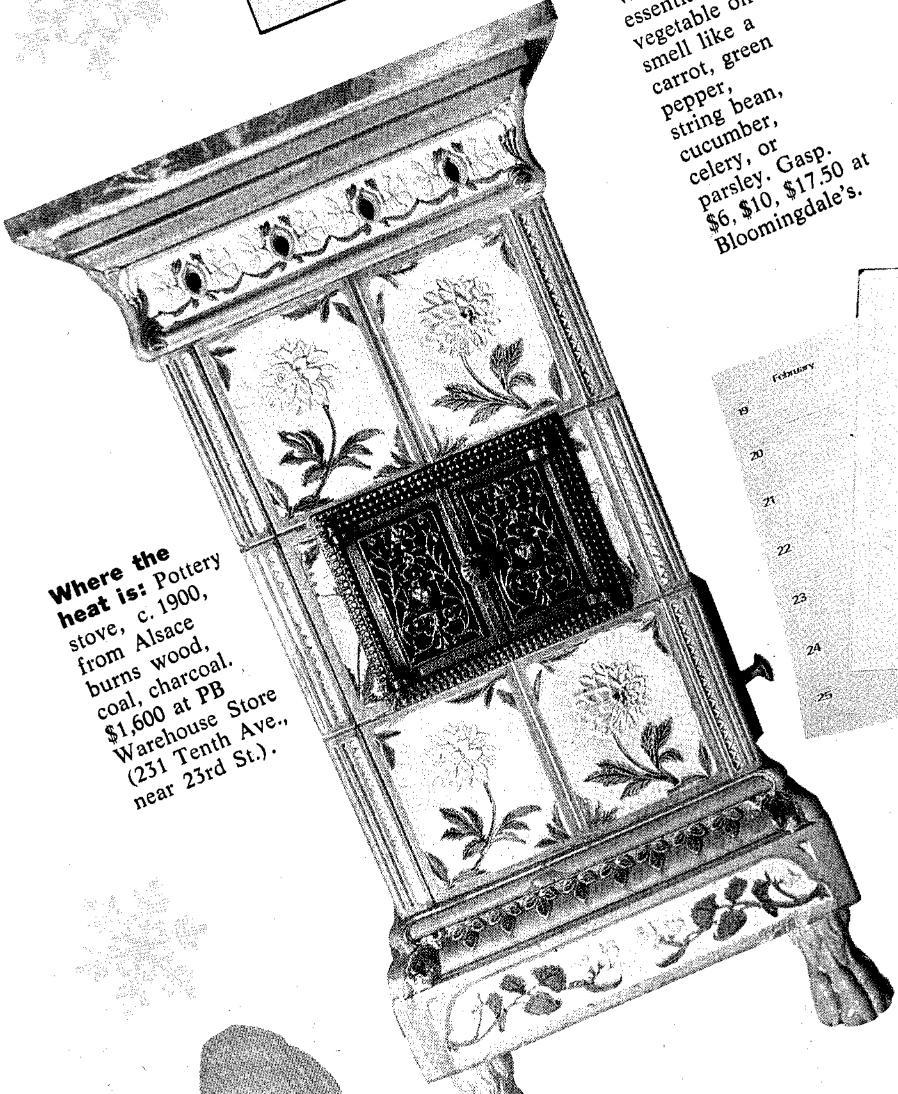
K-K-K-Kitty: Reproduction of a 19th-century cast-iron boot scraper. $29 at Museum of American Folk Art gift shop (49 West 53rd St.).

Essential Oil
The Perfumer's Workshop Ltd.

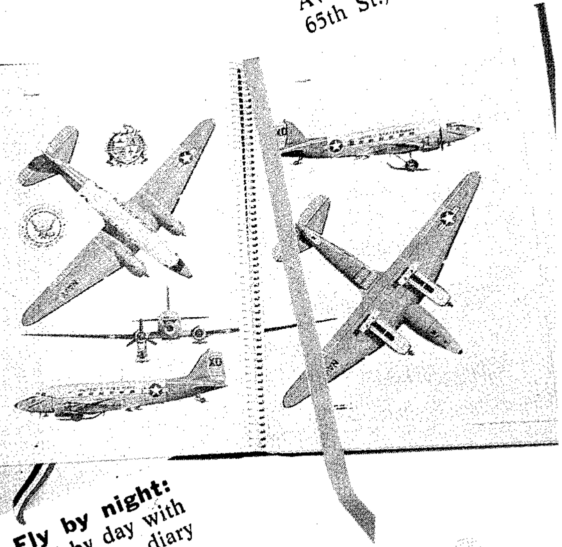
Salad daze: Dab a drop of Perfumer's Workshop essential vegetable oil and smell like a carrot, green pepper, string bean, cucumber, celery, or parsley. Gasp. $6, $10, $17.50 at Bloomingdale's.



Beauty and the feast: Turn-of-the-century handmade lace tablecloth. $400 at Cherchez (864 Lexington Ave., near 65th St.).



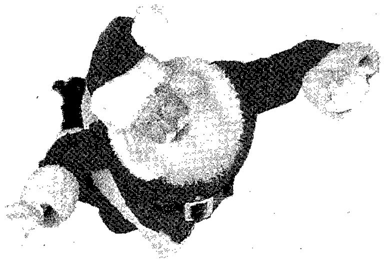
Where the heat is: Pottery stove, c. 1900, from Alsace burns wood, coal, charcoal. $1,600 at PB Warehouse Store (231 Tenth Ave., near 23rd St.).



Fly by night: And by day with an aviation diary full of pix, history, airport ground plans. $37.50 from Inter/Graph, Ltd. (Suite 1703, 979 Third Ave., near 58th St.).

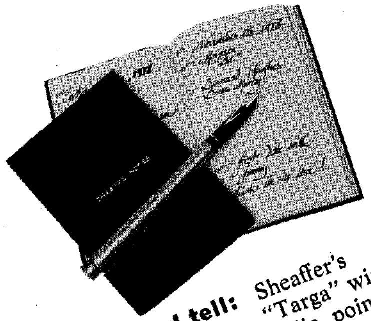
Cover story: Comforter filled with eiderdown, which is fluffier, warmer, and rarer than goose's. $700, $1,135, $1,400 at the Continental Quilt Shoppe (129 East 57th St.).

BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS



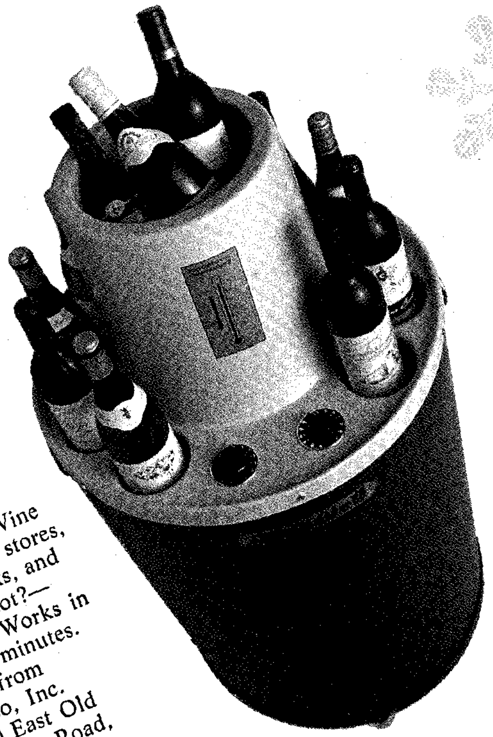
Best Christmas Wishes
Post Card
GREETINGS FROM BROOKLYN
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Dear ones: Antique postcards, souvenir and seasonal, some with messages, some mint. $1.50–$5 at Welcome to NYC (26 Carmine St.).

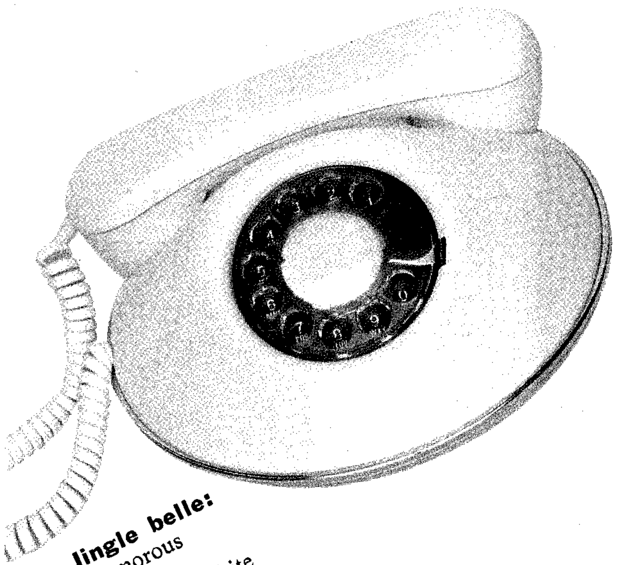


Show and tell: Diary for notes on play, cast, theater, $10 at Props & Practicals (150 West 52nd St.). Sheaffer's "Targa" with italic point. $30 at Arthur Brown & Bro., Inc. (2 West 46th St.).

Woody woody for you: Attaché case of Brazilian rosewood, lined in leather. $450 at Lord & Taylor.

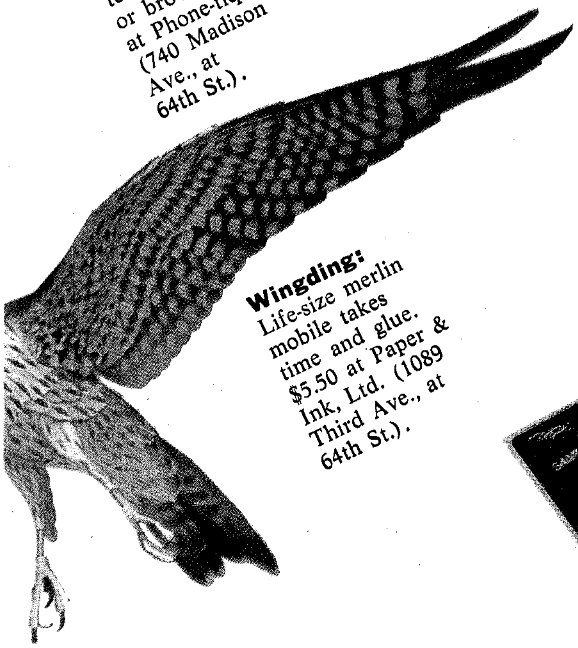


Cool it: Wine chiller for stores, restaurants, and—why not?—homes. Works in 3 to 6 minutes. $595 from Kedco, Inc. (100 East Old Country Road, Mineola, L.I.).

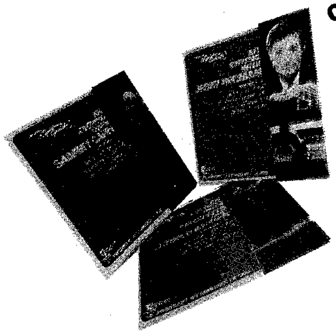


Jingle belle: Glamorous "Dawn" telephone, white or brown. $100 at Phone-tique (740 Madison Ave., at 64th St.).

On, dancer: Canvas "servant girl" shoes, strictly from Hungary. $12.95 at Bloom's (311 Sixth Ave., at 3rd St.).

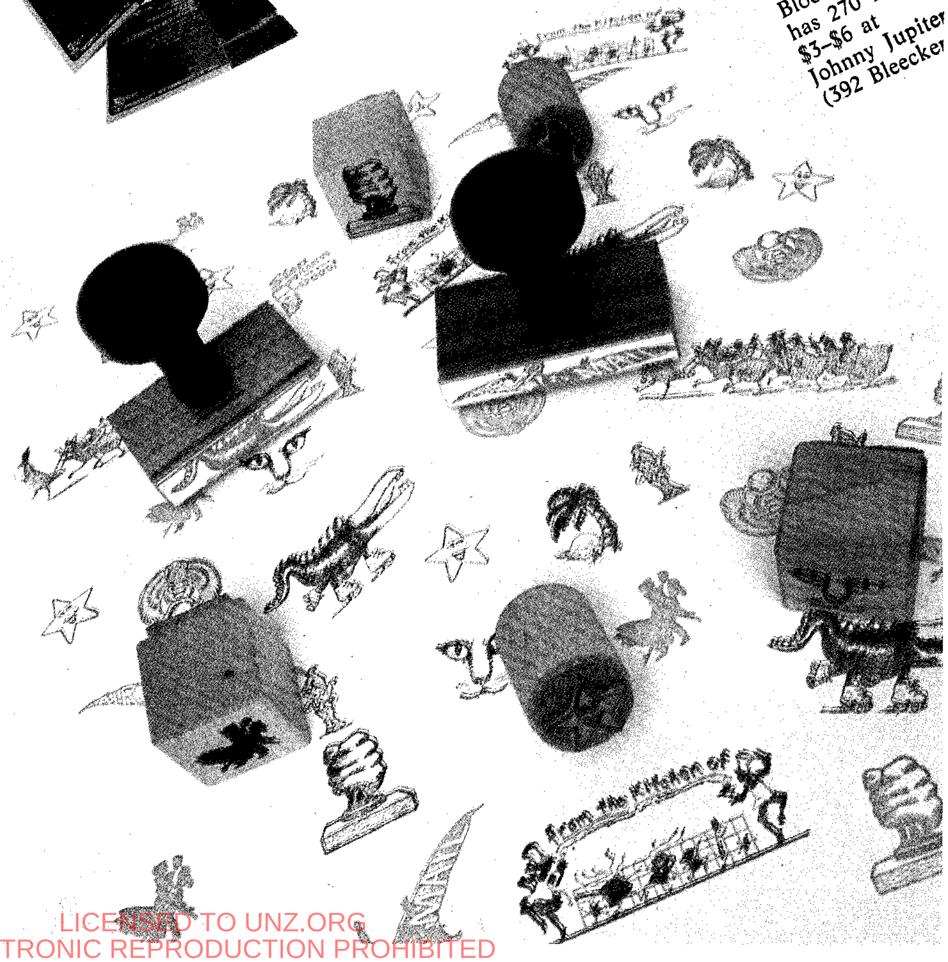


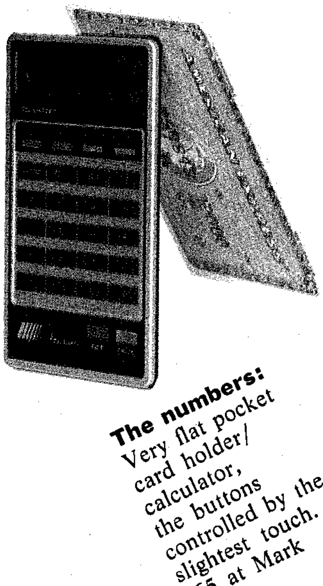
Wingding: Life-size merlin mobile takes time and glue. $5.50 at Paper & Ink, Ltd. (1089 Third Ave., at 64th St.).



On Broadway: *Lyrics and Lyricists*, a 3-record set starring Jerry Herman, Sammy Cahn, Kander & Ebb. $25.95 at Goody's.

Funny papers: Witty rubber stamps by Bob Bloomberg, who has 270 more. $3–$6 at Johnny Jupiter (392 Bleecker

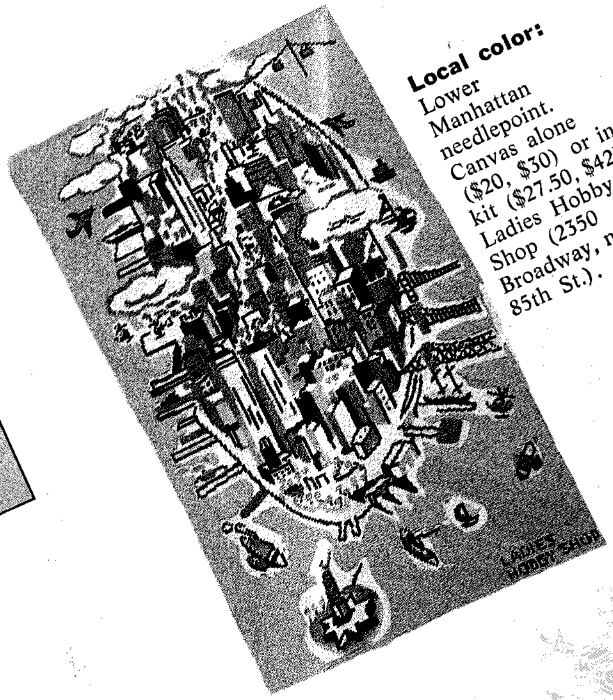




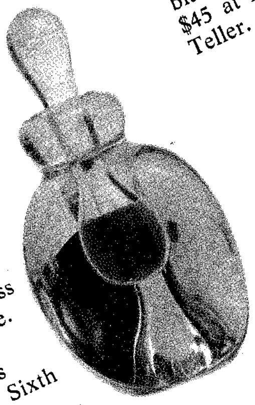
The numbers: Very flat pocket card holder/calculator, the buttons controlled by the slightest touch. $65 at Mark Cross.

BEST BETS FOR CHRISTMAS

See and ski: Sport goggles by Super Seer will hold your own prescription lenses. Plastic, black or white. $45 at Bonwit Teller.



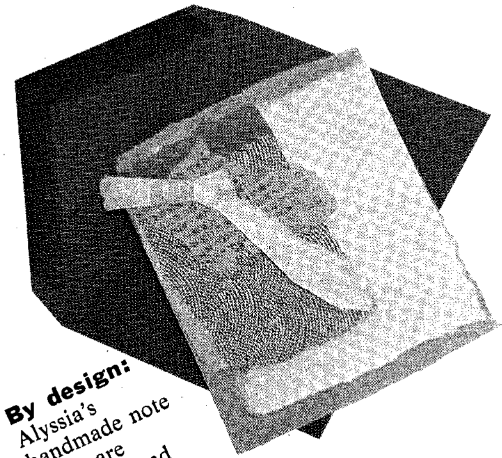
Local color: Lower Manhattan needlepoint. Canvas alone ($20, $30) or in kit ($27.50, $42). Ladies Hobby Shop (2350 Broadway, near 85th St.).



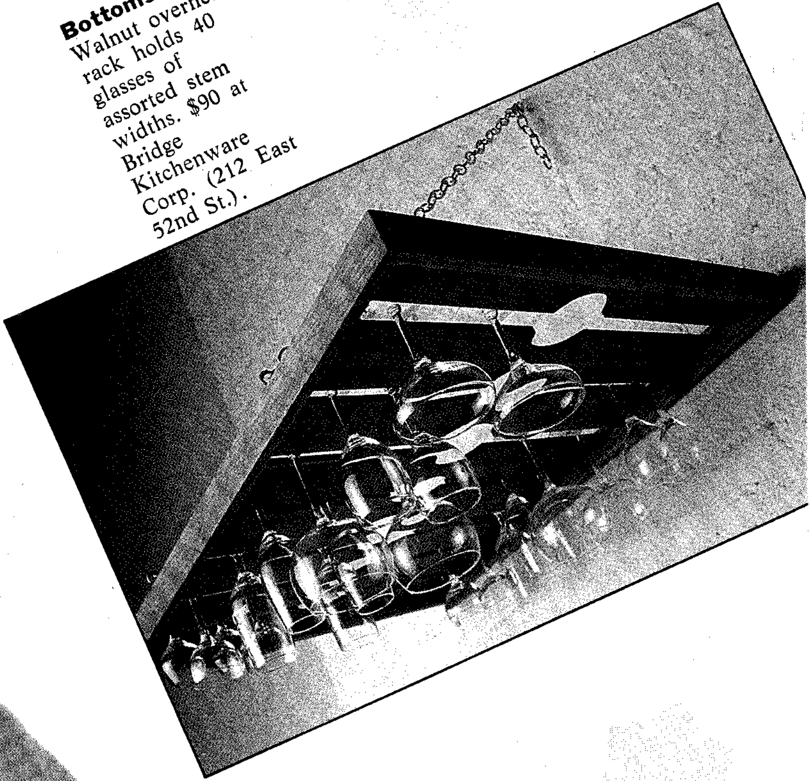
In the clear: Robert Burch's hand-blown-glass perfume bottle. $30 at Glassmasters Guild (621 Sixth Ave., at 19th St.).

Cut! Marks fabric scissors cut leather, synthetics, bonded materials. $13.25 at Henry Westpfal & Co. (4 East 32nd St.).

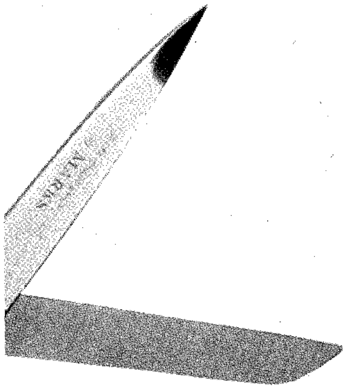
Express yourself: Washington is there, you are here with your model Metroliner. $26 with motor, $12 without, at the Train Shop, Ltd. (23 West 45th St.).



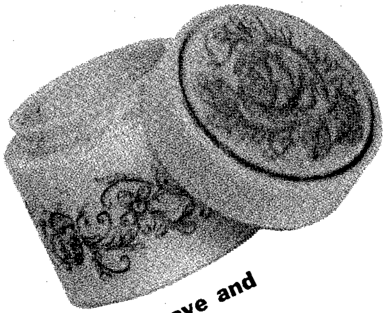
By design: Alyssia's handmade note cards are collaged and sewn from handmade papers. $2.50 each from Paper Thoughts (475-6407).



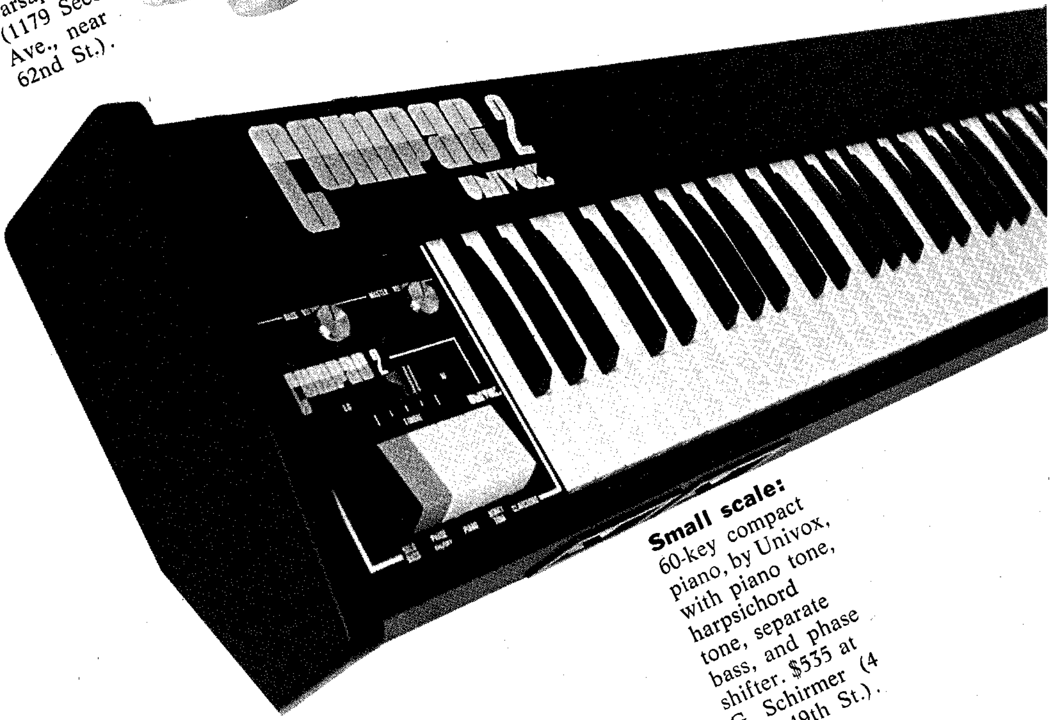
Bottoms up: Walnut overhead rack holds 40 glasses of assorted stem widths. $90 at Bridge Kitchenware Corp. (212 East 52nd St.).



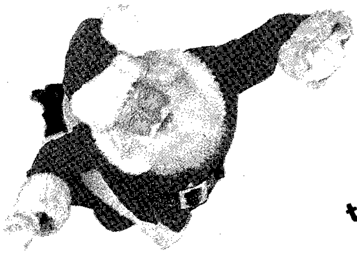
His master's voice: The RCA trademark as china *tchotchke.* $15 at Sarsaparilla (1179 Second Ave., near 62nd St.).



To have and to hold: Nancy Lee's thimble-size scrimshaw vial. $150 at Beautiful Things (151 Spring St.).

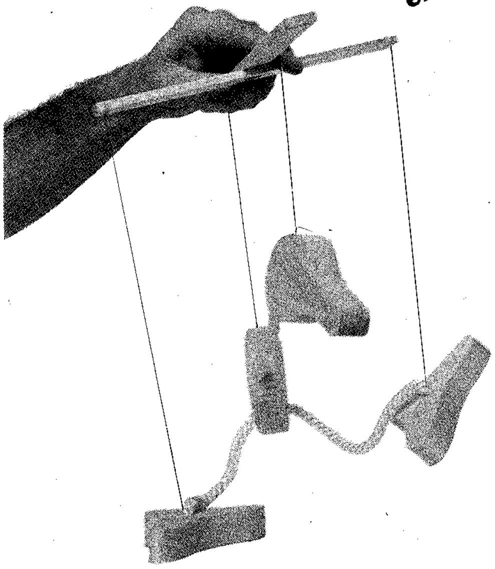


Small scale: 60-key compact piano, by Univox, with piano tone, harpsichord tone, separate bass, and phase shifter. $535 at G. Schirmer (4 East 49th St.).



TOYS

(selected by George Willig, toy inventor, author, and building climber extraordinaire).

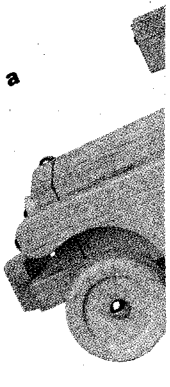


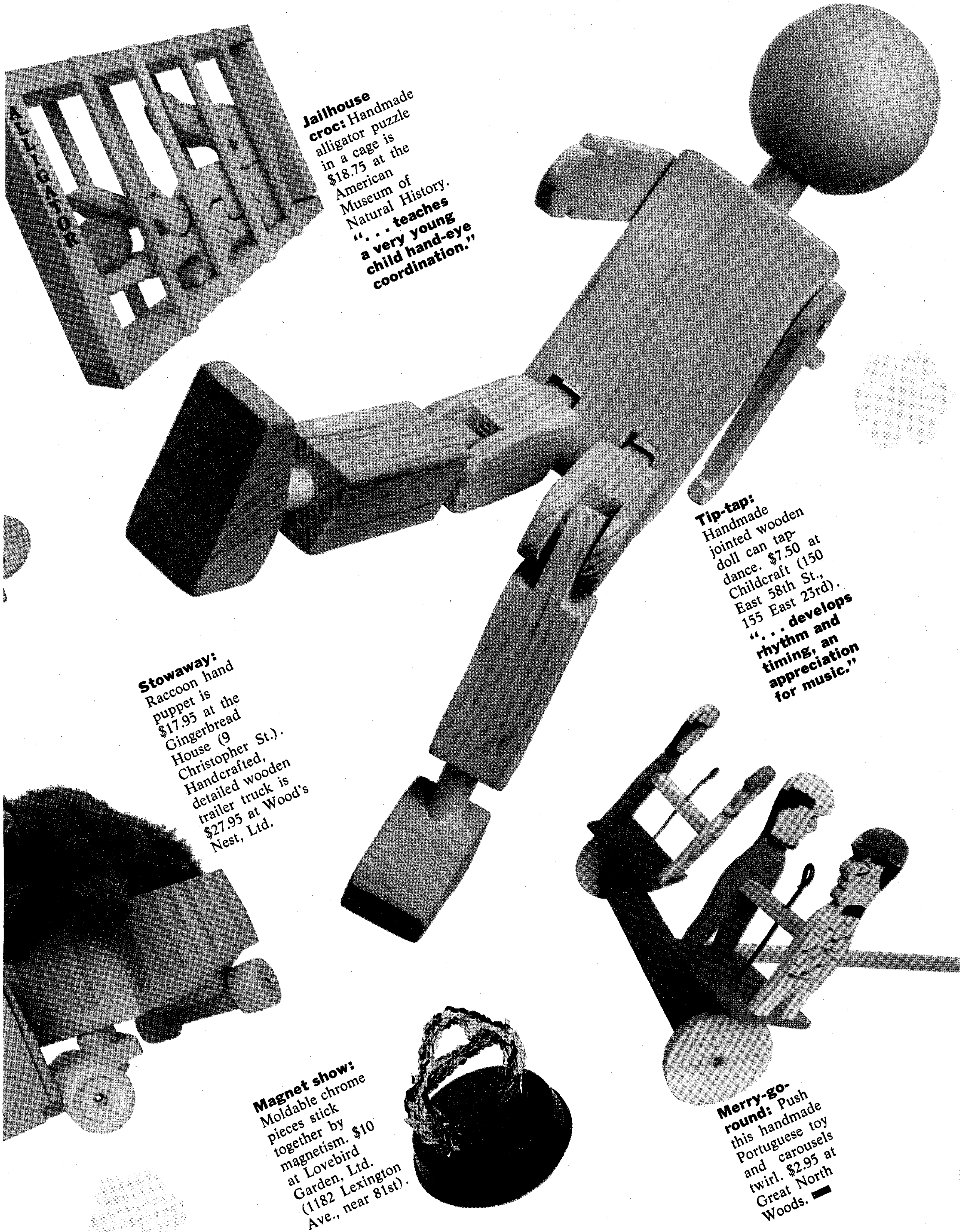
Bird walk: Head bobbing, the marionette struts and dances. $8.50 at dollsandreams (454 Third Ave., near 31st St.).

Toys will be boys: Antique Steiff doll with sweater and spats. $285 at Iris Brown's Victorian Doll and Miniature Shop (253 East 57th St.). **"It has more personality than any doll I've ever seen."**

Multi-jointed: Blocky the Robot can be taken apart, posed. $11.95 at Wood's Nest, Ltd. (491 Columbus Ave., near 84th St.). **". . . involves the child."**

World views: Swedish Spin-optic has lenses that make things big or small, tint them red, produce multiple images. $5.95 at Youth at Play (1120 Madison Ave., near 84th St.). **". . . lets a child see familiar objects in a different way."**





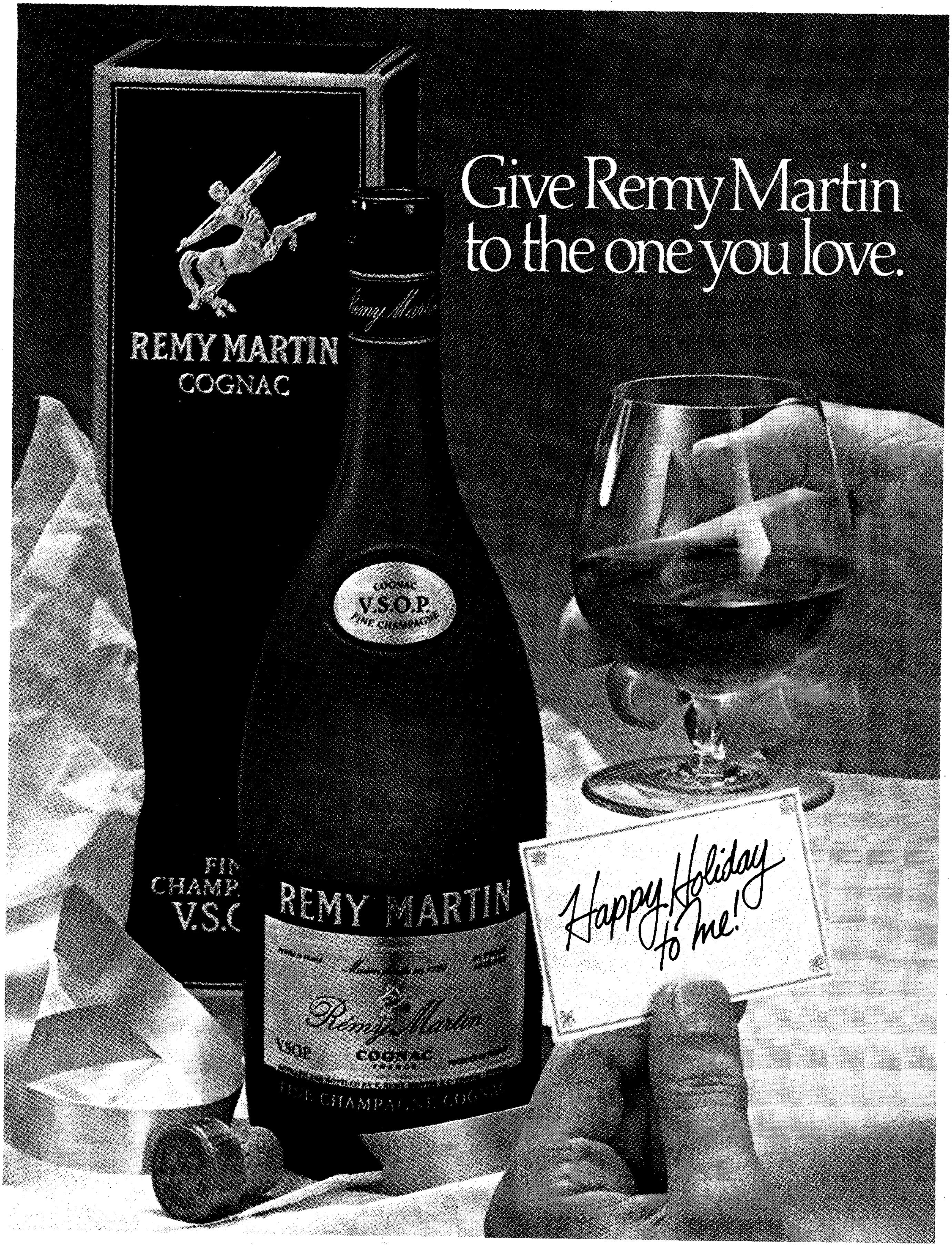
Jailhouse croc: Handmade alligator puzzle in a cage is $18.75 at the American Museum of Natural History. **". . . teaches a very young child hand-eye coordination."**

Tip-tap: Handmade jointed wooden doll can tap-dance. $7.50 at Childcraft (150 East 58th St., 155 East 23rd). **". . . develops rhythm and timing, an appreciation for music."**

Stowaway: Raccoon hand puppet is $17.95 at the Gingerbread House (9 Christopher St.). Handcrafted, detailed wooden trailer truck is $27.95 at Wood's Nest, Ltd.

Magnet show: Moldable chrome pieces stick together by magnetism. $10 at Lovebird Garden, Ltd. (1182 Lexington Ave., near 81st).

Merry-go-round: Push this handmade Portuguese toy and carousels twirl. $2.95 at Great North Woods. ■


Give Remy Martin
to the one you love.
REMY MARTIN
COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE
REMY MARTIN
Rémy Martin
V.S.O.P.
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Happy Holiday
to me!

Rémy Martin V. S. O. P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd. New York

Leading lady: At 57, Luba says her regime includes no fat, lots of water. "Eat slowly," she adds. "Gas kills."

Luba Potamkin: Queen of the Cadillacs

By Blair Sabol

"... Hawking her husband's limos and sunroofed Sevilles, Luba has worn everything from chiffon to mechanic's overalls ..."

You can keep Tom Carvel and the way he flubs his late-night Lo-Yo turkey-mold promotions. And Cooky of Cooky's Steak Pub will have to understand that it's nothing personal. For me, there's only one real star in the current camp circuit of homemade television commercials, and that's Luba Potamkin.

Luba, with her exploding blond halo, her husky voice, her gold and diamonds, her Lillie Rubin wardrobe, not to mention husband Victor's fleet of Cadillacs. Six years ago, Victor Potamkin took a chance by taking over two run-down Cadillac dealerships, one between 54th and 55th streets along Eleventh Avenue, one on York Avenue between 60th and 61st streets. Since then, he has built up the business to the point where it grosses $100 million a year, making it the world's largest Cadillac dealership.

It's been only three years since Luba's tube debut, but she, too, must be doing something right: Potamkin unloads an average of 165 cars a week, dozens of which Luba's blond exuberance is held directly responsible for. In the course of those three years, Luba, dressed in long chiffon, short tennis togs, and mechanic's overalls, has hawked sunroofed Sevilles, custom-grilled limos, and lower-than-low lend-lease plans. At times she is dubbed in Spanish, and she has even done a Steve-and-Eydie duet with Pathmark's horn-rimmed man.

Fascinated by this long-running TV hit, I decided to sit in on the shooting of a commercial the Potamkins call "The New Breed of Eldorado Lease."

Luba has arrived half an hour early carrying dress bags containing a selection of outfits, including matching shoes and purses ("Honey, I always carry a purse in the ads. It looks better than my hand when I point to the cars").

"I'm a real shlepper," she says, hefting the nearest bag. "But, you see, I always let Howard Seitz [the Potamkin ad producer] decide what I should wear, and I've got to give him a wide enough choice." Luba tries on each outfit and, indeed, acts totally subservient to Howard's suggestions. After nixing

Photographed by Arthur Tress

"...During the taping, Howard directs Luba's moves and watches carefully for those dangerous tight crotch-definition shots..."

her long gold ball gown as too competitive with the car, Seitz settles on her plain black jersey pants and a long black jacket with red lining. Luba adds the black-enamel-and-diamond necklace, matching bracelet and earrings. "I hate to look too dressy," she explains, "but I need a necklace to hide my bad neck. I had a throat operation some years back and this muscle keeps sticking out all the time." Luba tugs at her neck.

We retire to the studio's public bathroom so Luba can apply her makeup. "Oh, honey, it takes me a good 40 minutes to do my face." She rubs Bal à Versailles perfume on each cheek to give them a glow, then checks with Howard one more time and goes over the cue cards, reading them without a snag.

For two short spots—one 30-second, one 60-second—Luba and crew begin at 3 P.M. and wrap five hours later. The crew spends most of that time perfecting the reflection on the 1979 Eldorado's window. Luba moistens her lips a lot and rehearses her lowered pitch.

Throughout the entire five-hour ordeal, Luba never once complains, but rather gleams to a high gloss whenever the cameras start to roll. Obviously every spot is no run-of-the-mill job for Luba, but an opening-night performance. Rarely does she muff a line, and at the end of each take she stands with her arms outstretched (Wayne Newton–style), delivering a determined "If your car doesn't have this nameplate [close-up of the Potamkin logo] on the back, you probably paid more than you should have"—a line that is becoming as famous as "It's 10 P.M. Do you know where your children are?"

During the taping, Howard directs Luba's moves and watches very carefully for those dangerous tight crotch-definition shots (whenever her slacks catch the light in the wrong fold). At the finish, Luba requests a playback. Looking nervously at Seitz, she asks, "Did I sell the car?"

Back in the ladies' room, Luba is changing out of her black jersey and into her beige street ensemble complete with beige shoes, beige bag, and beige jewels. She insists I look hard for any telltale plastic-surgery tucks. "See, everyone assumes I've had a lift or some Swiss hormone treatments. But I swear I've had nothing. Of course, I look even better lying down in the nude; when I stand, everything drops a bit, you know?"

Within seconds, Luba whips into a demonstration of her daily 45-minute morning exercise ritual. "If I wasn't doing these commercials, I would have loved to be a spa fitness expert. I'm a body fanatic, and I'll give you a few of my health secrets."

By this time she's barreling twenty steps ahead of me down the hallway. "Now, you must get up early every day. I never sleep more than seven hours and am up exercising by 7 A.M. I watch my diet, no fat and at least eight glasses of water. Oh yes, honey, eat all foods very slowly—gas kills." With those words Luba is out on the street.

The next day I meet her at the Potamkins' apartment at the Regency Hotel. She proudly shows me the six closets she had specially made for her clothes (one just for her collection of black chiffons) and two hall closets filled with Victor's suits. She takes me through the Potamkin kitchenette, equipped with hot plate and mini-fridge, which she makes me inspect (for the record, there is Tab, Perrier, and boxes of bran cereal). Then there's the tour of Luba's glass-and-chrome coffee table, topped with pictures of her grandchildren and her two sons (both successful Chevrolet dealers), and two leatherbound albums of her award party as "Woman of the Year" by City of Hope. We go into Luba's bathroom to check the light wattage and makeup drawers. The Potamkin bedroom features a jogger for Vic and a king-size bed with a leopard-skin spread.

During her Edward R. Murrow–style house tour, Luba continues to talk in Chatty Cathy fashion, mentioning how she misses her best friend, Jackie Susann, and her inability to lunch with "the girls" as much as she'd like or do "the right amount of charity work." She's kept too busy nowadays, she says, traveling from her penthouse in Philadelphia to her penthouse in Miami to her Regency residence. She makes sure I see that the walls are indeed covered with African art and Peter Max drawings.

There's a lot of child in Luba, and a desire to please. At least twelve times she asks if I would like some fresh fruit; never once does she listen for a reply. Finally she sits down on one of her orange splash-patterned French chairs and offers me a caramel candy and confesses she can't believe the impact of her commercials, which her son Alan claims sell at least three to five cars a week at his Miami Chevy dealership (for which she also does TV spots).

"You know, originally I was just thrilled to do the very first commercial. I felt if nothing else it would be a great thing for my boys to have . . . a memento after I die. But I don't want anything more now. Honey, why should I? I can work for my husband and that's all I want. Maybe if I were younger than my 57 years, I would do something, but not now. I still need the security of my family, and I know that if I would go off on another venture I'd lose Victor—and he's the most important thing to me." And what of cars? "Oh, I don't care, really . . . when I drive I usually take a Seville, but that's not too important."

What *is* important is Luba's vitamin regime, and with that we go back into the kitchen to watch her down her B and C and E. I watch her re-enact her exercise routine again on the floor in front of the TV, then prepare to leave. At that she jumps up and pleads with me to have some more fruit . . . or would I rather have a rag-doll version of Victor, or "How about this Norelco hair dryer—I have an extra. Oh, I know, I have an Indian blouse I bought yesterday at Bloomie's that would be perfect for you." I escape amazingly empty-handed.

It is two days later and I am sitting in Victor's lavish West Side office watching him load my lap with a stuffed animal, an autographed copy of Liz Smith's latest book, a gift box of Norell cologne and scarf, plus one of Potamkin's business cards, which is an actual dollar bill with a picture of Victor pasted over George Washington. I have learned a major Potamkin precept: You never leave Victor's or Luba's presence without a gift or a car.

Sixty-seven-year-old Victor is an extremely natty man with the genuine smile and hoarse voice of Jack Klugman, the twinkly eyes of George Burns, and the physique of Victor Mature. He loves helping people and spreading his fortune around. And as for Luba, he says, "You know, we've been together 37 years. I figured out, that's 14,000 nights! Now, you've got to be good friends to survive that.

"But it's hard for me to see Luba objectively. See, I knew she had talent. When I married her, I was nothing but a fish-market boy and she was working as a model and later became a singer.

"Even when we were married and I

Cadillac Fever: In the latest Potemkin extravaganza, Luba pitches the Caddies while Victor's employees "get down" for the cameras.

"…'The Potamkins are definitely class,' says a friend. 'You could call it *Chai* Chic'…"

was working hard at my Chevy dealership in Philly and she was bringing up the two boys, she'd always find time to star in all the local synagogue musicals. So she isn't exactly inexperienced."

Victor leans back and warms to his subject. "See, to me Luba represents the ultimate Cadillac lady. She has a certain sense of class, but I also love the way she looks so honest and vulnerable on television. I don't care whether people know she's my wife. I'm so thrilled that when we go anywhere she gets all the attention and I can sit back."

But how, in fact, did Luba get the job? "Actually it was Victor's idea to use Luba three years ago when we were looking for a type to represent the car," explains Howard Seitz, the man who's been in charge of producing, directing, and writing the Potamkin commercials for six years. He does 30 or so Cadillac spots a year with Luba. "In the beginning, we used a black Oriental girl [another amateur, a Potamkin secretary], and we once tried a man, but it didn't click. I think Luba is successful because she's not slick or a Catherine Deneuve. That kitschy, haphazard side works for her. I think she's become a very talented amateur, a polished semi-pro."

Seitz admits that Luba's fans have really swelled only within the last two years, and says the firm receives up to ten letters a week asking about "the Cadillac lady" and wanting to know where she gets her clothes and who does her hair. "But believe me," Seitz says, "the bottom line is to sell those cars. And if Luba wasn't doing that, Vic would be the first guy to can her."

The next Saturday I'm invited to the West Side showroom at 10 P.M. to watch Luba tape the biggest Potamkin commercial production to date, entitled "Catch the Potamkin Fever." Chic Studio has been called in to create a disco atmosphere, complete with strobes, Village People soundtrack, and maybe a fog machine or two. The Potamkins have invited 125 people (mostly Vic's employees) to dine at Sardi's and then appear in the simulated-party spot. Luba and Vic arrive in their gray 1979 wrap-around-the-block limo. While the rest of the crowd arrives, the camera crew angles around the showroom, getting shots of a gray 1979 Coupe de Ville, a black limo, and a red Eldorado.

Howard grabs Luba for a dry run with the cue cards. "Cadillac Fever is sweeping New York. So come on in and let your temperature rise," Luba belts with her best Vegas vigor. While Luba practices, I survey the crowd. The women "extras" are attired in varying degrees of disco couture—lots of slim, slit slip dresses with heavy luminescent cheek contouring and brown nail "extenders." Most of the older Potamkin salesmen seem to resemble Vic, with their razor-cut heads and Onassis glasses.

The crowd is directed to dance up a storm, but the music stops cold whenever Luba gives her Fever Pitch. The wine flows on the inside, while on the outside the Eleventh Avenue sidewalk regulars press their bare faces (and a few bare moons) against the showroom window. The crowd doesn't seem to care and continues to "get down" for Vic and Luba. A friend of the Potamkins' joins me near the monitors and comments on how "faaaaabulous the crowd looks. You know," he continues, "the Potamkins have this certain style. They are definitely class. I guess you could call it '*Chai* Chic.' "

Miraculously, the DeMille production takes only 60 minutes to tape. Luba maintains her cool and delivers her lines while the dancers pump their fists in the air and swirl their Nyesta-ed torsos in and around her to the beat of "Push, push in the bush."

By now the three starring cars are beginning to look ridiculously refined and out of place amid the human frenzy. The filming over, Luba continues to work the room, posing for photographs in the back of the velvet-lined limo, which resembles the interior of a casket. (She tries always to hold her hands fanlike around her face, concealing her neck in Martha Mitchell/Scavullo style.) On the other side of the room, Vic is performing one of his many high-rolling magic tricks on three different people. In each case he asks them for a dollar bill and then proceeds to fold it up to postage-stamp size. This he "abracadabras" into a $100 bill for each of the wowed guests to keep. "After all, what is money but a magic trick?" Victor laughs, leaving the takers stunned.

It's 2 A.M. when I try to say good night to Luba, who is too busy on the floor performing her pelvic tilts with some lady friend who has a cable-knit knot for a hairline and no eyebrows. As for Victor, he's off in the back garage passing out his dollar-bill business cards. ■

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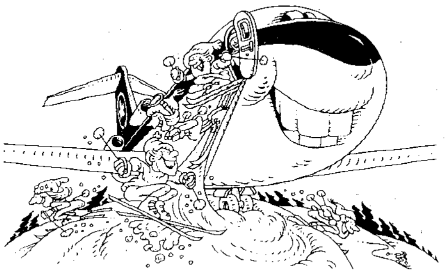

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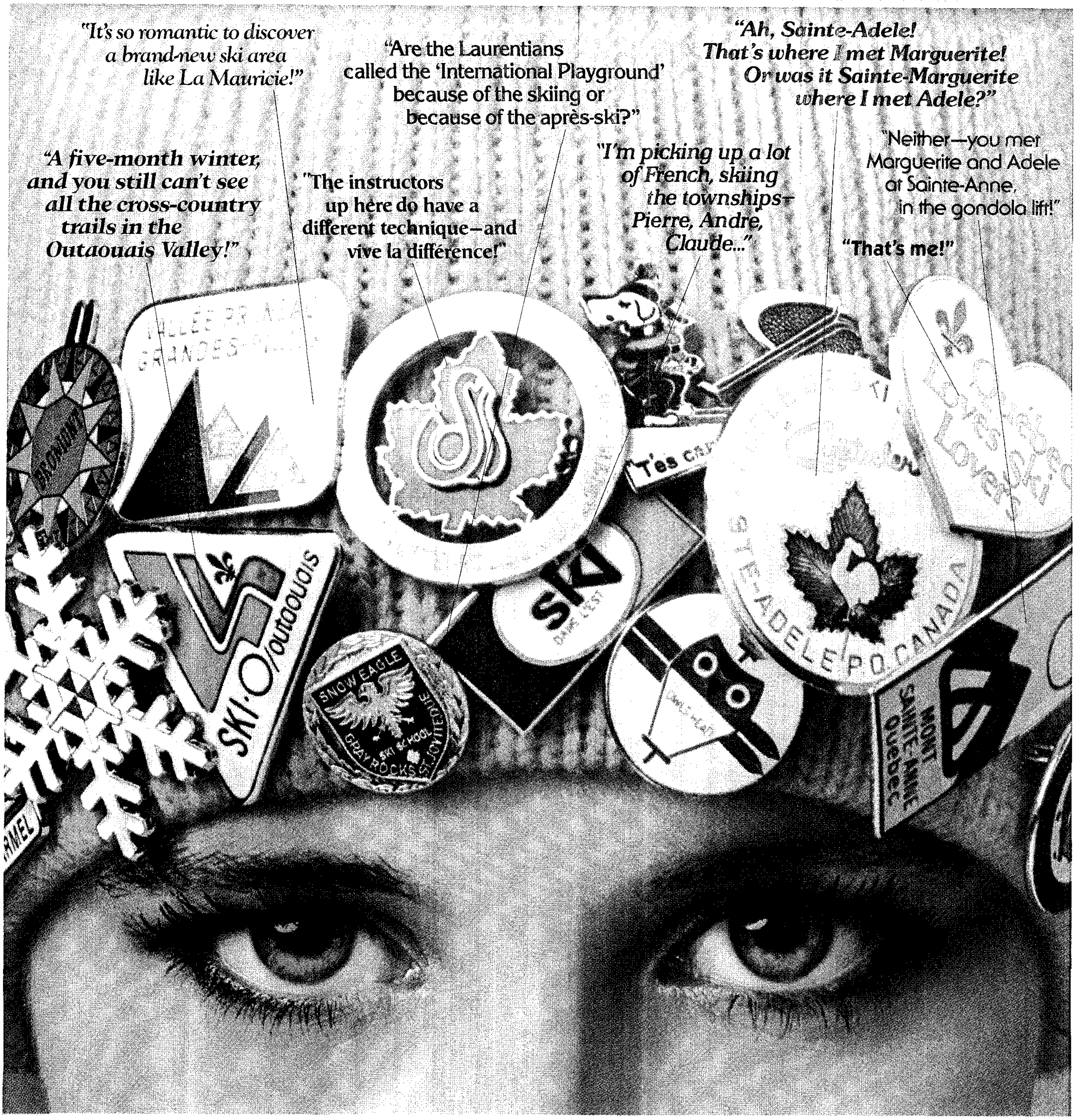
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"A five-month winter, and you still can't see all the cross-country trails in the Outaouais Valley!"
"The instructors up here do have a different technique—and vive la différence!"
"I'm picking up a lot of French, skiing the townships—Pierre, Andre, Claude..."
"Neither—you met Marguerite and Adele at Sainte-Anne, in the gondola lift!"
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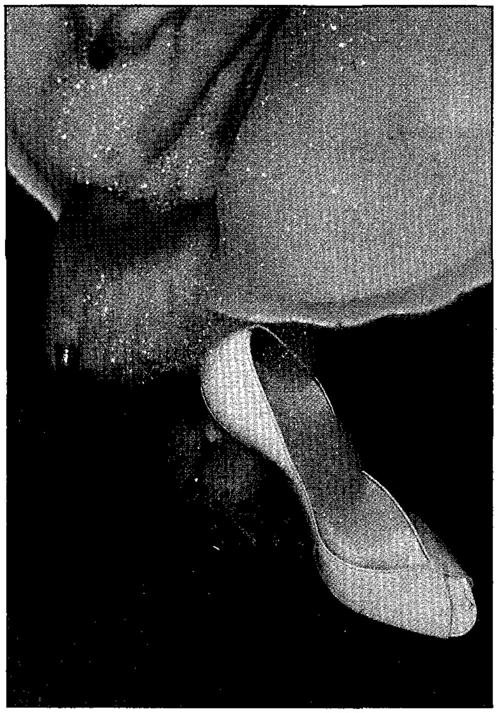
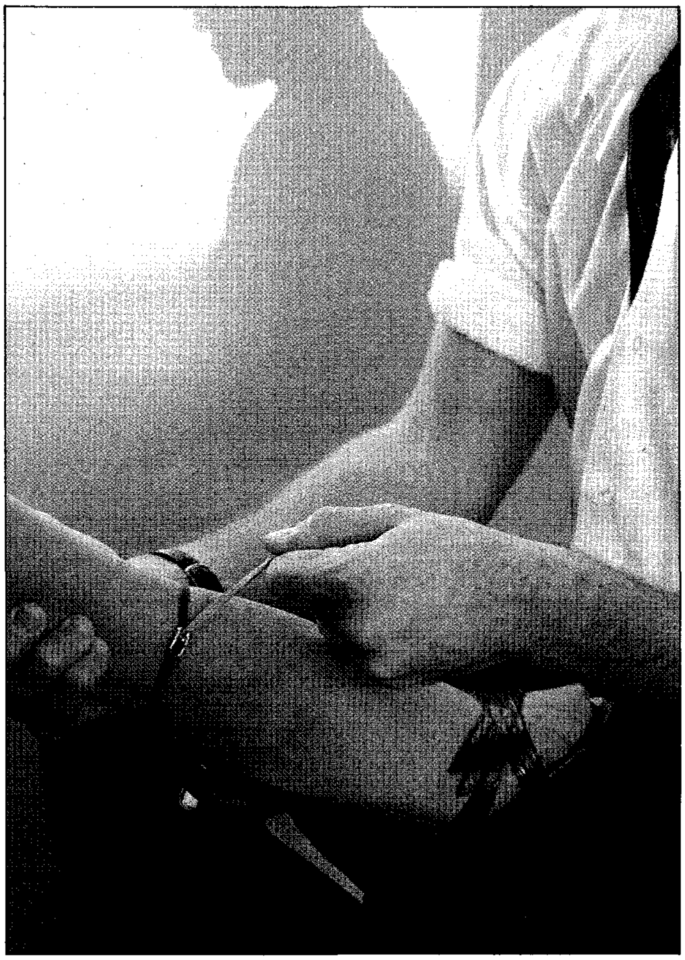


Left: Open-toed forties pumps are back, but these from Charles Jourdan (700 Fifth Avenue, at 55th Street) have a new kind of heel—part leather, part steel; $115.

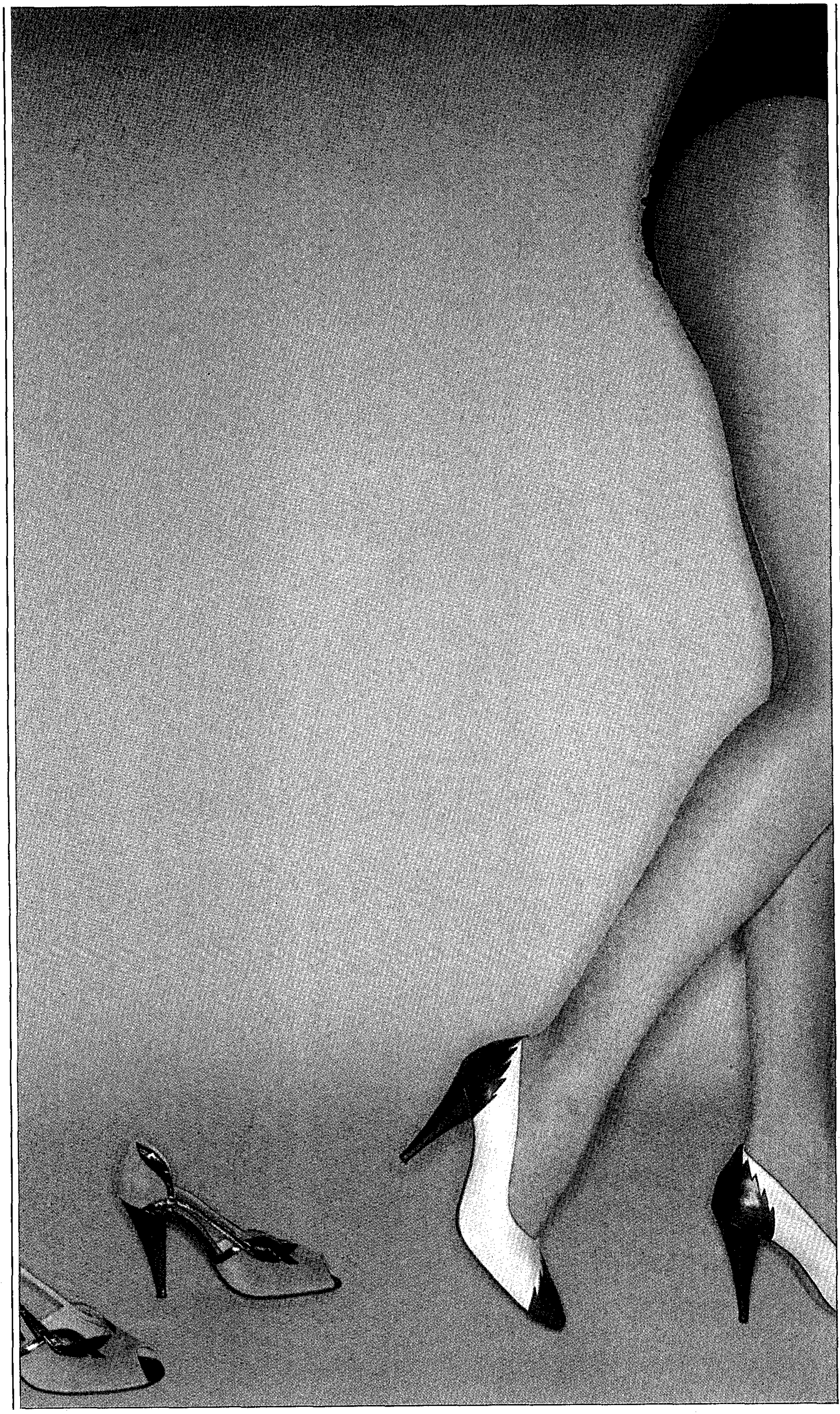
Heel Thyself

When it comes to shoes, women generally fall into two groups—those who love heels and those who hate them. While this may be open to some controversy, two other observations are not. The first is that a wonderful thing happens to a woman's leg when her foot is placed in a high heel. The shape of it changes, and we see the most sensual of lines, tapering from a slightly flexed calf to a small ankle. The second is that many shoes for spring have one thing in common—heels. High, high heels, in a variety of styles—from updated spectators to open-toed pumps to sandals—executed in everything from lizard to clear plastic. The colors are bright, the look is retro. **—John Duka**

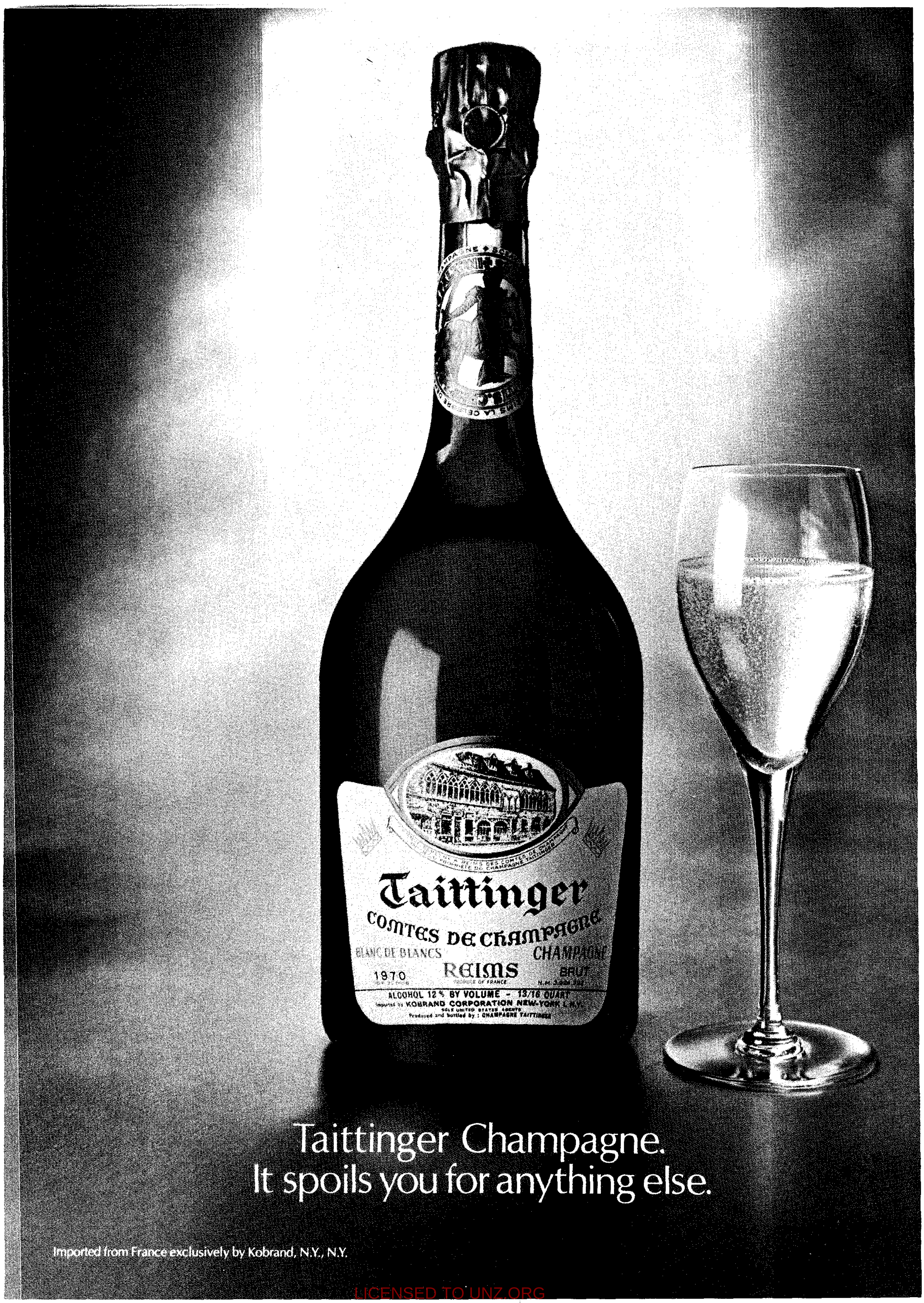


Left: Red is an important color for spring shoes. These, from Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards (122 East 55th Street), are done in lizard with an ankle strap and a wing motif; $165.

Photographed by Mark Chin



Below: Some of the hottest shoes in the city can be found at Maud Frizon (210 East 60th Street). Two of her styles include red-and-white spectator pumps with the new cone-shaped heel—right, $150—and suede-and-leather open-toed pumps in lavender with dark pewter—left, $150. ■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The Discreet Charm Of the Ego Logo

By Scot Haller

"...There is nothing so prestigious in publishing today as having your own imprint. And there is nothing so profitable..."

John Irving had written three novels and nobody knew it. Only the more sophisticated critics, the more informed English majors, his colleagues, and his family had ever read his work. He was a well-reviewed, well-respected writer whose books, published by Random House, failed to reach the public—and, in some places, failed even to reach the bookstores. John Irving was not happy but neither was he dumb. So, when he completed the opening chapters of his new novel, Irving decided to opt out of his option at Random House; his agent, Peter Matson, presented the manuscript to a pair of well-respected but also well-positioned editors, Seymour Lawrence at Delacorte and Henry Robbins at Dutton, instead.

This is what happened: Robbins outbid Lawrence, Irving wrote sixteen more chapters, and Dutton published the book last spring. The novel was chosen as a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month-Club. There were enthusiastic reviews. There was a $100,000 paperback sale. The author was interviewed at length in *The New York Times Book Review*. And six months later, *The World According to Garp* is still on the national best-seller lists, tucked between the works of James Michener and Taylor Caldwell. John Irving is "absolutely sure" that *Garp* would not have been so well regarded by the book clubs, so well stocked by the bookstores, or so widely successful with the public if Random House had published it.

"At a big operation such as Random House, it doesn't matter if your senior editor is 100 percent behind you," he says. "You have to have eight out of nine senior editors 100 percent behind you. And most of those editors are dingdongs. You end up being the fourteenth book on the publisher's October list, with a lot of cookbooks and brand-name authors and stuff in front of you. At a big house, there are not editorial decisions; there are corporate decisions. My instinct with *Garp* was to go to an editor with clout at a smaller house—and that usually means an editor with a personal imprint."

Both Seymour Lawrence and Henry Robbins are imprint editors; more correctly, they are imprint publishers. What this means in the most obvious terms is that *Garp*'s publisher was not listed in the catalog or on the best-seller list as simply "Dutton" but as "Dutton/A Henry Robbins Book." The editor's name and prestige were thus, presumably, on the line with the author's. Less obvious but more important, the editor has also staked his own money on the book. There is nothing so prestigious in the world of publishing today as having your own imprint. There is also nothing quite so profitable.

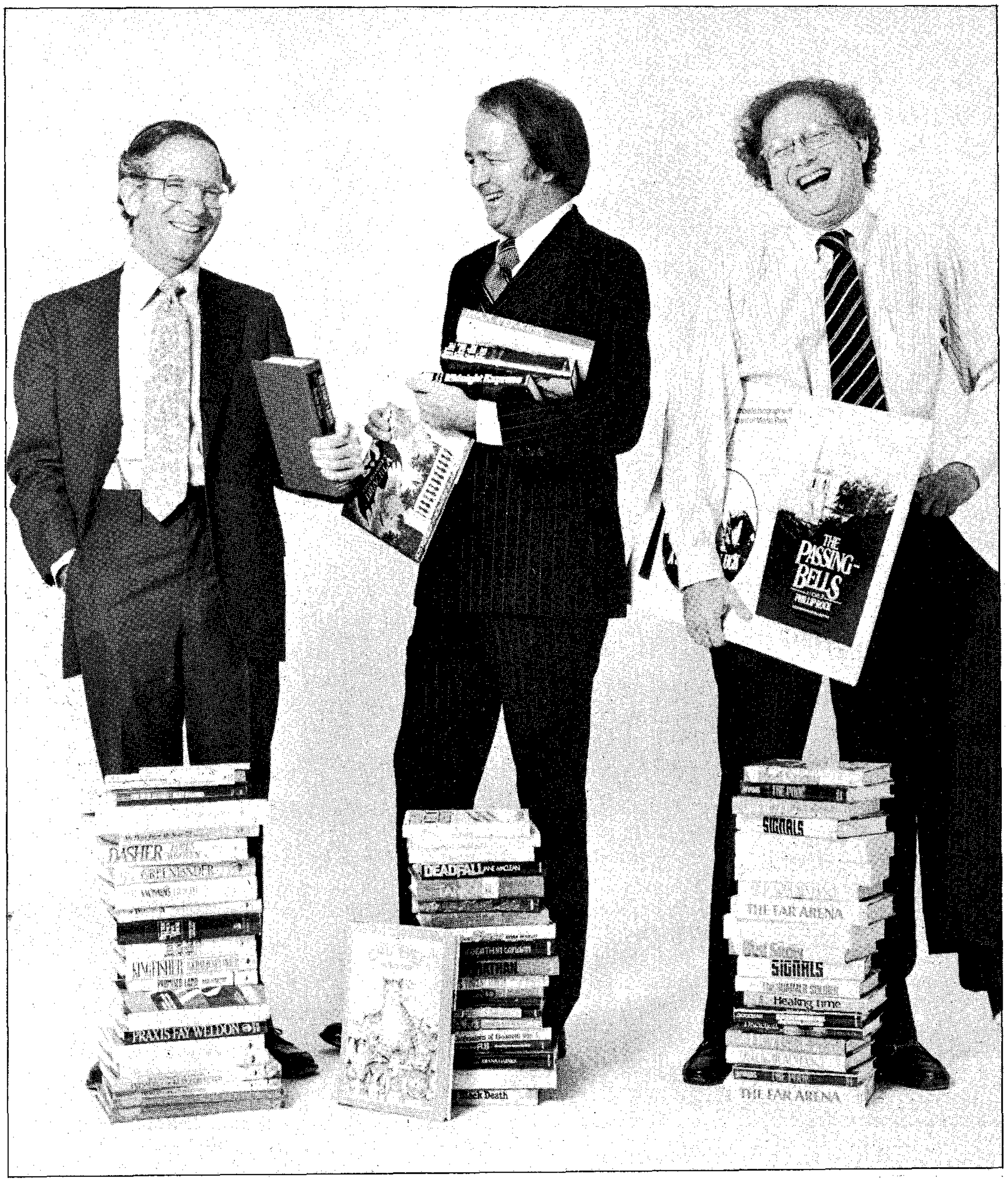
If publishing was once a sleepy, "gentleman's business," it is now a busy industry requiring Centrex switchboards and directors of personnel. Last year, books were a $4.6-billion business. Publishing has become the stomping ground of the conglomerates, whose reputations for ruthlessness are part of contemporary folklore; G. P. Putnam's is not owned by Mr. Putnam but by the faceless MCA/Universal, and so is Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Simon & Schuster, along with New Jersey Zinc and Consolidated Cigar, is a Gulf & Western property. Holt, Rinehart & Winston belongs to CBS, while RCA owns Random House, Alfred A. Knopf, and Pantheon. Not one of the highly profitable major paperback houses is its own master.

And, in these days of improved marketing techniques, one strong title can effortlessly spiral to a million-dollar profit for its publisher, which makes the conglomerates very happy indeed. With just a little effort, $2 million is no longer an impossibility. Suddenly, the editors who have an inside track on those titles have found themselves flush with leverage—but, for the most part, still editing on salaries that distinctly do *not* spiral. (The salary of a typical "senior editor"—a title granted most editors from the day they are assigned an office—will run anywhere from $15,000 to $50,000, but rarely more. Some of the larger houses—Simon & Schuster and Random House, for instance—have been known to reward their top editors with year-end bonuses scaled to the success of their books.)

"Everybody wants the best-seller that can carry a house," observes Helen Meyer, the former chairman of the board at Dell. "And an editor who has a strong alliance with one or two such writers and a strong reputation is in a position to bargain."

In an era when star ball players, bankable movie stars and directors, music moguls, and—most especially—best-selling authors have parlayed contracts into hundreds of thousands of dollars, it

Imprint princes: *Jim Silberman of Summit Books; Tom Congdon, who has an imprint with Dutton; Charles Sopkin of Seaview Books.*

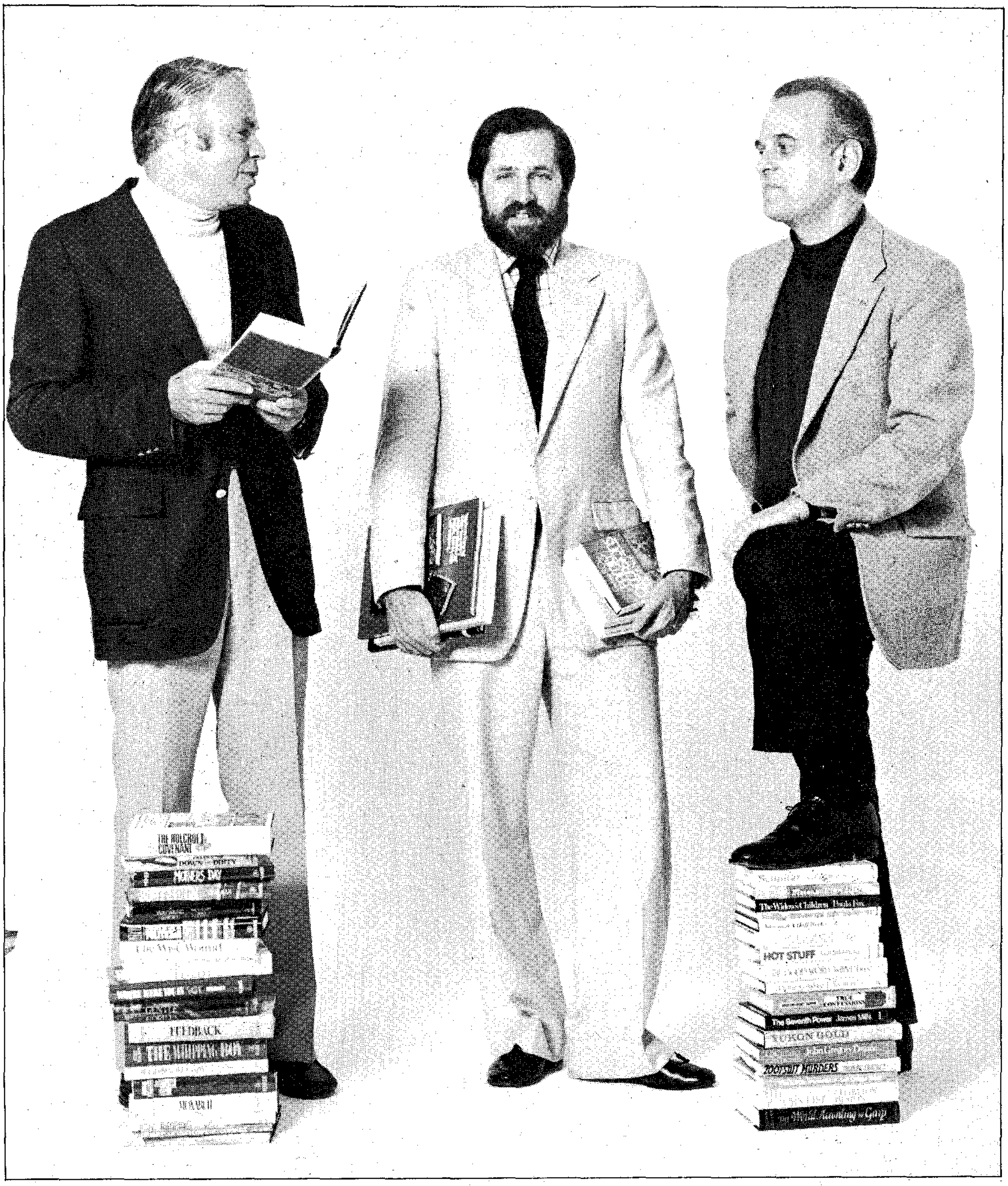


seems inevitable that book editors too should want a sizable return on their labors, both in terms of prestige and of the bottom line. Thus, more and more title pages bear the ego logo: "A Richard Seaver Book/Viking Press" or "An Eleanor Friede Book/Delacorte Press" or any one of a dozen or so variations on that theme. The imprint is a deal that allows the editor to establish his own line of books within an existing company, permitting the editor, in effect, to start his own small publishing house by utilizing the funds, the distribution network, and the service departments of the larger parent house. The arrangement is usually this: The editor is his own boss—reporting only to the president of the company—and his own bookie, gambling on the success of his books by forgoing a salary in favor of a percentage of the profits. "The imprint is the easiest way to start your own publishing house that anyone can afford," says Henry Robbins.

Although the structures vary with each imprint, Richard Marek's operation is typical. Richard Marek Publishers is a separate entity within the Putnam organization; Marek, its president, has a three-year contract, his own profit-and-God-forbid-loss statement, his own glossy catalogs, a staff of three (including two young assistants, who bring in coffee for the boss as well as book contracts for the house), and no ceiling on the amount of money he can make from his operation. What Marek does not have is his own distribution system, his own subsidiary-rights director, publicity director, art director, sales staff, or warehouses. For access to these, Marek pays a fixed percentage of Putnam's overhead.

Other imprint editor-publishers have other deals. Some imprints are treated as subsidiaries distinct from the parent; some are not. Some editors receive weekly checks against their share of the profits. At least one gets a weekly check, period—the name, but not the game. Some editors have ceilings on their takes; some do not. But most imprints thrive on a skeleton staff (three people on average: an editor, associate editor, and secretary), an annual list of 12 to 30 books (which is comparable with that of a small publishing house), and the possibility for personal profits hitherto unknown to book editors. "In a good year," says one imprint editor, "if the moon is right, my colleagues should have no trouble passing the six-figure

Photographed by Mark Chin

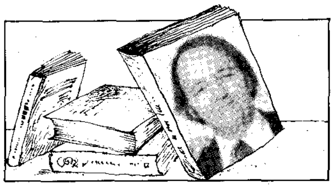


More princes: *Richard Marek; David Obst, with Random House; Henry Robbins, who maintains an imprint at Dutton.*

mark." That is at least one "figure" more than these individuals earned as salaried employees, and, in some cases, two more than they earned when they began careers in publishing twenty years ago.

Personal imprints have been around since William Jovanovich coaxed Helen and Kurt Wolff, the founders of Pantheon, to Harcourt, Brace with such an arrangement seventeen years ago (see box, page 113). What is new, however, is the surge in the number of imprints, the high visibility they suddenly enjoy, and the importance they have taken on in the context of creeping conglomeration. In the past few months, imprints have produced some of the best works published and some of the best-selling. Last summer, over 20 percent of the books on the *Times* hardcover list bore an imprint: *The Women's Room*, Summit (Simon & Schuster); *The Holcroft Covenant*, Marek (Putnam); *The World According to Garp*, Dutton/Robbins; *Illusions: Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*, Delacorte/Eleanor Friede; *Metropolitan Life*, Dutton/Robbins; *Max Perkins: Editor of Genius*, Dutton/Congdon; *The White Dragon*, Ballantine/Del Rey.

With one exception (*Illusions*), these titles were published by one of the half-dozen newest imprints. (*The White Dragon* comes from a "specialty act"—see box, page 113.) The rapid rise and almost instant success of most of these newcomers have convinced the publishing establishment that the imprint idea is indeed viable, financially and otherwise, for all concerned.



Thomas Congdon Books/Dutton Press. Best known as the editor of *Jaws* at Doubleday, Congdon was offered an imprint after a brief and unsatisfactory stint as editor in chief at Dutton. "An imprint is a great simplification," he says. "It reunites the editor with authority over his book and reconnects him with incentives." As befits the editor of *Jaws*, Congdon favors "strongly plotted books with a likable hero." In other words, strongly commercial books such as *Midnight Express*, one of his imprint's first hits. Recently, how-

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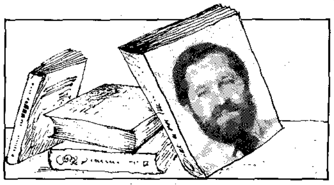
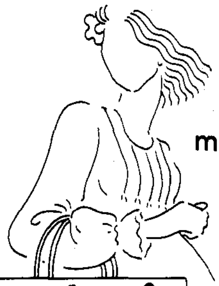
ever, Congdon has begun to bank on more distinguished books. Some time ago, he adventurously signed a contract with an unlikely biographer—a Princeton student named A. Scott Berg—and he now has the widely praised *Max Perkins* muscling his imprint onto best-seller lists.

Richard Marek Publishers. Like most imprinters, Marek aspires to "a real publishing-house mix." But at the moment, his list leans heavily on suspense thrillers (with which he made his reputation as an editor) and self-help books (with which his editor in chief, Joyce Engelson, who came with him from Dial, made her reputation). Energetic and resourceful, Marek is the first personal-imprint publisher to produce a number-one best-seller, Robert Ludlam's *The Holcroft Covenant.* (Ludlam followed Marek from Dial.) "It didn't hurt Dick to have a Ludlam novel on his first list," says Putnam's subsidiary-rights director, Irene Webb, who has succeeded in selling two thirds of Marek's titles to reprinters. "And it surely didn't hurt when that book hit the best-seller list, and it *especially* didn't hurt when *Holcroft* hit No. 1." More recently, Marek sold Fawcett the paperback rights to *Sunflower,* a spy thriller by the wife of a congressman from Indiana, for $500,000. *Sunflower* now looms as one of the big books next spring.



David Obst Books/Random House. Obst, who was formerly not an editor at all but a high-powered Washington agent with a list of high-powered clients (Woodward and Bernstein, for starters), readily admits that he has faltered in comparison with the other imprinters in this new wave. "I've gone from being the first person someone comes to with his book to being the last, from being at the top of one profession to being at the bottom of another," says the 32-year-old Obst. Obst handles all kinds of books: hardcover, softcover, tour books, suspense novels, serious novels, Hollywood autobiographies, even the paperback tie-in to an upcoming John Travolta movie. Thus far, his single modest success has been a colorful paperback guide to highway restaurants called *Roadfood.* Unlike



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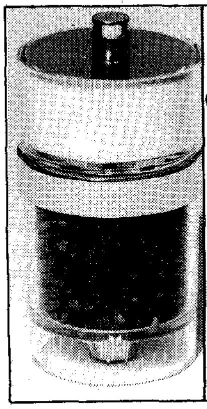

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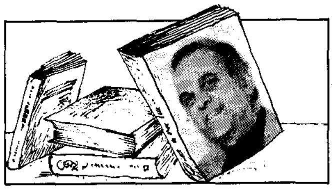
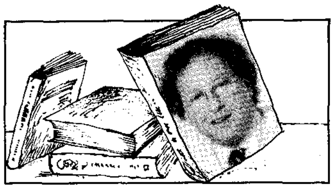
most of the imprinters, Obst shares in his operation's losses ("otherwise it would be like Monopoly money") as well as its profits. Currently, he has Candice Bergen's autobiography under contract, and insiders think that book alone may salvage his situation. "The first two years were to learn, the next two are to earn," Obst smiles.



Henry Robbins Books/Dutton Press. Formerly editor in chief at Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Robbins went to Simon & Schuster, then was lured to Dutton with the promise of an imprint. The intent was to establish a literary line at Dutton and thereby call attention to the list of Dutton books as a whole. That is exactly what Robbins has managed to do—in less than three years. He is particularly skillful at taking literary books and marketing them into commercial hits, as he did with *The World According to Garp;* at Simon & Schuster he brought in Joan Didion's *A Book of Common Prayer.* In addition to John Irving, his list includes Fran Lebowitz, John Gregory Dunne, and Wilfrid Sheed. Dutton recently appointed Robbins editor in chief of the house, although his imprint will continue on a smaller scale. "I have been subsumed," he admits sheepishly.



Seaview Books. Financed by *Playboy,* Seaview commenced operation on April Fools' Day 1977. It is run by Charles Sopkin, who was previously editorial director at Dutton. Although Sopkin doesn't have his name on the imprint, he does have his name on the title of ownership. Until recently, Sopkin shared some of David Obst's problems. Seaview was considered an unknown quantity; a wait-and-see attitude existed on the part of agents and authors. But Seaview recently sold Dell the paperback rights to an upcoming historical novel called *The Passing Bells* for $808,000, which should boost Sopkin's bank account and his credibility substantially. According to Sopkin, his house deals primarily in "the sharply defined realistic novel," which, judging from his list, means bloody adventure stories, tales of the jet set, and Hollywood fiction written by Elke Sommer's husband.

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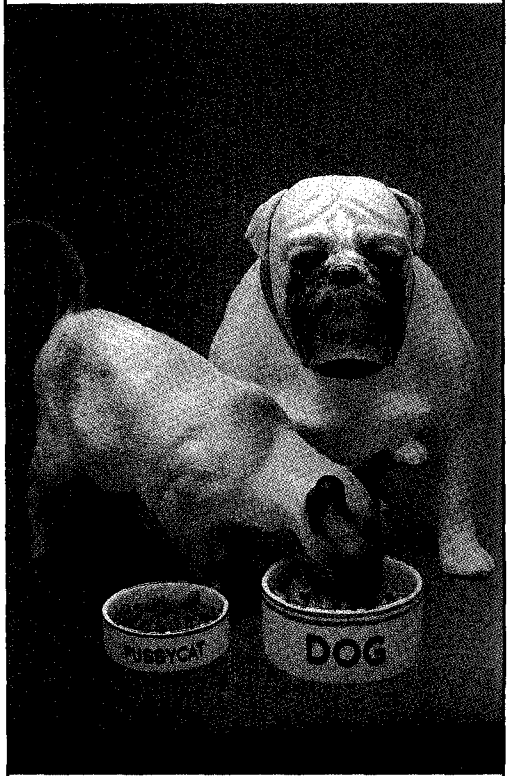

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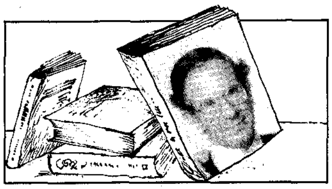

Summit Books. Summit is an autonomous division of Simon & Schuster, so it is in fact a child of Gulf & Western. But the house is under the direction of James Silberman, its editor and president, who was responsible for many successful works, among them *Ragtime* and *Future Shock*, during his thirteen-year tenure as editor in chief at Random House. Silberman's setup is quite similar to Richard Marek's, and like Marek, Silberman has established his house quickly, assisted by a first novel on his first list last fall—Marilyn French's *The Women's Room*. Silberman's taste is eclectic—and so, consequently, is his list. Summit's current hit is a critically acclaimed travel book on South America, *In Patagonia*, which has already gone into its fourth printing. "If Jim Silberman wanted to be carried to work by eight slaves every day, that would be okay by me," says one fifteen-year veteran of the profession. "He's the best there is."

Whether or not these editors, and their longer-established imprint colleagues, are actually the best in the city is not the point (although they are certainly among the most aggressive, incisive, and clever). The point is they have the reputation for being among the best—and, in some cases, for attracting the most desirable authors. The imprint is, ideally, a marriage of convenience for author, editor, and publishing house—each has something the others want.

For the author it might be a matter of receiving the personal attention that escapes him in the machinery of a large, diverse house. "Not long after I came to Summit," says James Silberman, "an author asked me how this operation was different for me than Random House was. I told him, 'Simple. If I were still at Random House, we wouldn't be having this conversation. I wouldn't have the time for it.' "

"Authors like to have somebody to

Imprint Publishing: A Capsule History

Like show business and war—both of which the book industry resembles more each day—personal-imprint publishing has its veterans, its specialty acts, and its sad stories.

The most prominent surviving veterans are **Helen Wolff** and **Seymour Lawrence.** Wolff, along with her late husband, Kurt, established the first personal imprint—in 1961 at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. It has focused primarily on English translations of works by well-known European authors, such as Günther Grass. Lawrence, whose imprint at Delacorte started in 1965, was responsible for *Slaughterhouse-Five*, the book that catapulted Kurt Vonnegut to national recognition. He had also published Nobel laureates Pablo Neruda and Miguel Asturias. His wife, **Merloyd**, also has an imprint. The third-oldest imprint began only seven years ago at Viking — an indication of the caution with which the industry has embraced the idea. It belongs to **Richard Seaver,** whose taste, like his predecessors', runs to the avant-garde. In 1974, on the basis of her association with Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* (which she edited for Macmillan) **Eleanor Friede** maneuvered an imprint for herself at Delacorte, where she subsequently has published Bach's latest best-seller, *Illusions*, as well as the fiction of Françoise Sagan.

The top two specialty acts in adult trade publishing are **Joan Kahn** at Harper & Row, who deals mainly in mysteries, and **Judy-Lynn** and **Lester del Rey** at Ballantine, who traffic in science fiction.

And the saddest story is that of **Clarkson N. Potter,** who began his own house in 1959 and then, when independence was no longer economically practical in 1963, sold it as an imprint to Nat Wortels of Crown. Three years ago, when he departed Crown, Potter was forced to leave his name behind. Since then, his imprint has been attached to volumes that he has had nothing to do with, including such current titles as *Who's Who in Egyptian Mythology* and *Fold a Banana and 146 Other Things to Do When You're Bored.*

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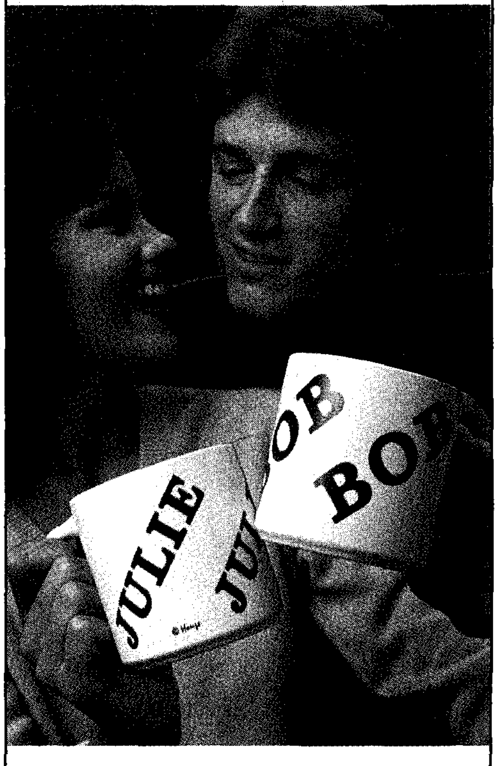

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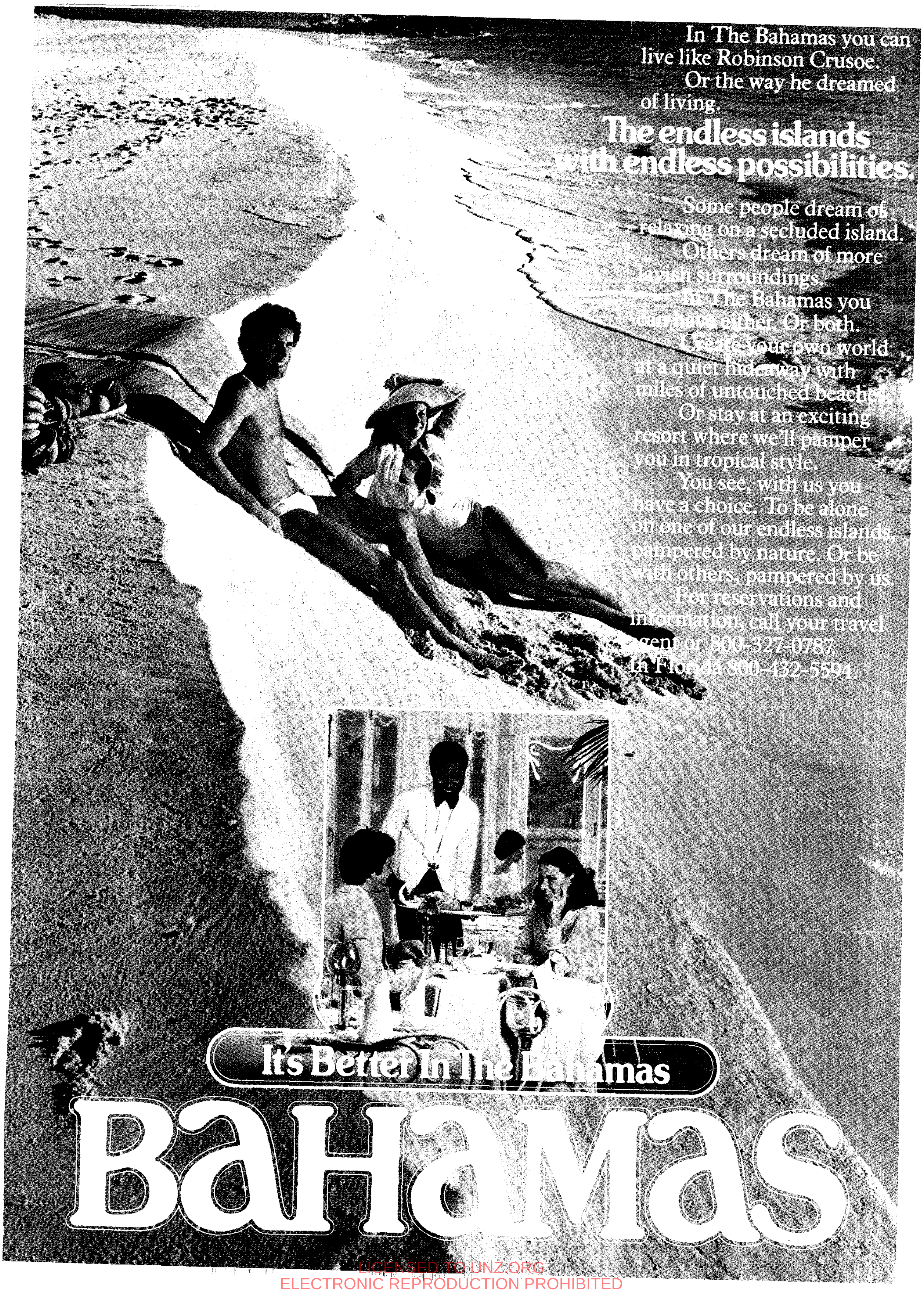

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talk to," says Richard Marek. "And the size of this operation allows me to talk a great deal." Authors also like to have their books handled with care and promoted with enthusiasm and expertise, which is particularly likely to happen if the editor has a financial stake in the book's fate. "If Henry Robbins hadn't published *Metropolitan Life* under his imprint," says ICM agent Erica Spellman, who represents Fran Lebowitz, "I don't think it would have gotten the strong initial push it did."

The loose rules of these corporate marriages permit the imprint editor to proceed without the time-consuming administrative duties and personnel problems that plague top editors. "If you are good at publishing," says Charles Sopkin, "you reach an executive level where the administrative work begins to swamp you. I wasn't dealing with books when I was at Dutton. I was spending all my time worrying about whether or not some kids would have windows in their offices." Echoes Richard Marek remorsefully: "I wrote a *lot* of memos at Dial." According to these imprinters, a major advantage is that the editor once again gets to edit—in his office during the daylight hours.

To bestow an imprint is not an act of charity or a tax write-off on the part of the parent company. "The house gets an expensive editor without paying him unless the success is there," explains Congdon. Also, the house itself can acquire status. "When Henry Robbins went to Dutton," says James Silberman, "it was not the kind of house that could get a top editor like Robbins *without* offering him an imprint." Or, as another seasoned editor put it, "Putnam's is a commercial schlock house that wanted to improve its image by bringing in Marek, an editor with a reputation for quality. This was a good way for them to look classy and make a lot of money at the same time." It is no coincidence that Delacorte and Dutton, with their undistinguished recent histories, each have two such deals, while Knopf and Farrar, Straus and Giroux have none. Nor is it a coincidence that Grosset and Dunlap, whose main distinction of late has been printing the memoirs of Richard Nixon, has set up two personal imprints within the past year: Fred Jordan and Paul Fargis.

In addition to securing a top-notch acquiring editor, the publishing house may secure that editor's stable of already acquired authors, which would probably be impossible and impossibly expensive to assemble otherwise. "I had a good idea which writers would come with me from Dial or else I never would have accepted Putnam's offer,"

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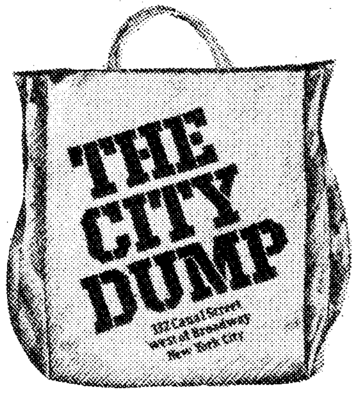

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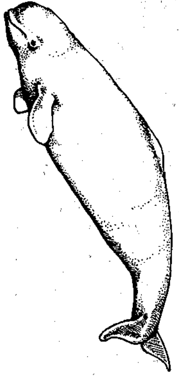
admits Richard Marek. Robert Ludlam, for example, has never been edited by anyone other than Marek. His manuscripts come in at 1,000 pages and Marek molds them into manageable and captivating best-sellers. (Within publishing circles, Marek's influence on Ludlam's novels is considered so strong that the books have been referred to as "collaborative efforts.") Random House, sorry to have missed out on the big books David Obst handled as an agent, believed that it could acquire some of Obst's clients if it first acquired Obst.

Not surprisingly, the new imprinters have declared their relative independence by taking chances on some chancy books. Robbins admits that he has "exploited" the literary reputation of his imprint "to validate books that might be difficult to validate otherwise," such as his latest offering, the journals of Charlton Heston. Richard Marek, who is nothing if not inventive, recently gave away—literally—a first novel that he believed would be otherwise overlooked by booksellers. The entire 10,000-copy first printing of *The House of God* was distributed gratis to bookstores, which then sold the $9.95 novel at a 100 percent profit. (The author, a physician, forfeited his royalties on the first printing, as perhaps only a doctor could have afforded to do.) That campaign sparked controversy in the industry, letters of support in *Publisher's Weekly,* extensive publicity for the novel and its unorthodox publisher, a paperback deal, and a movie sale. "The mad publisher strikes again," grins Marek.

"A house like Doubleday only expects one out of every twelve books to do well," maintains David Obst. An imprint editor, on the other hand, expects a far greater percentage of his books to do well. He has to. His income, his contract, his public record, his pride, and his summer house in the Hamptons are riding on those titles. Fortunately for both editor and author, the peculiar imprint setup combines the best of both worlds: the considerable personal attention that is the hallmark of a small house and the expert advertising-promotion-publicity-sales network that is the advantage of a large house. Indeed, the title that would be halfway down the list of a large publisher is the staple, and sometimes the lead title, of the imprint publisher.

"Anyone can do the books clearly marked for best-sellerdom. And anyone can do the small books that won't go anywhere," says Robbins, who has done his share of both. "It's the books that would be the middle titles elsewhere that benefit the most from the imprint. When I was at Simon & Schuster, someone once explained to me that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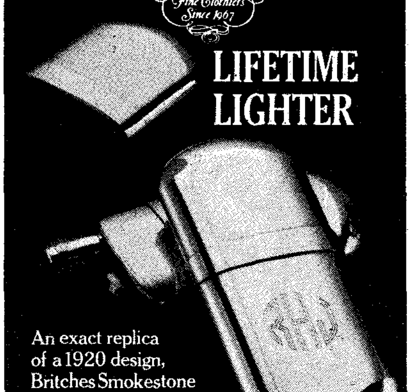
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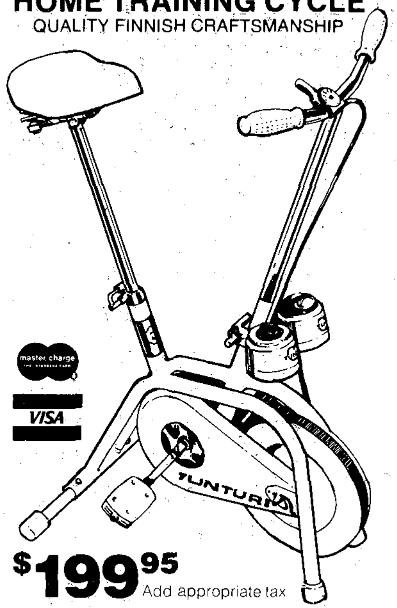
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for S & S, it wasn't worth the extra effort to turn a small loser into a small winner. The additional costs would offset the difference. If a book *earns* $3,000 or *loses* $3,000, that cuts no ice at Simon & Schuster."

On the scaled-down list and the scaled-down overhead of an imprinter, that difference does cut a cube or two.

Given their short histories, it is not clear what the future holds for these imprints, whether they will become fixtures in the industry (as Helen Wolff and Seymour Lawrence have become) or whether they are merely passing fancies. As with any subject in the publishing world, there is no unanimous opinion. Robert Gottlieb, the editor in chief at Knopf, considers personal imprints inconsequential. "Publishing stays the same," he contends, "no matter what the externals are or what externals are suddenly created."

But James Silberman thinks otherwise: "Right now, the market is healthy for everyone. I envision a future where the structure of publishing will be identical to the structure of Hollywood, where a man buys a single property and, suddenly, he's a producer, where you have people coming in and out of the market constantly." The Hollywood analogy is one heard often in the book business these days.

Indeed, whatever the imprint's ultimate impact and importance, one thing is clear. The phenomenon has already produced its own peculiar form of publishing schizophrenia:

In his eleventh-floor office, Richard Marek the mad publisher boasts that he "doesn't know what people mean when they talk about a book being bad or good"—while Richard Marek the model editor insists that "a book is not a plaything." Marek the publisher knowingly points out that "*The Prophet* sells better for Knopf than Thomas Mann does"—while Marek the editor counters that "*Ulysses* is one of Random House's all-time top sellers." The publisher growls that "ads are sometimes only for the author's ego"—while the editor contends that "authors are wonderful people."

So who's in charge here: the sharp-penciled publisher who tailors the budgets and refuses to call himself a gentleman, or the sharp-penciled editor who tailors manuscripts and has read *Remembrance of Things Past* all the way through? Who has the last word?

"I try not to think about that," says Marek, trying not to think about it. "But," adds the man with the percentage of the profits, "I have recently come to appreciate that it is much cheaper to send a manuscript by fourth-class mail than to send it by messenger." ■

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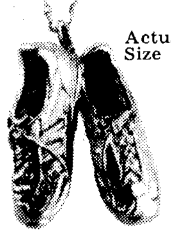

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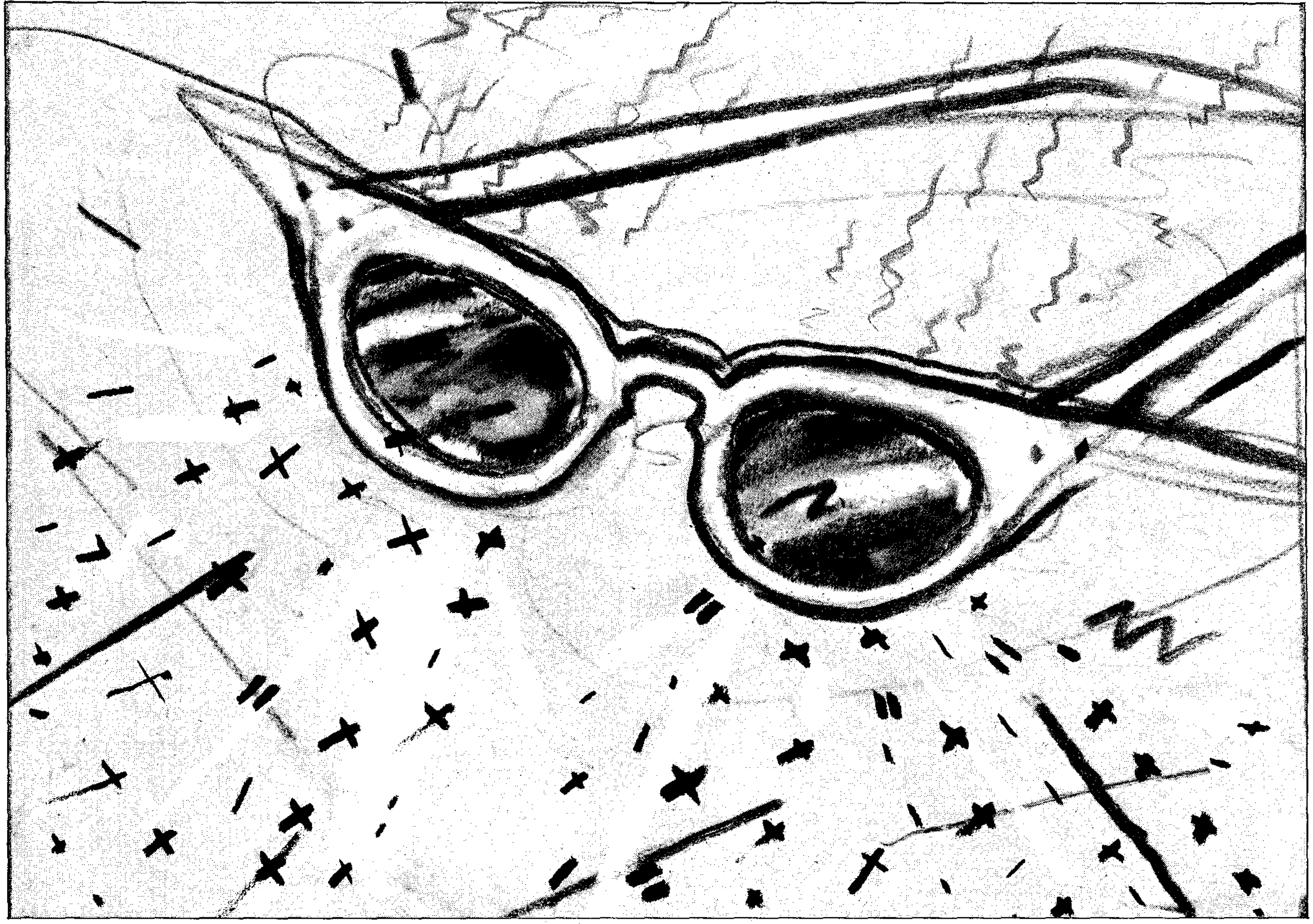
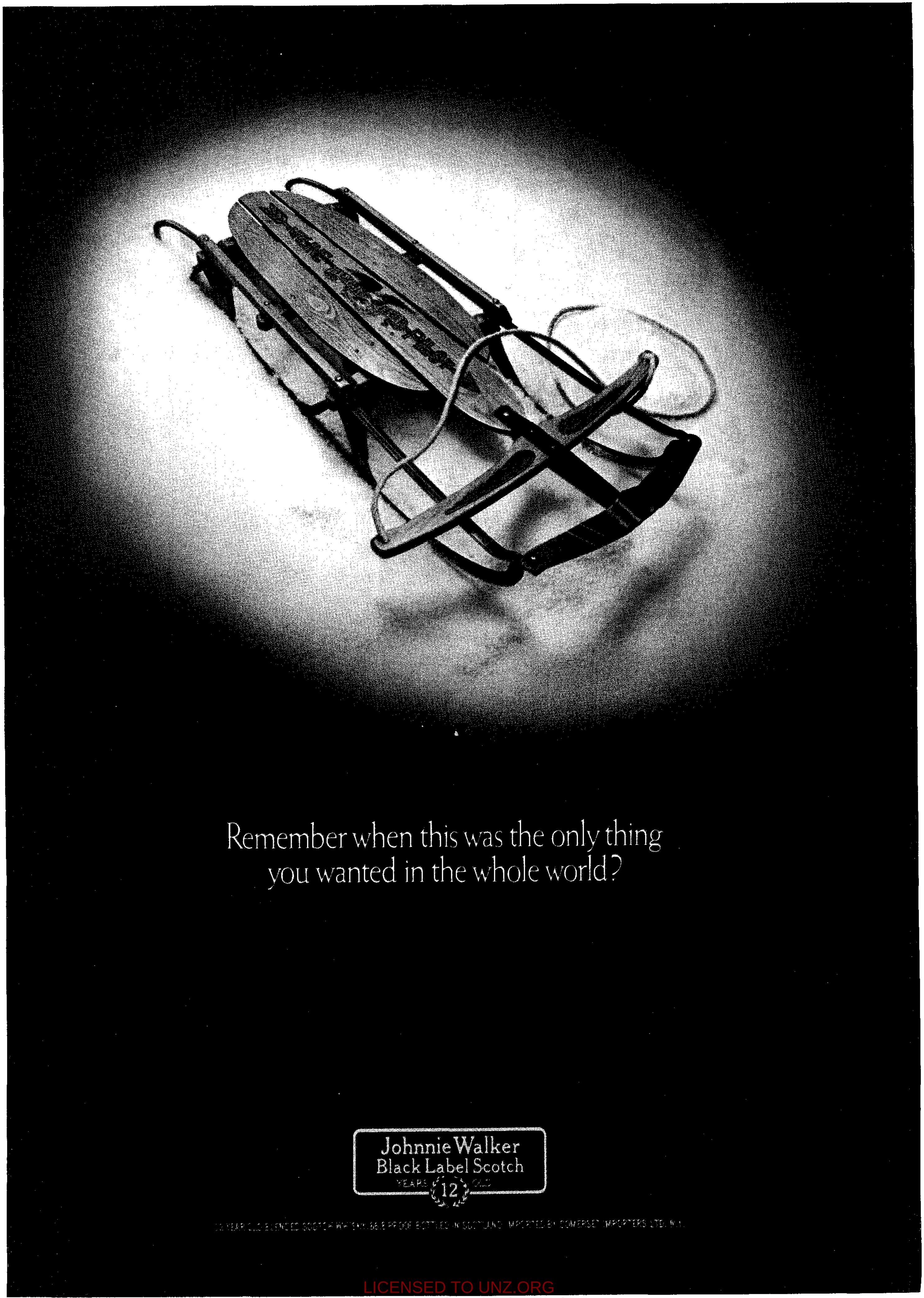


Illustration by Cathy Barancik

Are you reading this magazine through glasses or contact lenses? If you went for a walk at lunchtime today, did you wear your pink-tinted aviator shades? For that matter, *did* you go for a walk outside, or did you simply jump in a cab with the windows rolled up, work all day under fluorescent lights, and then take the subway home an hour after sunset? Any yes answers to the above and you may be deficient in a nutrient you've forgotten to worry about: natural light.

Though most doctors across the country are probably not yet querying patients about what kind of light they live under every day, some doctors are coming to believe that this question may be an entirely relevant one. Light, they contend, is a nutrient just as much as water or food, and is absorbed by our bodies and used in a variety of metabolic processes. Unfortunately, the artificial light most of us live under is vastly inferior to the natural variety, so the theory goes, and we may be as starved for certain constituents of full-spectrum light as we are for the nutrients and vitamins taken out of refined foods.

People who study the effects of light on earth's creatures are called photobiologists, and some of them reason along these lines: All life on this planet was created and evolved under light from the sun, known to science as the total electromagnetic spectrum and containing—besides the visible color we can see—ultraviolet and infrared radiation. Over millions of years, we lived largely outdoors, sleeping when it was dark and hard to see, and working during the day, an arrangement that continued right up through 1900, when even in the United States over 75 percent of the labor force still rose at dawn to work outside. Then along came the light bulb, and by 1970 less than 10 percent of the population was working outdoors in natural light, with probably even less following any



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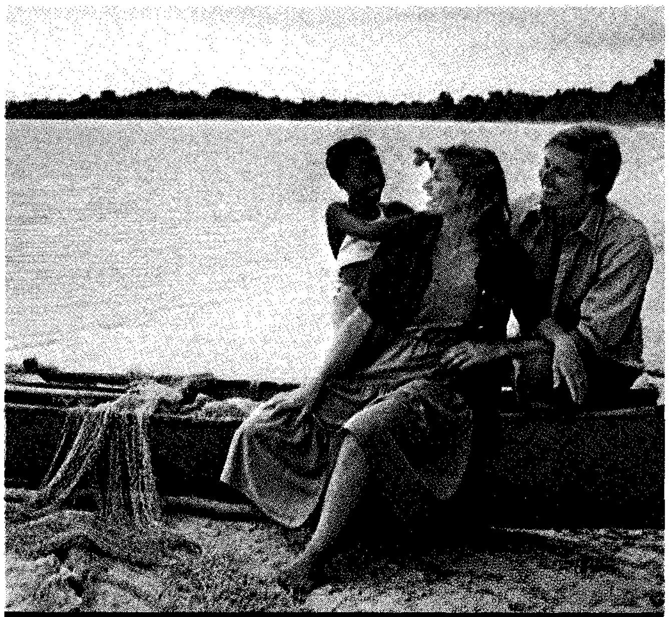

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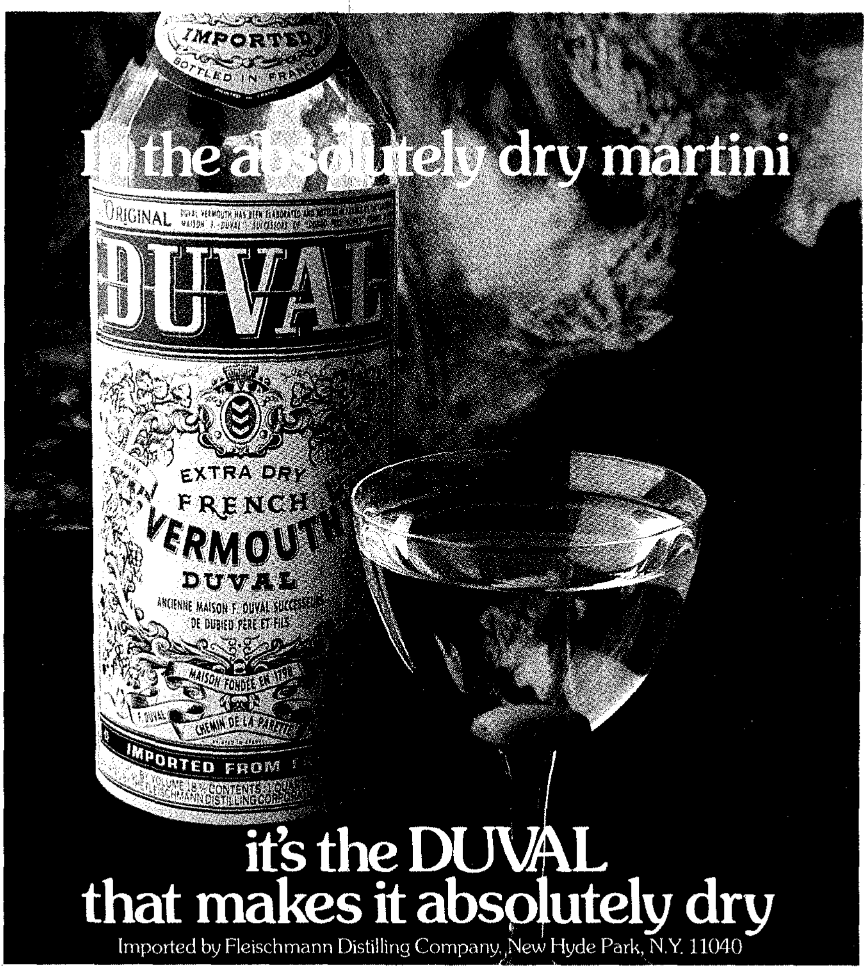
EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY

sort of to-bed-with-the-chickens-and-up-at-dawn routine. Though light from the sun reaches earth in a band with wavelengths ranging from 290 to 3,500 monometers (as light is measured), we moved indoors, where the best light provided is between 380 and 770 monometers. All of which leads to the inevitable question: Can we abandon full-spectrum light so completely and still remain our healthy, happy selves?

One doctor who's been interested in finding the answer is Dr. Richard J. Wurtman, director of the neuroendocrine laboratory at MIT. "So far we've been mostly concerned with how well we can see by light or how it looks aesthetically," says Dr. Wurtman. "Maybe it's time we started considering its effects on human health." Light, he believes, has two types of effects on us: "It affects us directly by causing a photochemical response in the skin or subcutaneous tissues—one result of which can be sunburn—and, indirectly, it affects us through photoreceptors in our eyes." Light striking the retina stimulates the optic nerve, which, it seems, in turn sends out impulses to the hypothalamus, a part of the brain with a great influence on emotions. From there, stimulation travels through neurochemical channels to the pituitary and pineal glands, which release the hormones that control body chemistry. Hens, for example, lay their eggs in response to light stimulating their pituitary glands. The poultry industry now uses artificial light to prevent their closing up shop early on short winter days.

Nobody can say exactly how light affects human endocrinology, because there have as yet been no experiments on humans. But studies done by Dr. Wurtman on the endocrine systems of laboratory animals exposed to different types of light have shown that rats raised under "cool white" fluorescent (called "cool" because it emits so little ultraviolet and its red and yellow color emissions are so unlike the sun's) not only have larger spleens and smaller hearts than rats raised under full-spectrum light, their gonads (female ovaries and male testes) were smaller. Dr. Wurtman believes that this study—and others—provides evidence that light influences the growth and secretory activity of several endocrine organs.

Another doctor who believes that light may be medically significant is Dr. Robert Neer, a clinical researcher at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and at Harvard Medical School, whose particular field is bone disease. We are now at the same point of ignorance with regard to what causes brittle bones in the elderly, he believes, as we once were with what caused rickets in children—deficient light. Rick-



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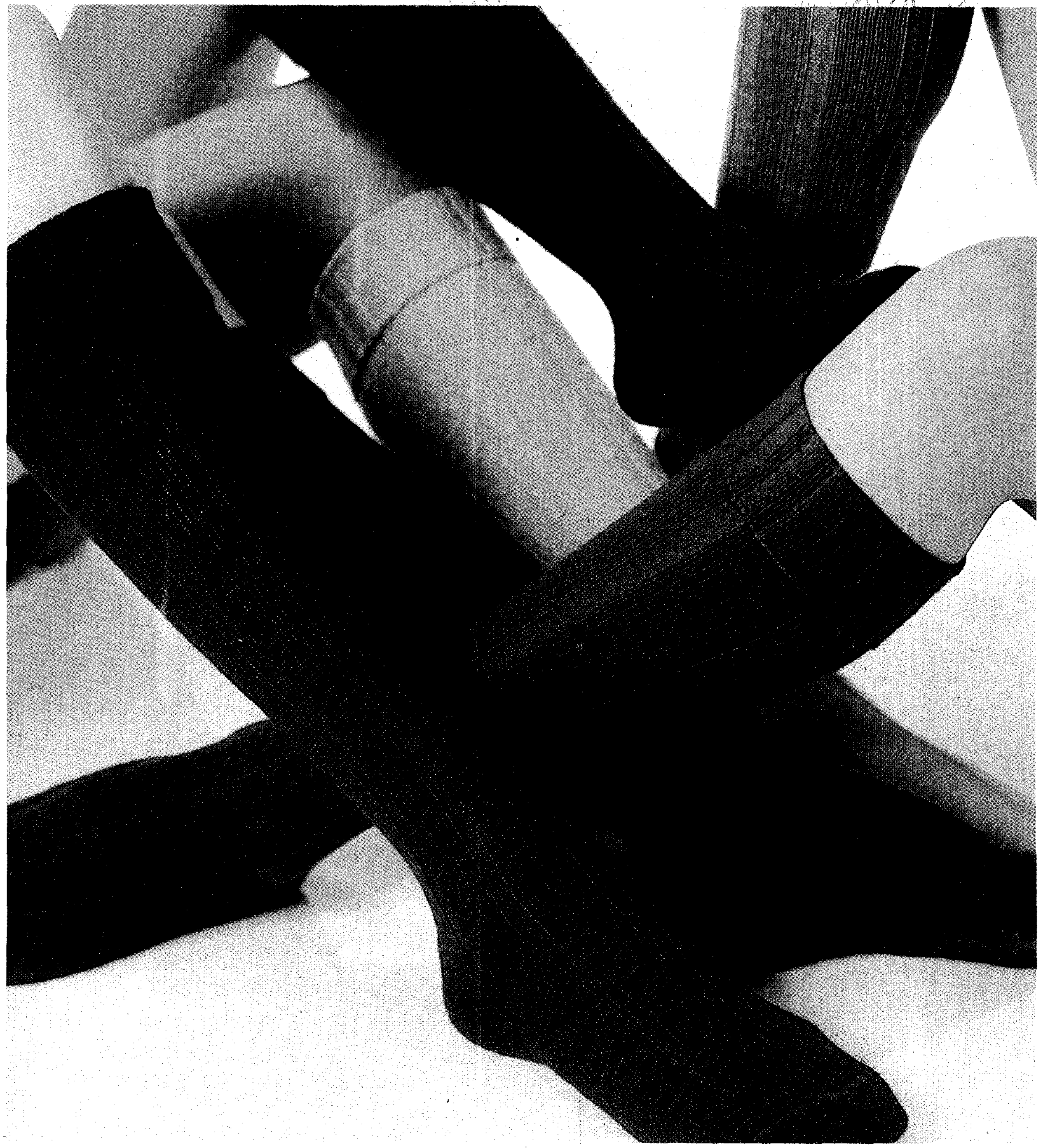

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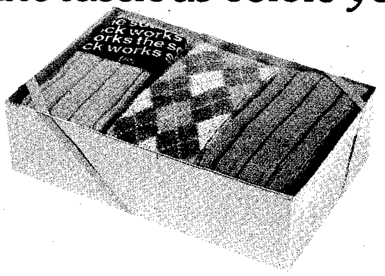

the sock works

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A DIVISION OF CAMP INDUSTRIES • 1290 Avenue of the Americas • New York N.Y. 10022 ets, a deforming disease in which the bones are so lacking in minerals they become soft and bend under pressure, was so common in smog-covered northern cities as late as 1923 that few children escaped unscathed. Finally, in a great public-health triumph, it was proved that ultraviolet in sunshine was what cured and prevented rickets by causing a photochemical reaction in the skin which produced a hormone called "vitamin D." At about the same time, it was found that this vitamin D could be synthetically duplicated. When added to milk and other food, synthetic vitamin D virtually wiped out rickets.

Investigators suspect, but can't yet prove, that osteoporosis, which causes aging people to stoop, lose height, and easily break bones, is also caused by insufficient vitamin D. Without it the body's ability to absorb calcium is diminished. Since most adults religiously avoid staying outside, and even more avoid milk with vitamin D added, adult intake of the vitamin is often zero. Further, it has never been proved that taking supplements of the synthetic vitamin (D_2) is as biologically effective in adults as the naturally formed vitamin D_3. Indeed, one study showed that 80 to 90 percent of the vitamin D activity in human blood samples was traceable to the naturally formed D_3, in spite of the addition of D_2 to foods.

Though no effective medical techniques as yet exist to measure calcium in living bone, the amount of intestinal calcium absorption *can* be measured, and Dr. Neer and other researchers carried out a study on calcium and ultraviolet at the Chelsea Soldiers' Home in Boston. Comparing a group of ten elderly men living under full-spectrum fluorescent with ten living under cool-white, it was found that, over the winter, calcium absorption in the cool-white group fell by 25 percent, while that of those living under simulated sunlight *increased* by an average of 15 percent—the absorption of each man increasing in proportion to how deficient he'd been when the experiment began. "The amount of ultraviolet needed to produce this effect was much below that needed to cause even a trace of sunburn," says Dr. Neer. "An eight-hour exposure was equivalent to what you'd get taking a fifteen-minute lunchtime walk in Washington, D.C., early in the spring." He went on to emphasize that though much evidence has accumulated to show that ultraviolet definitely affects vitamin D levels in the blood, there's still no conclusive evidence to show that by getting more natural light you're actually improving your health. "We need more information," he says.

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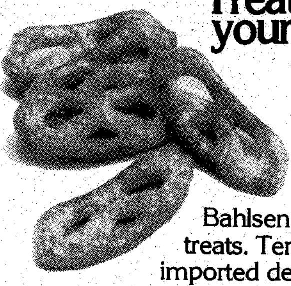

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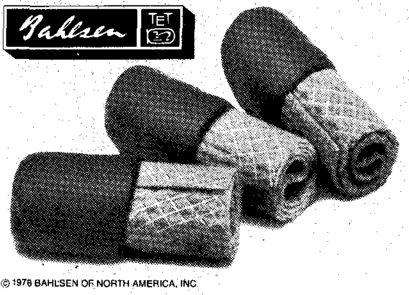

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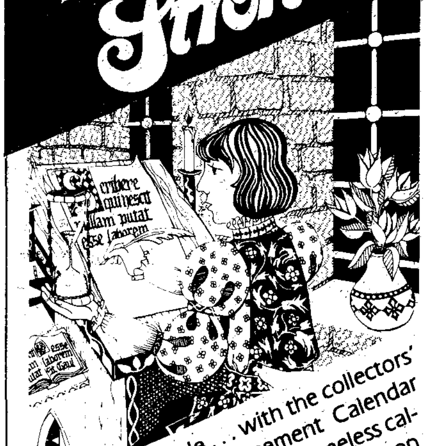

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Fortunately, more and more qualified people are getting interested in providing this information. The National Institutes of Health has recently opened a Laboratory of Environmental Biophysics, headed by Colin F. Chignell, Ph.D., in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, to look into the matter, and two new research societies have been established: the American Society of Photobiology, headed by Dr. Kendric C. Smith, of Stanford University's School of Medicine, in California, and the Center for Light Research, founded by Dr. Ott and headed by C. G. Saltarelli, Ph.D., in Fort Lauderdale. At present, both the Environmental Biophysics Lab and the Center for Light Research are studying the effects of fluorescent light on lab animals, and both expect to publish important findings within the year. Meanwhile, here are some recent findings that proponents of improving the quality of light consider significant:

☐ Studies done in Russia and borne out by a study done by John Ott in schools around this country showed that schoolchildren who had low levels of ultraviolet added to the school lighting systems over a year's time were less hyperactive, had higher grades, and grew faster. A recent study conducted by the Center for Improvement of Undergraduate Education of Cornell University also reported finding less fatigue and better visual acuity in students under full-spectrum rather than cool-white fluorescent. In another study conducted by Lewis W. Mayron, Ph.D., of the Nuclear Medicine Research Program, V.A. Hospital, Hines, Illinois, and other researchers, it was found that children who spent their days under cool-white light developed significantly more cavities than those working under full-spectrum.

☐ Zoos have been finding that birds, fish, and other creatures which were wasting away under standard fluorescent lighting flourish under simulated sunlight. Pit vipers, which have long preferred to starve rather than eat in captivity, were accepting food within days after sunlight-simulating lamps containing ultraviolet were installed. And thanks to these new lights, the New York Zoological Garden Zoo scored an ornithological triumph with its tufted puffins: the first fertile egg ever laid in captivity by the species.

☐ The Laboratory of Environmental Biophysics lists three different reports from prestigious institutions showing that light from ordinary fluorescent lamps can cause mutations in the chromosomes of mammalian cells. One researcher, Dr. Mathew Bradley, at the National Cancer Institute's Laboratory of Molecular Pharmacology in Bethes-

Remember the summer?

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PHOTO CREDITS: Fireworks by Macy's 4th of July Fireworks on the Hudson. All other photos by R. Weinreb.

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"...Hamsters with tumors lived much longer in natural light than in fluorescent..."

da, Maryland, emphasized, however, that the wavelength he thought caused the mutations was also believed to be in sunlight, and he felt that if fluorescent light caused cancer in people so would natural sunlight.

☐ Working in conjunction with Dr. Edward F. Scanlon, head of the Tumor Research Committee of the Evanston Hospital, the Center for Light Research—then called the Environmental Health and Light Research Institute and headed by Dr. John Ott—found that slow-acting tumor transplants injected into hamsters took significantly longer to develop in hamsters kept in natural light than in those living under white fluorescent. The animals under fluorescent light lived an average of 29 days, whereas those kept under natural, full-spectrum light averaged 43 days. In a similar experiment with the C_3H strain of mice (a laboratory mouse highly susceptible to spontaneous tumor development) those kept under pink fluorescents developed tumors and died, on the average, in seven and a half months; the animals under lights with increasingly broad spectrums showed progressions in life spans up to sixteen and one tenth months. This and many other interesting experiments conducted by Dr. Ott, a pioneer in the field of light research, are described in his book *Health and Light*. Unfortunately, Dr. Ott's degree in science is only an honorary one—from Loyola University—and the American Cancer Society and other institutions turned down his requests for grants for further research.

In spite of such intriguing items as the above, nearly every researcher I talked to echoed Dr. Kendric Smith, who told me, "No studies done so far on light and human health show definitely that one kind of light is healthier than another. They show only that we should do more research." Other M.D.'s, however, firmly believe we should be paying more attention to the light around us, and one is New York's Dr. H. L. Newbold. Dr. Newbold, a psychiatrist who became convinced that conventional medicine isn't paying enough attention to nutrition, got into the field himself and now considers light to be one of the most common nutritional deficiencies. "I firmly believe that by adding full-spectrum-light stimulation to the other therapies I employ for emotionally disturbed people, I've helped many of them to achieve a higher level of improvement," he says in his book *Mega-Nutrients for Your Nerves*, which has a well-reasoned chapter on light. I visited him in his Mercer Street office, which was lit entirely by sunlight-simulating fluorescent, making me squint momentarily, and had windows of special plastic to transmit ultraviolet from outdoors. (Ultraviolet won't go through glass—you'll never get your knees tanned by baring them behind the windshield of your car.) Here are some things Dr. Newbold thinks we can do to minimize the effect on us of polluted light.

Most important, we should try to spend as much time as possible outdoors. Walk to work; go out at noon; if you're meeting someone at the Whitney on Saturday, wait for him outside. Dr. Newbold always walks on the sunny side of the street himself but emphasizes that being in the sun isn't what's necessary—natural light, with its full spectrum, is what's important. Getting no ultraviolet, he believes, can have as ill an effect as getting too much, which, as we all know, causes burns, wrinkles, and sometimes skin cancer. It's a matter of common sense—a walk in the noonday sun in December, when the amount of ultraviolet radiation is about a fifteenth of what it is in June, is obviously good for most people, whereas an hour in the summer midday sun at the beach would be excessive. If you're still worried about getting too much ultraviolet, you might keep in mind that tests have shown that in the past 50 years smog has reduced the amount of ultraviolet reaching Los Angeles by about 26 percent.

We should never wear sunglasses unless it's absolutely necessary. Wearing sunglasses or contacts will distort the normal solar spectrum. If you must wear glasses, especially reading glasses, you might consider investing in lenses especially made to absorb light uniformly and to transmit ultraviolet. "Apparently the reflection of light that we receive from the written page is a major source of stimulation to the retina of the eyes," says Dr. Newbold. "Since full-spectrum-light stimulation is so important, it's mandatory to wear reading glasses that will transmit it." Full-spectrum lenses can be ordered by any optometrist or ophthalmologist from the Armolite Lense Company, P.O. Box 1038, Burbank, California 91505. Full-spectrum contacts can be obtained from the Milton Roy Company, P.O. Box 1899, Sarasota, Florida 33578. The average lens will cost $22 more than

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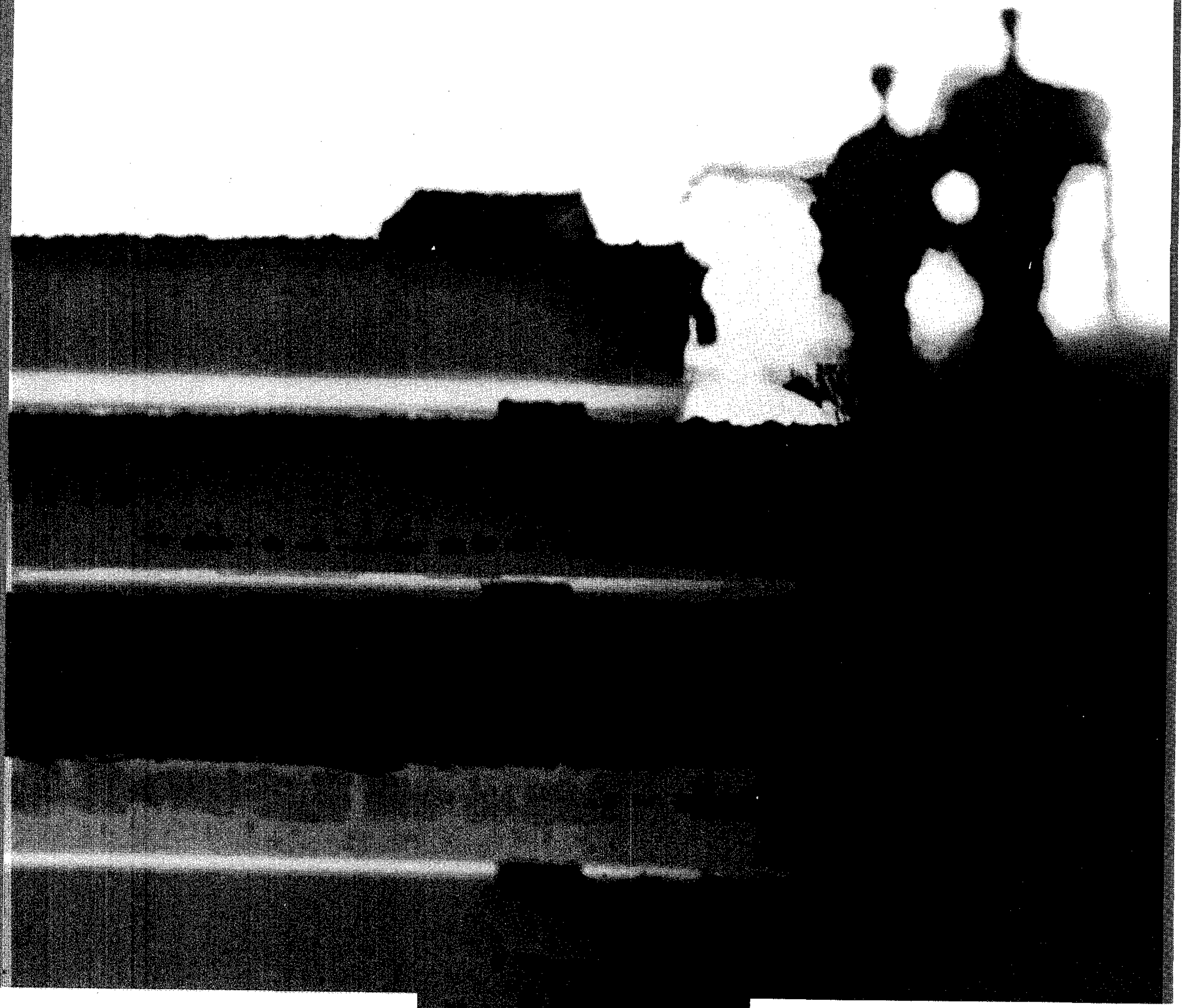

Side 1

Do It Again
Reeling In The Years
My Old School
Bodhisattva

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East St. Louis Toodle-oo
Rikki Don't Lose That Number
Pretzel Logic
Any Major Dude

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Side 3

Here At The Western World†
Black Friday
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Doctor Wu
Haitian Divorce

Side 4

Kid Charlemagne
The Fez
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usual and take about two weeks to make; bifocals cost slightly more. "Even though they're more costly, I've never had a patient who switched to full-spectrum lenses want to switch back," says Dr. Nathan Shutz, a Village optometrist who's been fitting them for years. "My feeling is that all glasses should be made this way." I ordered his lenses for my reading glasses and would never consider switching back.

You might consider installing full-spectrum, sun-simulating Vita-Lites in key spots, such as over your desk or in the kitchen. Even if you work in an office, you can take out the regular fluorescent above your desk and install a Vita-Lite; at the least, you can put one in the lamp over your desk. Any light dealer can order one for you from Duro-Lite Corporation, 1710 Willow Street, Fair Lawn, New Jersey 07410, or you can buy them at Spiro Electric, 15 East 16th Street; the Plant Shed, 515 East 72nd Street; Harry Gitlin, Inc., 305 East 60th Street; Brite Electric Sales, 221 East 38th Street; and Rosetta Electric, 21 West 46th Street.

A 15-watt 18-inch tube is $7.90; a 40-watt 48-inch tube is also $7.90; a circular tube to fit a Luxo Lamp is $23.80. "Vita-Lite has all the good points of fluorescent—more light for less wattage—*without* any of its bad points," says Larry Johnson of the Duro-Test Corporation. Since Vita-Lites only come in tubes, you can't hope to convert your incandescent lamps or track lighting. (Incandescent light isn't considered as bad for you by light purists as fluorescent, incidentally, because it doesn't distort the spectrum as much.) I put a Vita-Lite over my desk. Maybe it's just the comfort of having been persuaded that this light is better for me, but somehow I don't think I'll be switching back to regular fluorescent.

Finally, if you can't get outside much and don't want Vita-Lites overhead, you might consider getting a sunlamp. (Dr. Newbold lies under his a couple of times a week and believes the inexpensive GE model [$26] is as good as any.) In Russia, daily exposure to low dosages of ultraviolet is prescribed by law for coal miners as an aid in fighting black lung. Researchers believe that ultraviolet light stimulates enzyme reactions, increases the activity of the entire endocrine system, and increases immunological responses. And the U.S. Navy has been irradiating its personnel on submarine duty. There has been less illness among irradiated crewmen, the navy reports, and full-spectrum lighting has had a definite beneficial effect on the sailors' emotional lives.

I don't know what you're going to do when you finish reading this, but when I finish writing it, I'm going outside. ▬

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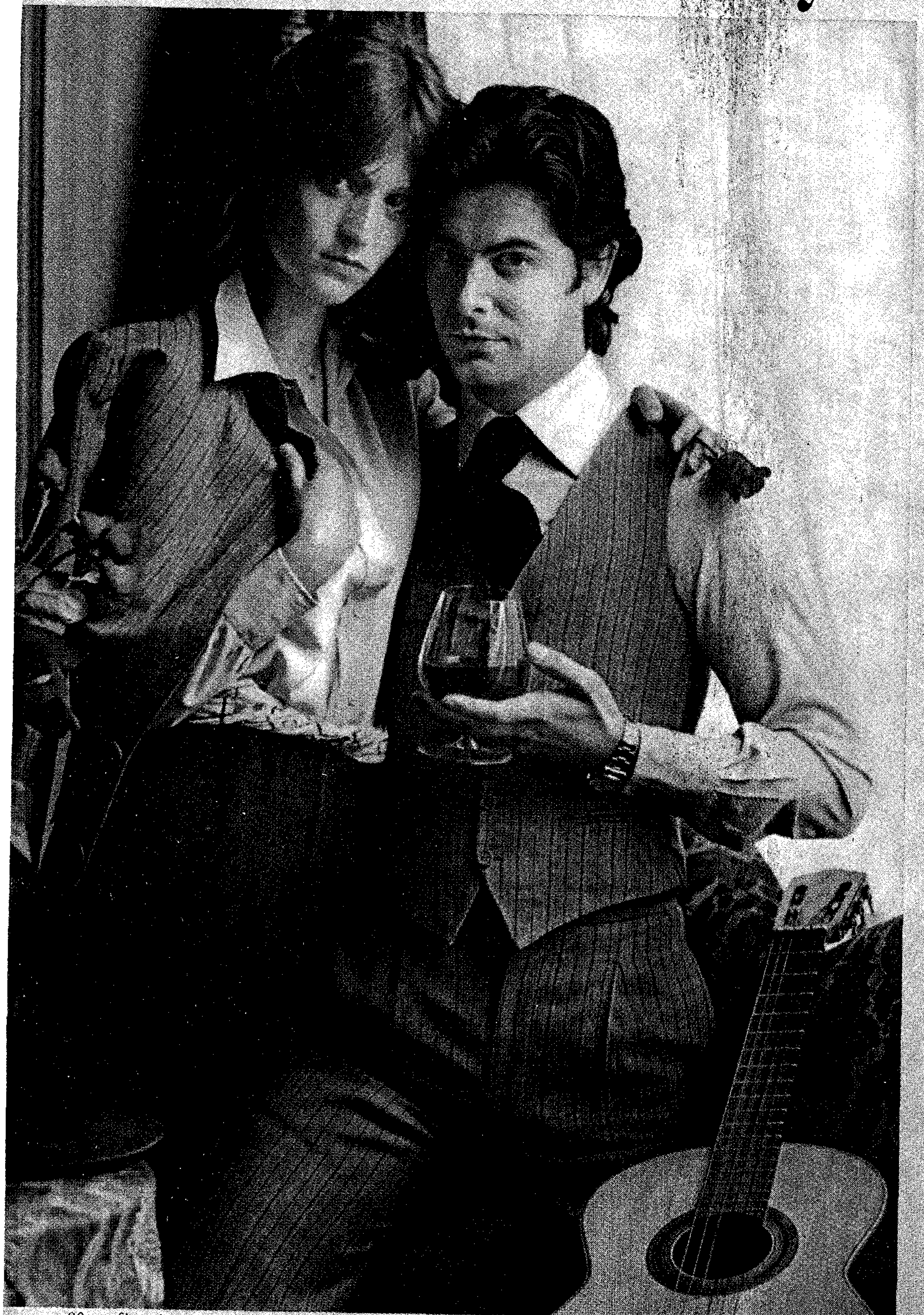

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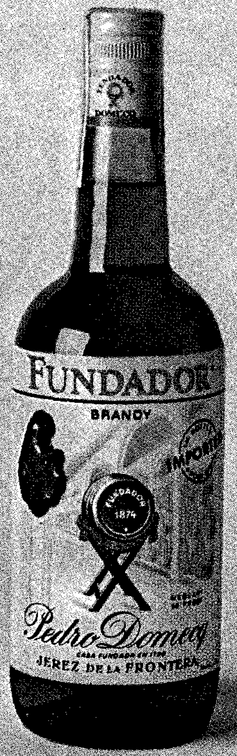

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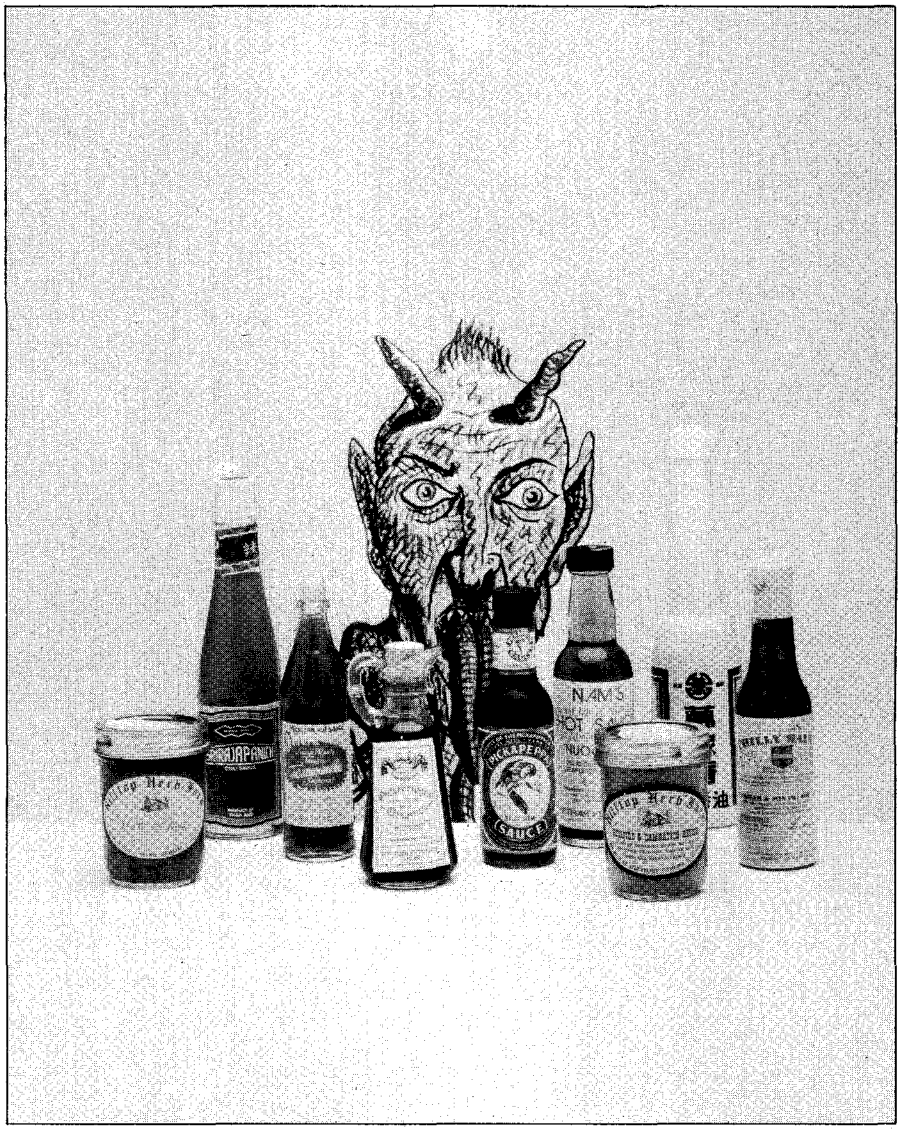
THE HEAT OF THE BITE

"... A great hot sauce exhilarates the psyche and gives deep inner fire; an inferior one sears the throat and numbs the tongue..."



Devilishly good: *Fiery, sweet—and even subtle—hot sauces to wake up any meal.*

To understand what makes a great hot sauce, you should forget the macho stories about chili-pepper-eating contests in Louisiana and the claims that the only good hot sauce is one that burns. Just remember that flavor comes first and smolder second. A great hot sauce exhilarates the psyche and gives deep inner fire, but an inferior hot sauce sears the throat, numbs the tongue, and does zilch for the palate.

America is cutting a hot tooth, developing a taste for spicy, flavorful ethnic foods, and the trend in commercial hot sauces is not running to the old and familiar Louisiana-style preparations like Tabasco, Frank's, and Red Hot, but to intriguing, more complicated sauces from Asia, the Caribbean, and Mexico. These sauces appeal to Americans not just because they are hot and spicy, but because they are subtle: blends of native fruits and berries, sugars, herbs, spices, and spirits which balance the heat of the chili pepper. Originally, these sauces were brought here for newcomers homesick for village flavorings, but they are catching on like prairie fire.

One of the more elegant fiery sauces on the market today is **Outerbridge's Original Sherry Peppers Sauce,** made in Bermuda. Sherry peppers, or pepper wine, is a table condiment used in Africa, the Caribbean, and the American South. In New Orleans, for example, it is added to terrapin soup at table. Outerbridge's is a good-quality sherry that's blended with herbs and tiny piquín peppers. It tastes like red-hot sherry—the peppers are there for flavor; they are not to be eaten. Add Outerbridge's to black-bean, lentil, or pea soup (hot or cold); sprinkle it on cold boiled shrimp; put it on raw or baked clams and oysters; add it to bullshots, Bloody Marys, or tomato juice; or use it with roast, boiled, or broiled meats, fish, or fowl—the possibilities are endless. Outerbridge's is sold at Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, $3.25 for a five-ounce bottle and $5.50 for a five-ounce glass pitcher; Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue, at 9th Street, $2.99 the five-ounce bottle; Dean & DeLuca, Inc., 121 Prince Street, $2.75 for a five-ounce bottle; Macy's Market Place, Herald Square, $3.25 the five-ounce bottle; and at Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department at $3 the five-ounce bottle.

There is another excellent, all-purpose, tinglingly hot sauce that is less aristocratic than Outerbridge's but that has a clean, bright lime flavor that enlivens many foods. The sauce is **Tamazula,** a smooth red or green chili sauce from Guadalajara, Mexico, 35 cents the four-and-a-half-ounce bottle at Casa Moneo, 210 West 14th Street. Tamazula is similar to Tabasco, but it's slightly less watery, not as acrid, and much more lively. It can be used on fried or grilled fish; in eggs and omelets, fried chicken, well-done beef; with bland cheese, raw clams, oysters, and boiled shrimp; and in Bloody Marys and bullshots.

Some hot-sauce lovers like it hot, some like it hot and sweet; in the latter category there are three outstanding sauces. One of the best around is **Srirajapanich,** made in Thailand. It's

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quite hot, only faintly sweet, and somewhat garlicky. But it's rich, hefty, robust, and still very subtle. Excellent with beef, pork, or lamb, it goes well with baked or fried fish and is delicious on eggs any style. Srirajapanich is sold at all Pasta and Cheese stores (1375 Third Avenue, near 78th Street; 1312 Second Avenue, at 69th Street; 31 East 72nd Street; and 1198 Madison Avenue, at 88th Street), $1.59 the seven-ounce bottle, and also at Maison Glass, $1.50 for seven ounces. You might find Srirajapanich red or Srirajapanich yellow, but the difference in color is simply the degree of maturity of the chili pepper; there's little difference in taste.

On the sweeter side, there is **Lingham's Chilly Sauce,** made in Malaysia near Penang, where sauces are famous for their fire. Lingham's is actually tart and sweet, but also hot. It is usually bright scarlet (sometimes orange), thick and glistening (almost jamlike in consistency), and goes beautifully with the sweeter meats such as ham, tongue, or grilled pork. Its fiery bite will cut the richness of duck. Lingham's, which is a longtime favorite of hot-sauce cultists, is sold at Maison Glass, $1.95 for a six-ounce bottle; Macy's, $1.65 for a six-ounce bottle; and $1.50 for a six-ounce bottle at Dean & DeLuca.

One of the better-known hot-and-sweet commercial sauces is not terribly hot, nor is it exceptionally sweet, but it *is* tangy, spicy, and rich. It's the famous **Pickapeppa Sauce,** made in Jamaica. The merit of Pickapeppa as a steak sauce lies in its subtlety: The flavors of tomatoes, tamarind, mango, raisins, and sugarcane are so well blended that the sauce does not overpower the richness of good rare beef. Pickapeppa has many imitators—all metallic-tasting and glutenous. The real thing is made according to a formula known only to Joseph Lyn Kee Chow, a shy Jamaican who owns off-track betting stations, farmland, and real estate on the island. Lyn Kee Chow, who is in his late fifties, has wisely prepared for the inevitable by setting the formula down in writing, but only his son and a close associate know the whereabouts of this piece of paper.

There's something tantalizing about this sauce: It is almost always in sporadic supply on grocers' shelves. In 1974, when it vanished from stores for a year, Pickapeppaphiles on vacation in Jamaica began dropping in on the plant in Manchester Parish, hoping to load up on sauce. *That* year, a strike halted production; other times, the supply falters because of the state of the Jamaican economy. When there is a poor

"...Nam's Hot Sauce is subtly flavored with garlic, herbs, lemon, anchovy, pepper..."

balance of trade, there is little money to import bottles from abroad. No bottles, no exports. If the supply in your favorite store runs out, be patient; this is one sauce worth waiting for. Pickapeppa sells for $1.60 the five-ounce bottle at Bloomingdale's; $1.69 the five-ounce bottle at Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, near 80th Street; $1.60 the five-ounce bottle at Macy's Market Place, Herald Square; $1.45 the five-ounce bottle at Dean & DeLuca; $1.85 the five-ounce bottle at Maison Glass; $1.35 the five-ounce bottle at Bremen House, 200 East 86th Street; and $1.49 the five-ounce bottle at Bell-Bates Food Center Corporation, 1042 Third Avenue, near 62nd Street.

There are two delicious Asian sauces, both excellent as dips for grilled meats, fish, or fowl. Neither is sweet; both are rich and subtle. One is **Wanjashan,** a dark, salty, peppery soy made in Taipei. The bite in Wanjashan comes from paprika, not chili, and its flavor is somewhat nutlike. It's sold at Bloomingdale's Delicacies Department and in the Main Course (on the sixth floor), $1.20 the thirteen-ounce bottle. The other hot sauce, just out, is Vietnam Village, Inc.'s **Nam's Hot Sauce,** made in the New Jersey home of Mrs. Mai Nguyen, who owned the old Vietnam Village Restaurant in Sheridan Square. Nam's Hot is really Nuoc Mam sauce, a Vietnamese table condiment. It is not wildly hot, but delicately flavored with anchovy, garlic, herbs, lemon, sugar, and hot-hot pepper. It is watery-thin, slightly orange in color, and richly subtle. Nam's Hot Sauce is sold at Janedale Market, 1374 Lexington Avenue, at 91st Street, $1.45 for a little over six ounces.

One Chinese **chili oil** will be indispensable in any hot-sauce maven's kitchen. It can be used as a dipping sauce, put on any prepared food to make it hotter, or drizzled onto plain boiled rice. But its real merit is that it makes a wonderful cooking oil. Add it to onions while they're sautéeing for a spicier barbecue sauce; add several tablespoonfuls for a wonderful home-cooked version of the red-hot onions used at the corner hot-dog stand; add a tablespoonful to well-rinsed and squeezed-out sauerkraut before steaming, to make the dish more delicious. Chili oil costs about $1 for the four-ounce bottle at Ho Sub Key Chinese Food Corporation, at 105 East Broadway, and Kam Kuo Food Corporation, 7–9 Mott Street. You may also find it, sometimes with sesame oil added, at Korean produce stands.

It is unusual to find hot sauces that are made fresh each day, but there are two being sold in the city right now, and both are exceptionally good. One is Pasta and Cheese's new **Salsa Forte,** a rich, spicy sauce made with tomatoes, jalapeño pepper, onions, herbs, and heavy cream. Sold for $3.29 for sixteen ounces, it comes in a plastic freezer jar. While Salsa Forte is intended as a topping for the store's own pasta (try it on linguine), it is also quite delicious served warm as a dip for crudités.

Then there is the Argentinean hot sauce, **Chimichurri,** a tangy, spicy, relish-type sauce made with chopped parsley, oil, vinegar, onion, and hot chili. Chimichurri is eaten with anything that comes off the grill on the Argentine pampas, but it blends with anything off the barbecue in Westchester or Long Island, especially sausages like knockwurst, oversize frankfurters, or the excellent Spanish blood sausage, morcilla, carried at Casa Moneo. Chimichurri is sold at Rincon Argentino Restaurant, 1626 Broadway, at 50th Street, $1 for a cup, and you might bring your own jar; otherwise you will buy it freshly poured into a takeout paper coffee cup.

Two somewhat fiery relishes made with jalapeño pepper go wonderfully well with hot dogs. Hilltop Herb Farm in Cleveland, Texas, makes them; both are sold at Maison Glass, $3.95 for an eight-ounce hot-pack Ball jar. The merit of Hilltop Herb Farm products is the combination of farm freshness and Tex-Mex flavorings. One of these relishes is sweet, hot, and green, and it's called **East Texas Fire;** the other is a red, hotter version, **Hot Stuff.**

Perhaps the best hot-sauce find of all, where the Mexophile is concerned, is Hilltop Herb Farm's version of Mexican hot sauce. It's called **Hellfire and Damnation Relish,** available at Maison Glass, $3.95 for eight ounces. It's a coarse purée of green tomatoes, jalapeño, onion, cumin, vinegar, and coriander. It is smolderingly hot, incredibly flavorful, habit-forming, and very adaptable: Use it with grilled or roast pork, chicken, or fish; add it to avocado for guacamole; or use it on a sandwich made of cheese and coarse bread. Could the Southern Baptist–sounding label imply that it's sinful to enjoy a good hot sauce? ■

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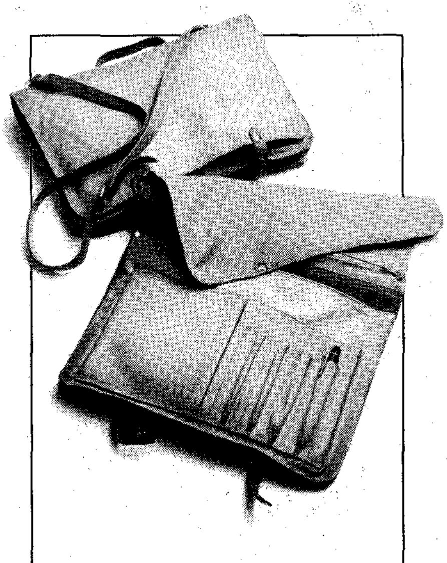

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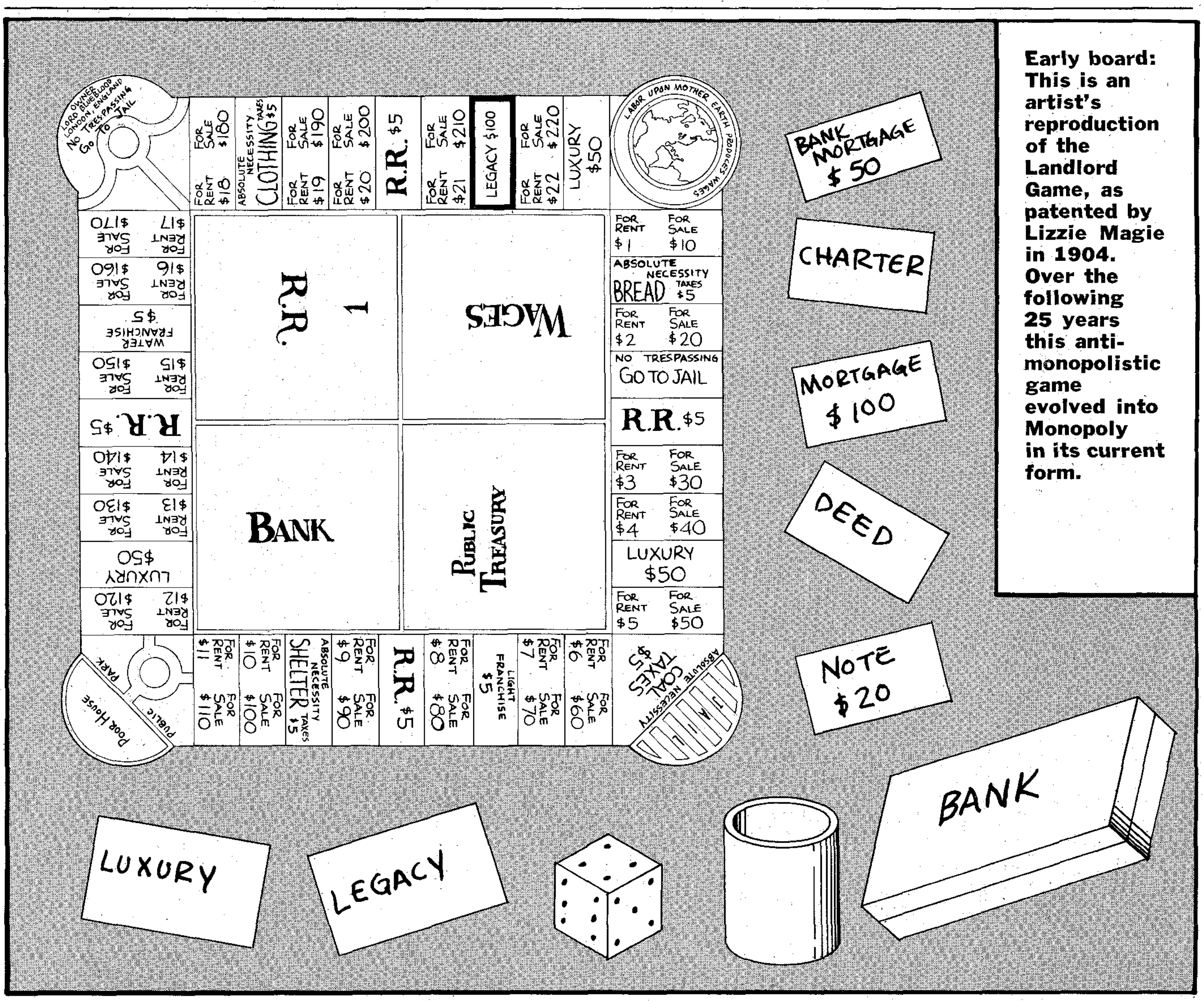
American Journal/Douglas Bartholomew

THE CURIOUS ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF MONOPOLY

"...Dozens of people still living played Monopoly years before Charles Darrow claimed to have sat down and invented it..."



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For Rent $2 For Sale $20
No Trespassing Go to Jail
R.R. $5
For Rent $3 For Sale $30
For Rent $4 For Sale $40
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Absolute Necessity Coal Taxes $5
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For Rent $9 For Sale $90
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Public Park Poor House
For Rent $12 For Sale $120
Luxury $50
For Rent $13 For Sale $130
For Rent $14 For Sale $140
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For Rent $16 For Sale $160
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R.R. 1
Wages
Bank
Public Treasury
Bank Mortgage $50
Charter
Mortgage $100
Deed
Note $20
Bank
Luxury
Legacy

Early board: This is an artist's reproduction of the Landlord Game, as patented by Lizzie Magie in 1904. Over the following 25 years this anti-monopolistic game evolved into Monopoly in its current form.

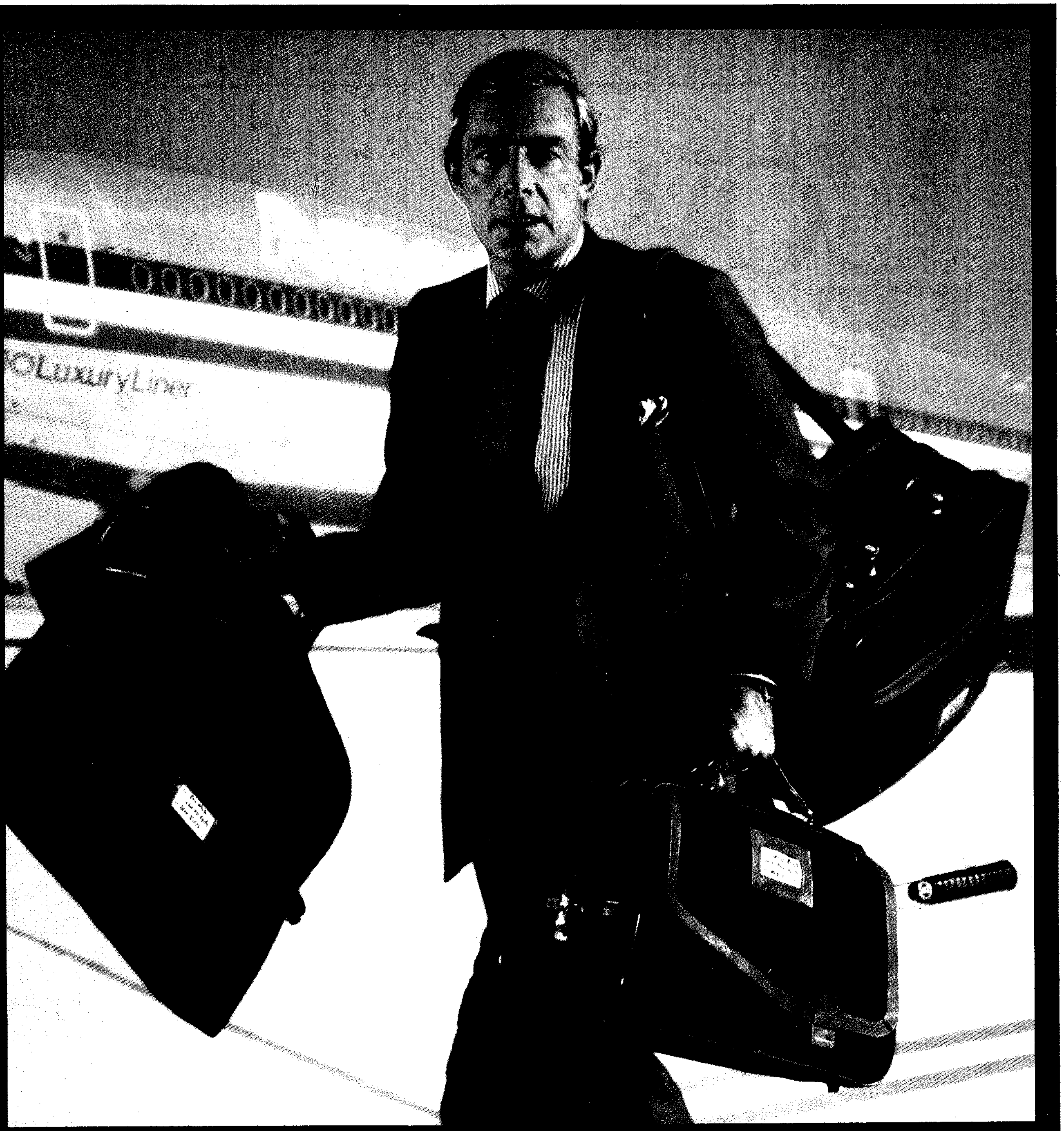
One evening in 1931, the worst year of the Depression, Charles B. Darrow, a Philadelphian down on his luck, sits down at his kitchen table and has an inspiration. He draws some lines on a piece of oilcloth, and, using thimbles, erasers, and other odds and ends, creates a game about money and real estate.

He sends it to Parker Brothers and it rejects it. Undaunted, he peddles it to Wanamaker's and other stores. The game becomes a success, and Parker Brothers finally comes around and buys it. The inventor reaps millions of dollars in royalties, never works another day in his life, and lives out his days as a gentleman farmer in fashionable Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

This is the official story of the creation of Monopoly, the best-selling privately patented board game in history. The game has sold more than 80 million copies since 1935, when Parker Brothers bought it from Darrow, and the tale of its humble birth has been recounted in countless publications.

But it isn't true. Dozens of people still living played the game long before Darrow claimed to have sat down at his kitchen table with his thimbles, and the story they tell is an amazing one. Monopoly's actual beginnings first came to light two years ago in United States District Court in San Francisco. There, in a trademark-infringement suit involving a game called "Anti-Monopoly," numerous witnesses testified that they had played Monopoly as early as 1910.

According to evidence unearthed by Ralph Anspach, a San Francisco State economics professor and the creator of Anti-Monopoly, Monopoly was actually invented in 1904 by a Quaker named Elizabeth J. Magie. A follower of the nineteenth-century economist Henry George, she believed that a single tax on land alone should support all the costs of government, and that this could



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MERIT

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hold in check the dangerous power of large real-estate holders. She designed the game to teach plain folks the "anti-social nature of monopoly," and she wouldn't have dreamed of making money from it.

"The object of this game," her instructions stated, "is not only to afford amusement to players, but to illustrate to them how the landlord has an advantage over other enterprisers, and also how the single tax would discourage speculation."

Lizzie Magie received a patent on her game, called "The Landlord Game," on January 5, 1904. Her patent is No. 748,626, and copies of the original game board are available to the public from the United States Patent Office. The board has the same basic design as the present-day Monopoly board: There are 9 rectangular spaces on each side of the playing area, including 22 property spaces for rent. The names and drawings are different, but they reached their current form before Darrow saw the game. The least-expensive property on Magie's anti-monopolistic board rents for $1; the dearest lets for $22; the estate of Lord Blueblood, London, England ("No Trespassing, Go to Jail"), covers one of the corners. "Walter Franchise," "Poor House," a space assessing "Coal Taxes," and an "Absolute Necessity Shelter" also appear.

Magie's game slowly evolved as it passed between players over the next 25 years, and by 1930 it was identical to the game Darrow said he invented—with Atlantic City street names and all. Magie never produced her instructional game for profit, so players had to make their own game boards. The rules slowly changed, and street names were adapted to various hometowns.

By the 1920s, various versions of the game were popular throughout the Northeast, especially among Quakers and other followers of the single-tax movement. Ruth Hoskins, who taught at the Atlantic City Friends School in the twenties, recently recalled introducing the game to Atlantic City in 1929: "I brought the game back from Indianapolis, where my brother and his friends had been playing it," she said. "The street names on it were all unfamiliar to us. . . . I suggested we use the streets of Atlantic City because we knew them and they varied from the very poor to the very wealthy. I chose the Boardwalk and Park Place because our friends the Joneses owned the Glaslyn-Chatham Hotel there."

Ruth Harvey, a teacher at another Friends school at the time, did what Darrow claimed to have done—she designed and painted the first Monopoly board, with color groupings and At-

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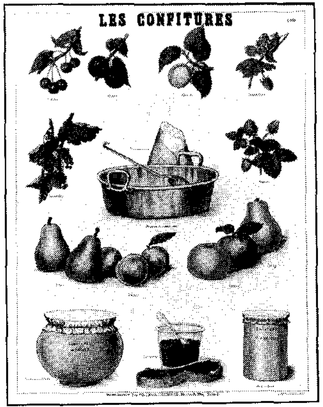

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The Tide Has Turned.

4441 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida 33140 lantic City streets and places, many of which she chose herself. She died in 1962. Her daughter Dorothy was only six at the time, but she vividly remembers her mother painting the board.

"I remember her standing there over a big piece of oilcloth," she says, "painting each of the color groupings—three reds, three greens, three oranges, and so on. She and my father and the other teachers from the Friends School chose the names of streets where they or their friends lived. We lived in Ventnor [city] for a while, so they put Ventnor on the board. And we lived on Pennsylvania Avenue, so she put that on. They chose Atlantic because it was the main market street in town, Pacific because that's where the school was, and Baltic because that's where a black woman lived who baby-sat for me, and whom I was very fond of."

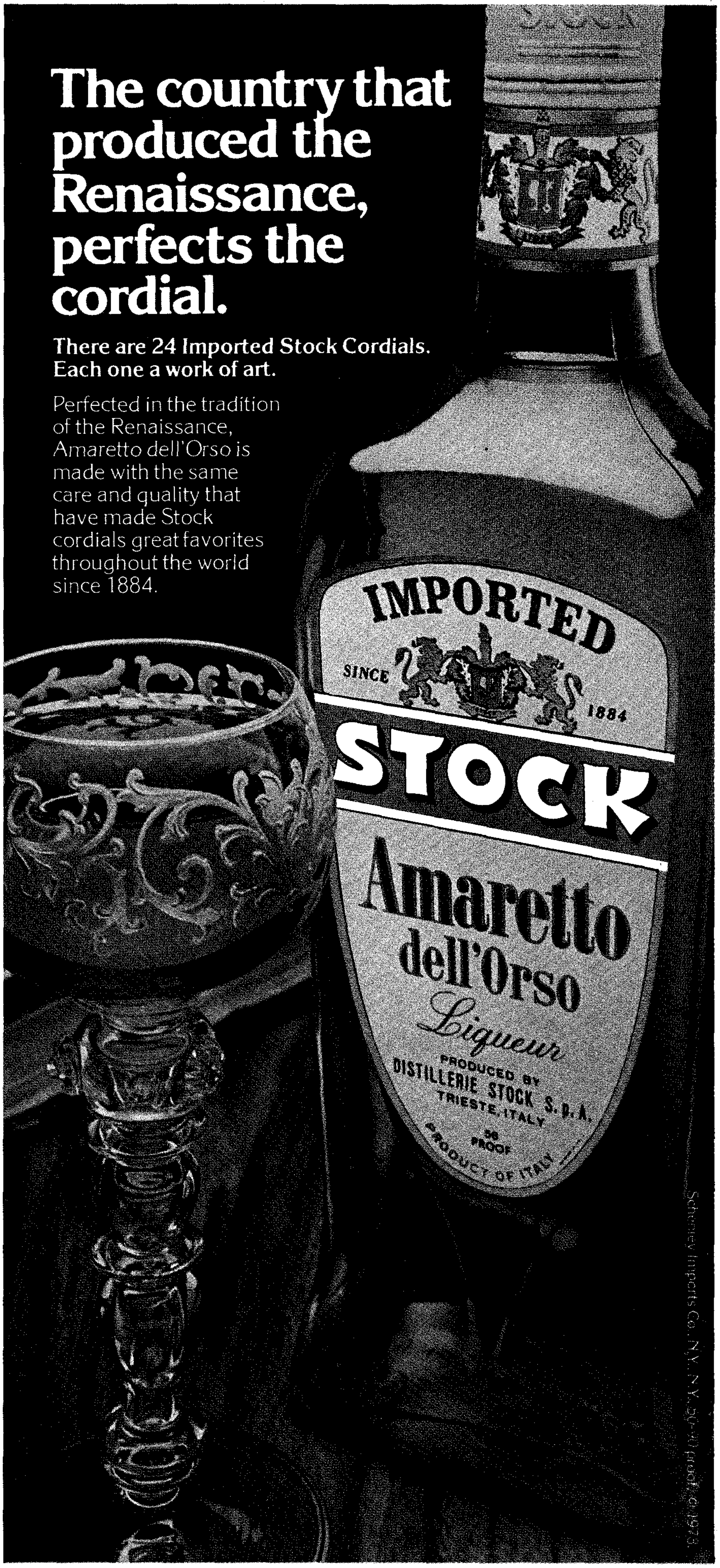
Dorothea Raiford, a wispy white-haired widow now living in Northfield, a run-down suburb of Atlantic City, recalls that her husband, Jesse, single-handedly researched and established the Atlantic City property values that still appear on every Monopoly board.

"Anyone could name streets for the board," she says, "but someone had to figure out how much property on Baltic Avenue should cost compared to property on Atlantic or Pennsylvania. My husband also built wooden houses and hotels out of molding and painted them with red and green roofs. My husband is dead now, but whenever I see that plaque on the Boardwalk it makes me furious." (A two-foot plaque at the corner of the Boardwalk and Park Place honors CHARLES B. DARROW, 1899–1967, INVENTOR OF THE GAME OF MONOPOLY.)

Jesse Raiford was with his friend Charles Todd the night they introduced the game to Todd's neighbor Darrow in 1931. Darrow was having a tough time of it. He had never held a job for long, and he was out of work now. His wife was pregnant and the couple was penniless.

"He stole the game and took it from there," says Todd. "He never came around to thank me or anything. The first time we had him [Darrow] over to teach him the game, he was a little bit dumb. He'd never heard of it before and didn't even know what it was all about. He took a long time catching on to how it was played. Hell, I don't think he even knew how to get down to Atlantic City, let alone name the streets there. He asked me to write up the rules and make him some copies and copy the game board for him."

Unfortunately for the residents of Marven Gardens, a section of the Atlantic City suburb of Margate City,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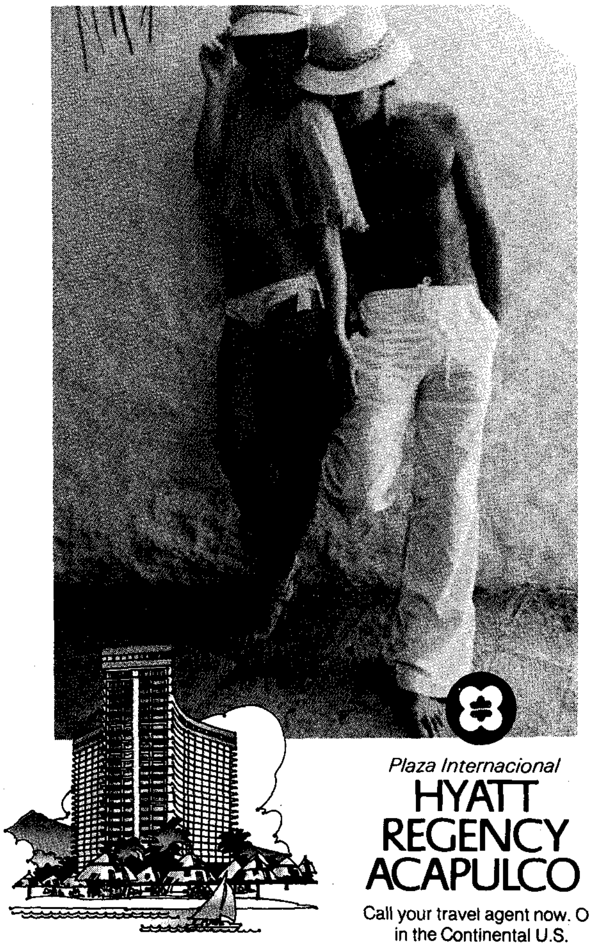
Todd erred when he hand-copied the original board made up by the Quakers. "I misspelled Marven Gardens," he admits proudly, without a hint of embarrassment. He spelled Marven as "Marvin" on the board he gave Darrow, and the spelling has never recovered. "I'm glad I spelled it that way," he adds. "It's proof the game Darrow said he invented was the game I copied for him."

Time and again the Margate city fathers have appealed to Parker Brothers to correct the name. The company has refused. The National Zip Code Directory identifies the community as Marvin Gardens; so did the movie *The King of Marvin Gardens;* and so did *The New Yorker* in 1972, in its article "The Search for Marvin Gardens." Margate's mayor and commissioners proclaimed January 21, 1975, International Monopoly Day. Its purpose was "to eliminate decades of confusion, to render clear title to property which has been purchased millions of times for millions of dollars, to make millions of amateur real-estate brokers honest people, and to make all authors and writers accurate." The message fell, however, on deaf ears. Journalists and reporters go right on spelling Marven Gardens the Monopoly way.

Darrow sold the rights to the game to Parker Brothers in March 1935. Parker president Robert Barton wrote to Darrow in April 1935 that he'd learned that Monopoly had, in fact, been "appropriated" from an earlier game known as Finance (the game Ruth Hoskins brought with her from Indianapolis), and that the original game came out in 1902 (actually 1904). He asked the bogus inventor if he was "willing to make affidavit to the history of the game which you were kind enough to send us?"

"I will sign a statement or affidavit to the effect that I never heard of any game or pastime called Monopoly prior to my own use of the word in this connection," Darrow wrote back. The name was just about the only thing he *had* changed. "Before applying for a copyright, I shopped all the available stores in Philadelphia to see if there was, first, any game like or nearly resembling my own; second, to see if there were or had been any game called Monopoly."

Parker Brothers proceeded to patent the game in Darrow's name and was granted a trademark for the name "Monopoly." A year or so later, covering all bases, it bought out the rights to Lizzie Magie's original Landlord Game for $500 and no royalties. In a 1936 newspaper interview Magie was quoted as saying that she didn't care if she



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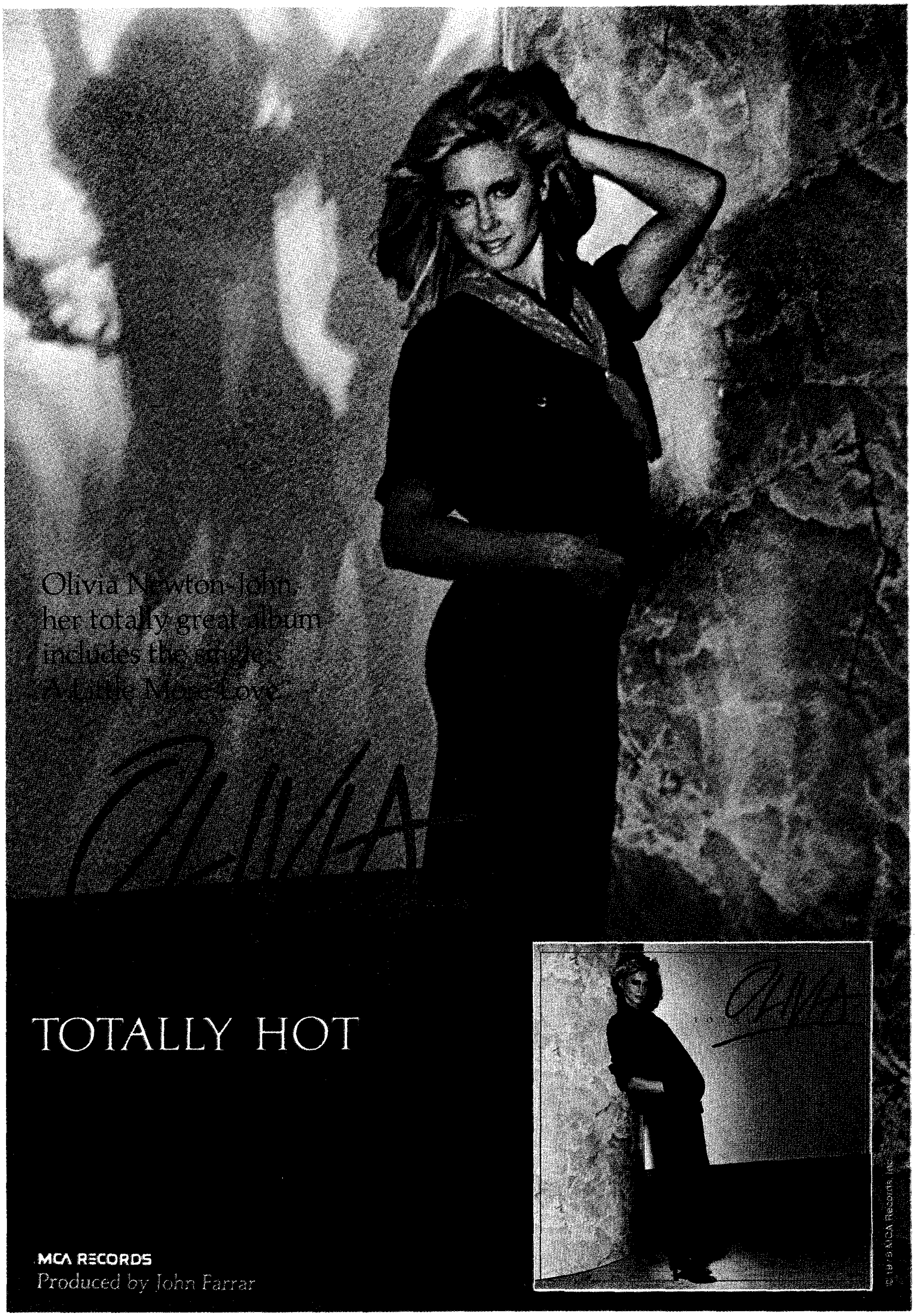

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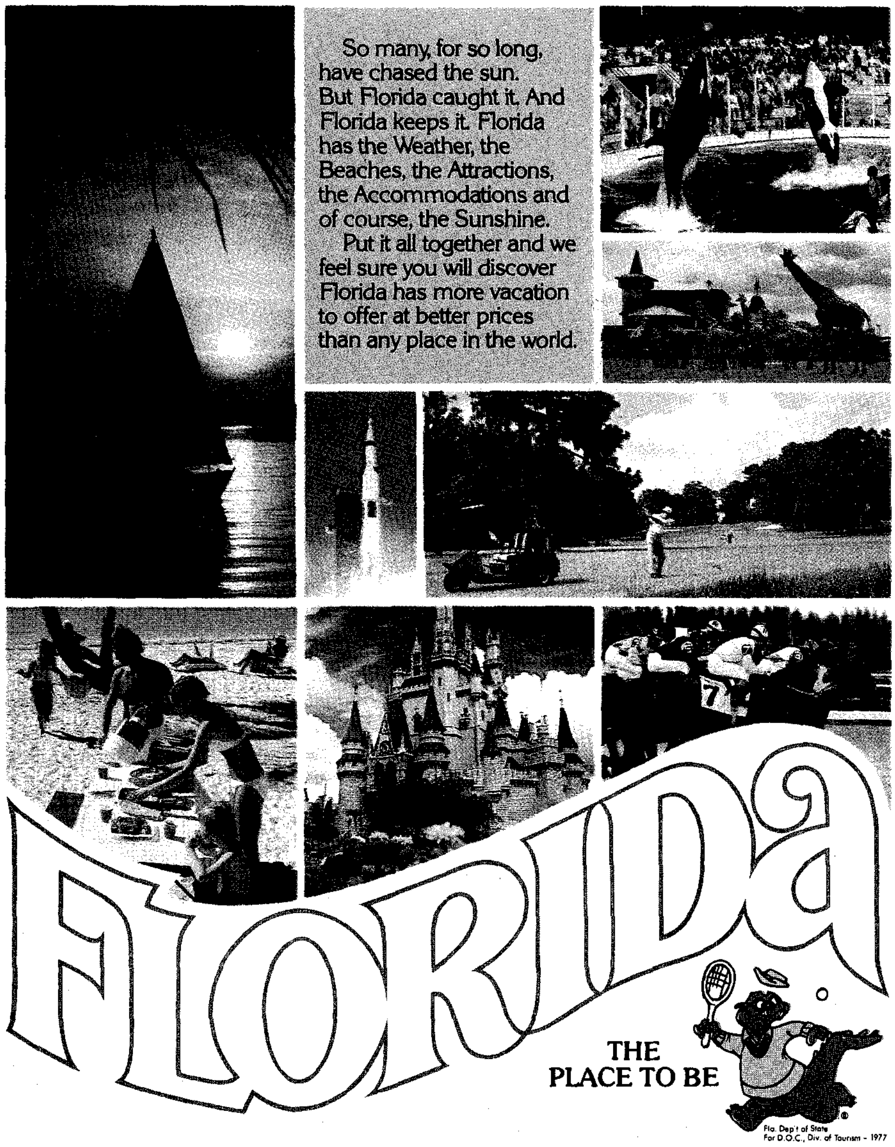

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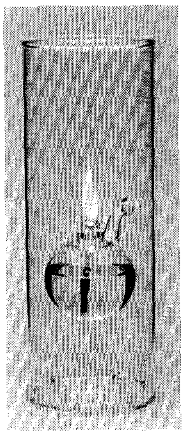

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made any money off the game as long as the single-tax theory received wider attention. Evidently she believed Parker Brothers would market the game. Fewer than 200 copies were ever sold.

How does Parker Brothers respond to all of this? Randolph Barton, the company's current president, says, "We have never changed our story. The fact of the matter is that Charles Darrow is the guy who actually put this thing together, put it on the market, sold it himself, and then sold it to us. There were a lot of people involved in games dealing with real estate, but Darrow is the guy who went out with his game, and, in the best tradition of the American dream, made himself a fortune. These other people are just upset because it didn't occur to them to sell the game for a profit."

In San Francisco, Judge Spencer Williams decided that the question of who invented the game was irrelevant to the Anti-Monopoly case. He ruled that Anti-Monopoly was guilty of infringement of Parker Brothers' trademark, and Anspach had to remove the the "Monopoly" from its name.

In the 1974 book *The Monopoly Book*, considered by many to be the definitive work on the subject, author Maxine Brady retells a familiar story: "One evening in 1930, Darrow sat down at his kitchen table in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and sketched out some of the street names of Atlantic City on the round piece of oilcloth that covered the table."

When asked where she had gotten her information, Brady said that Parker Brothers had provided some, "but most of it came from old newspaper stories." She said she still doesn't believe that Darrow didn't invent Monopoly—"I don't believe it until I see the evidence."

The May 1978 issue of *Reader's Digest* carried a touching account of Monopoly's humble beginnings: "In 1932, a 43-year-old Philadelphian sat down at his kitchen table, drew some lines on a piece of oilcloth and, using thimbles, erasers and thread spools for counters, created a game . . ." Asked if the magazine had attempted to verify the story, in light of recent revelations, managing editor Fulton Oursler Jr. said he wasn't aware of another story. "In any story like that you have people claiming they invented something before someone else," he said.

Thus it appears that Charles Darrow will forever grace the Boardwalk with his bronzed presence, and that Elizabeth Magie and the Quakers who developed the best-selling board game in history remain in total obscurity. And Marven Gardens will undoubtedly continue to be known as Marvin Gardens. ■

Observations

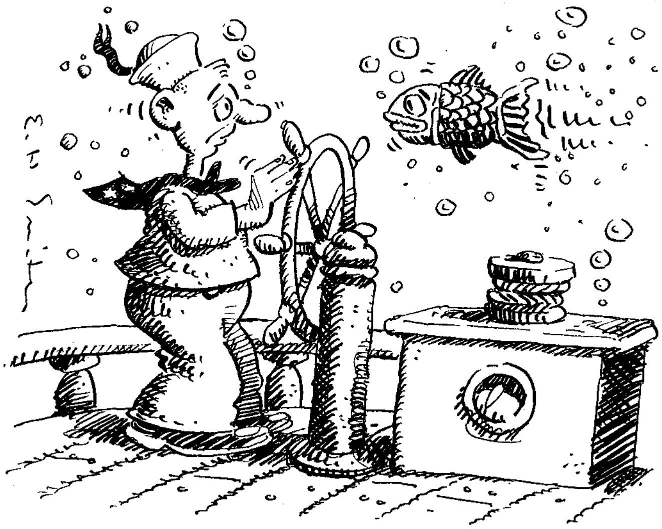
ALL WE KNOW ON EARTH

...As a service to our readers, we have reduced all of human knowledge to seventeen short, easily understood sentences...

In 1976 John Peers, president of the Logical Machine Corporation, and Gordon Bennett, an advertising consultant, placed an ad in *The New Yorker* for Peers's ADAM computer. The ad contained "Peers Law"—"The solution to a problem changes the problem." Readers were invited to send in their own axioms, homilies, laws, principles, and so forth, and the result was overwhelming. Thousands were received and a large selection of these is to be published in a book (Doubleday). Here we offer a mere seventeen with the conviction that they cover the whole spectrum of human wisdom. Note how, in No. 7, Radar states the existential truth of the human condition in ten words and sweeps away forever the useless bromide about the grass being always greener, etc. Radar tells us how things are; Mahr (No. 2) tells us how to deal with it all. But is it all Despair? Of course not. Note Jiminez's defiance (No. 17) and Risser's exultant cry (No. 9). The reader is urged to remove this page and cherish it.

THE HUMAN CONDITION

1. *Gumperson's Law:* The probability of anything happening is in inverse ratio to its desirability.
2. *Mahr's Law of Restrained Involvement:* Don't get any on you.
3. *Firestone's Law of Forecasting:* Chicken Little only has to be right once.
4. *Sander's Rumination:* Life is a game, the object of which is to discover the object of the game.
5. *Chesterton's Observation:* I have seen the truth and it makes no sense.
6. *Grierson's Law of Minimal Self-Delusion:* Every man nourishes within himself a secret plan for getting rich that will not work.
7. *Radar's Fundamental Truth:* The grass is brown on both sides of the fence.



ON LABOR AND THE STATE

8. *Q's Law:* No matter what stage of completion one reaches in a North Sea oil project, the cost of the remainder of the project remains the same.
9. *Captain Risser's Law:* If it's in stock, we have it!
10. *Horowitz's First Law of the Admiralty:* A collision at sea can ruin your entire day.
11. *Nowlan's Truism:* An "acceptable level of unemployment" means that the government economist to whom it is acceptable still has a job.
12. *The Law of Xerox:* Anything important loses its value soon after being Xeroxed.
13. *Pastore's Truth:* Most jobs are marginally better than daytime TV.
14. *Boyle's Observation:* A welfare state is one that assumes responsibility for the health, happiness, and general well-being of all its citizens except the taxpayers.
15. *The Golden Rule:* Whoever has the gold makes the rules.
16. *The First Law of Management:* Kickbacks must always exceed bribes.
17. *Jimenez's Maxim:* If they give you ruled paper, write the other way.

Illustrated by Elwood H. Smith

Theater / John Simon

OH, DAD, POOR DAD

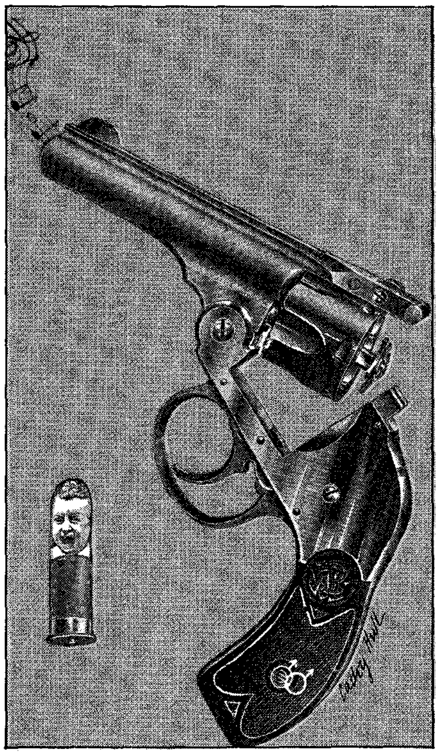
> "...Babe's *Fathers and Sons* has been staged with inventiveness and aplomb, and the production values are consistently good..."

Thomas Babe's **Fathers and Sons** is being given a workshop production at the Public Theater so lavish in its appointments and number of extras that Broadway might envy this mere work in progress. And does this play with music (by Brad Burg) deserve such expenditure? Well, yes and no. We have here yet another of those reinterpretations of Wild Western mythology with which the movies and the theater have recently been plying us fairly mercilessly. Sometimes it is the famous sheriffs, marshals, and gunslingers who are being demythologized; sometimes it is their society, or those who shot them, who have to bear the revisionists' brunt. If it isn't Freud who shoots the Old West full of holes, it is some Marxman who guns it down. And sometimes it is the absurdists who corral it.

Babe's play tells of the last days of Wild Bill Hickock, before he was shot dead by Jack McCall, here turned into Bill's neglected son. To avenge his mother's abandonment and his own growing up homosexual for lack of a father, Jack must kill his prodigious progenitor. Babe's style is a combination of outrageous theater of the absurd, song-studded epic theater, and weather-beaten Western melodrama. The mix refuses to jell, and though one takes it in with interest, it is only the fascination with which one would discover a dust-covered attempt at collaboration among Ionesco, Brecht, and John Ford.

Yet Babe is far from untalented, although, on the present evidence, his gifts are not for the historical or legendary play. Neither *Fathers and Sons* nor *Rebel Women* (about General Grant) is up to *Kid Champion* or *A Prayer for My Daughter,* whose characters are wholly fictional. It may be that Babe's ear fails him with period language; here he mixes Western vernacular, modern slang, and fancy literary diction, and though this may fit in with the work's tripartite derivation, it plays havoc with any sense of continuity.

The characterizations likewise suffer; they are not so much people, caricatures, or even symbols, as crumbs cunningly scooped up from other playwrights' tables and cleverly deployed across the stage—a set of mobile junk sculptures. What ought to be grandly absurd (like Wild Bill's son in drag singing his father's mock praise, then removing his wig and vowing bloody retribution) emerges as merely bizarre; what ought to be a huge comic anticlimax (such as Wild Bill caught by Jack's Mafia of misfits literally with his pants down and on top of Calamity Jane) comes out merely as smarty-pants schoolboy prankishness. And the songs, with their hand-me-down Brecht-Weill airs, create a little alienation but no art at all.



There are, however, moments when the dialogue gallops along briskly, some fetching stage images, and a few new wrinkles added to the knotty old theme of the forsaking or forsaken father. But what is lacking is a sense of internal logic, of the kind that even good absurdist plays would not dispense with: What are we to make of the homosexual son's revealing that, aged twelve or thirteen, he had sex with his mother to assuage her loneliness; and that, as an infant, he watched his parents' kinky lovemaking, even though he was born *after* Bill had left? Or why would all of Bill's cronies, all of a sudden, opt for Jack's shooting his father; then, just as suddenly, reverse themselves again? We observe in this, I think, the obverse of the vaunted benefits of creating a play under workshop conditions: the inconsistencies that arise from excessive improvisation, where group whimsy fudges the single creative focus.

Robert Allan Ackerman, however, has staged *Fathers and Sons* with genuine inventiveness and aplomb, starting with a resounding barroom fight—no easy illusion to achieve in a cramped, arena-style theater. The production values are consistently good, and at least five performances—by Dixie Carter, John G. Kellogg, Addison Powell, J. C. Quinn, and William Robertson—leave nothing to be desired. Richard Chamberlain, as Bill, has come a long way from his inauspicious beginnings, and though some of his looks of pained silence have a slightly cretinous cast to them, his characterization is creditable, even if not entirely credible. As his son and slayer, Tim McKitterick is magnificently oafish and befuddled; not having seen him before, I cannot say whether this is acting or merely typecasting.

Davina, the bitchy seductress in Simon Gray's *Otherwise Engaged,* was researching a biography of "Major Barttelot [who] went with Stanley to the Congo, was left in a camp to guard the Rear Column, and ended up flogging, shooting, and even, so the story goes, eating the natives." I don't know how Davina's book is coming, but Simon Gray has beaten her to it with his new play, **The Rear Column**. Barttelot does not exactly turn into a cannibal, but his fanatical feud with Stanley, who has left him behind to guard the main supplies and a number of sick and rebellious native porters, goads him on to insane actions—such as refusing much-needed provisions and quinine to the four Englishmen (mostly civilians) in

Illustration by Cathy Hull

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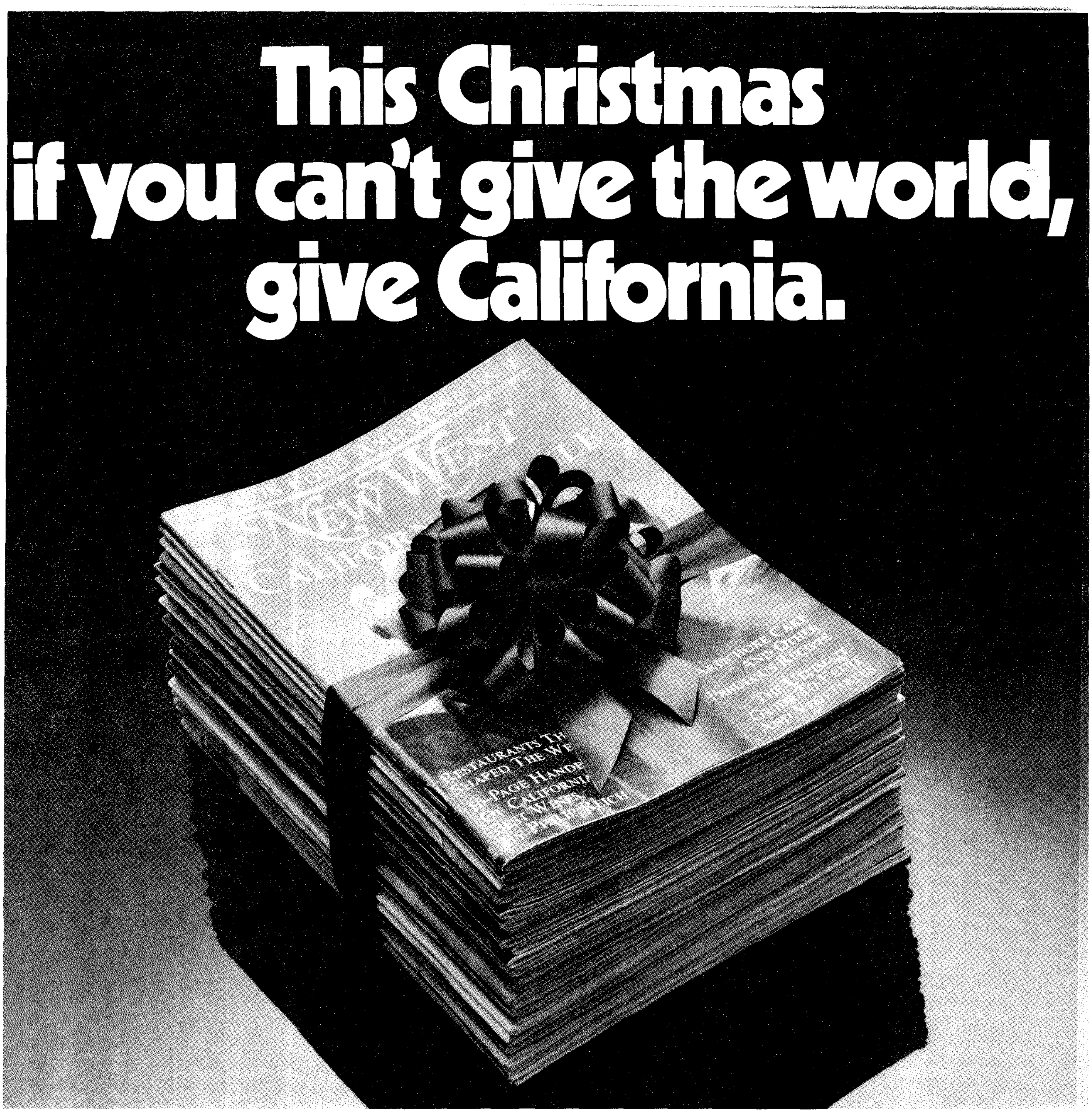

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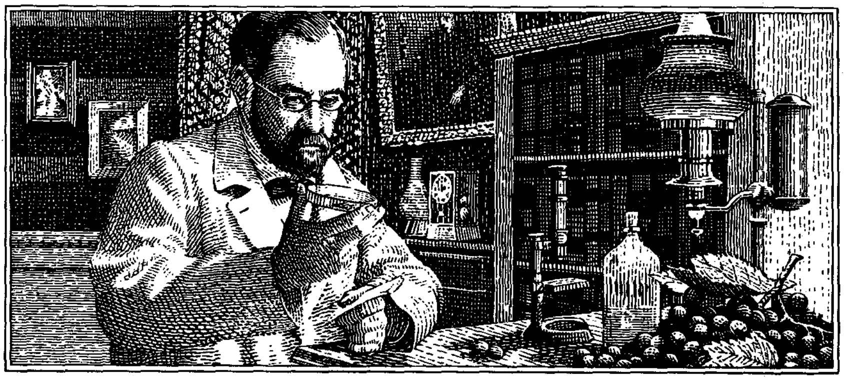

Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living, growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

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Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and results in protecting the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

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his command, lest Stanley, on his return, accuse him of squandering them, and destroy his honor.

While Barttelot becomes ever more maniacal in the name of a gentleman officer's honor (even less justifiable than his stultifying hatred of the truly hateful Stanley), the four other Englishmen deteriorate in other colorful ways. Even the best of them, the artistic, scholarly, almost saintly Jameson, who singlehandedly preserves the camp's ever more precarious equilibrium, finally lapses into accidie and loses all moral values; even the opportunistic pip-squeak Bonny, though least affected, becomes an opportunistic pip-squeak addicted to morphine. And the ending of the play keenly drives home the equal futility of Stanley's crass egoism and Barttelot's fanatical observance of quixotic codes.

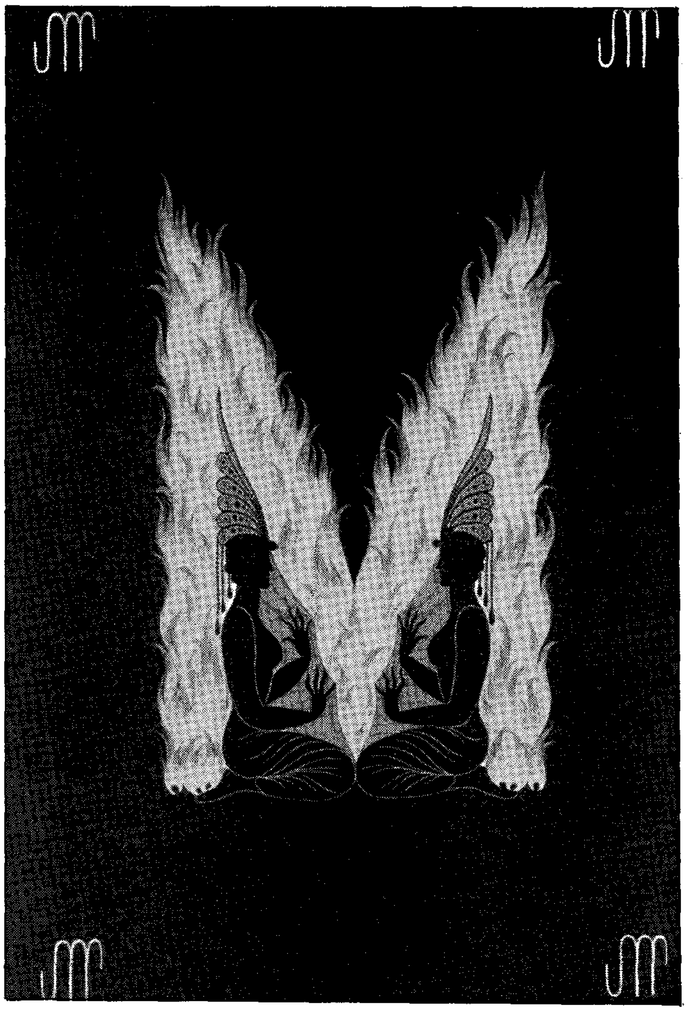
If you look to *The Rear Column* for philosophical illumination, you will not find it exceptionally enlightening or original. But it is a highly intelligent piece of craftsmanship, with shrewd command of dramatic strategy, blessed with sharp but not unduly clever dialogue (Gray has displayed *that* skill elsewhere; here he is after other things) and firm control over character development and interaction. James Hammerstein's direction is always at least workmanlike, and often better than that. John Lee Beatty's setting—a large storeroom serving as common room and officers' mess, straight out of Graham Greeneland—is letter-perfect; Judy Dearing's costumes, Gary Harris's sound effects, and Dennis Parichy's lighting vividly round out the atmosphere. One performance is superlative: John Horton's Jameson. True, as a Canadian, Horton has an advantage here. Nevertheless, his subtle way of suggesting that even goodness, wisdom, and courage can have something defective or subject to dry rot about them is an inspired piece of acting.

The others, too, fare well enough, especially Paul Collins as the bewildered and righteously indignant Troup, and Alvin Alexis as a no less bewildered and downtrodden black servant. But Benjamin Hendrickson, as the ironic Ward, could use a little lightness of touch; Josh Clark's Bonny could do with a bit more weight (perhaps the actor is simply too young for the part); and Remak Ramsay's voice turns a mite too often into an ugly, metallic bark. Too bad also that Ramsay's Barttelot lacks the original's boyish good looks to underscore by contrast the inner disintegration. But Gray's writing here strikes out with considerable success in a new direction, an excellent thing for a play to do. ■

Art / John Ashbery

LIVING LEGEND

"...A pixie with a mobcap of white curls and a pointed face which resembles Jean Cocteau's, Erté radiates a fragile *joie de vivre*..."



Flaming creatures: *M* (1977), 15-3/4 by 10-1/2 inches, a lithograph/serigraph from Erté's alphabet, can be seen at the Circle Gallery in New York through December.

It is given to few artists to achieve fame, fall into obscurity, and then re-emerge late in life into even greater fame. This has been the pattern for Erté, the Russian-born designer who will be 86 on November 23 and who is celebrating the event with two exhibitions here, a CBS-TV special, a documentary film for French television, and a number of ambitious new projects. (The two New York exhibitions, at the Jack Gallery, 138 Prince Street, and the Circle Gallery, 435 West Broadway, are on through December.)

Erté (the pseudonym is derived from the French pronunciation of his initials, R.T.) has just arrived in town from Paris via Boston (another show), accompanied by his "family," the Eric Estoricks of the Grosvenor Gallery in London, which handles his work. Gracious and animated, a pixie with a mobcap of white curls and a pointed face which slightly resembles Jean Cocteau's, elegantly but somewhat strangely tailored (he designs his own clothes), he radiates a fragile *joie de vivre*. This visit to New York is an adventure, but just another one among the hundreds that have spangled his career since he left Imperial Russia at the age of twenty to seek his fortune in Paris.

Perhaps he seems happy because he has always been able to satisfy his voracious appetite for work. He has always worked, even during the decades between the late thirties and the mid-sixties when his fame had ebbed. And he seems not quite to understand the notion of an "Erté revival." For him, there have been no blank chapters in his autobiography. *You* may have missed his sets and costumes for *Piccadilly Hayride* in London or *Happy Go Lucky* in Blackpool or Manuel Rosenthal's *La Poule Noire* at the Opéra Comique, but he did them, along with scores of others, while he was presumably "forgotten." Even when his name had ceased to be a household word, it apparently was still box office. The Art Deco craze and the rediscovery of artifice by the younger generation in the person of Beardsley and others have both widened his audience and brought him something like artistic respectability. But his life in art, from his point of view, has moved in an unwavering straight line.

He was born Romain de Tirtoff in St. Petersburg in 1892 to a family whose sons had traditionally become naval officers from the time of Peter the Great. He remembers that Rimski-Korsakov, a naval colleague of his father's, used to visit the house: A performance of his opera *Sadko* remains one of Erté's most magical childhood memories. So does a visit to the Paris Exposition of 1900, when he decided at the age of eight that he would one day live there. At that time his future talents had already manifested themselves: When he was six he designed a dress for his mother which the family seamstress executed.

After convincing his parents that his future lay elsewhere than with the Russian navy, he arrived in Paris in January 1912. There were cursory studies at the Académie Julian and a brief period of penury (during which he lived on roasted chestnuts and a once-a-week pot-au-feu) before he was hired as a designer by Paul Poiret. Under him, he designed most of the costumes for a play called *Le Minaret*, by Jean Richepin, which caused the 1913 craze for harem trousers and "lampshade" tunics. Diaghilev's *Schéhérazade* had already created a vogue for a certain orientalism which Erté, whose lifelong inspiration has been a book of Persian

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miniatures he found in his father's library, contributed almost instinctively.

Soon after, he was designing clothes for Henri Bendel, embarking on his famous series of covers for *Harper's Bazaar*, designing sets and costumes for the *Folies-Bergère, George White's Scandals*, and the *Ziegfeld Follies*. In 1925 he spent the obligatory miserable year in Hollywood, doing costumes for a film called *Paris*, whose script never seemed to materialize.

Erté lives today in the same apartment he moved into in 1935, when the building was new, in Boulogne-sur-Seine, just across the Bois de Boulogne from Paris. The walls are paneled in straw, which reflects a neutral but nonetheless cheerful light in which he can work best with color. A night person, he gets up late, exercises with dumbbells, and starts working after lunch, sometimes continuing into the wee hours when the telephone has finally stopped ringing. He spends summers in Majorca; he loves beaches and the sun and used to sport a suntan in the twenties before it was fashionable, which resulted in an American cosmetics house naming a certain shade of ecru makeup after him. Yet he works even on vacation and seems to have an appetite for little else. It is the present moment—"where I can do something"—that concerns him, not the glittering past that interviewers want to hear about.

He will dip into that past on request, and his conversation as well as his chatty autobiography (*Things I Remember*) are peppered with the names of the glamorous great and not so great: Apollinaire, Betty Furness, Cocteau, Duse, Rudi Gernreich, Barbra Streisand. But his eye becomes focused and mischievous only when we talk about current plans: the multiple birthday parties, sets, and costumes for a forthcoming Glyndebourne *Rosenkavalier* and a Roland Petit ballet, a traveling retrospective exhibition of his work being organized by the Smithsonian for early 1979.

It has been a strange career, as the creator of not just a certain look but a whole concept of being frivolous that transformed the world during the twenties and then resurfaced during the sixties, when frivolity had become a subject for serious study, for example by the French critic Roland Barthes, who has written a very serious book on Erté. Unlike most sequels, this present phase has eclipsed even the glamour of the early Erté years and made him into one of the longest-running shows ever. It's good to have him here to remind us of the enduring aspects of the ephemeral.

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Wine/Alexis Bespaloff

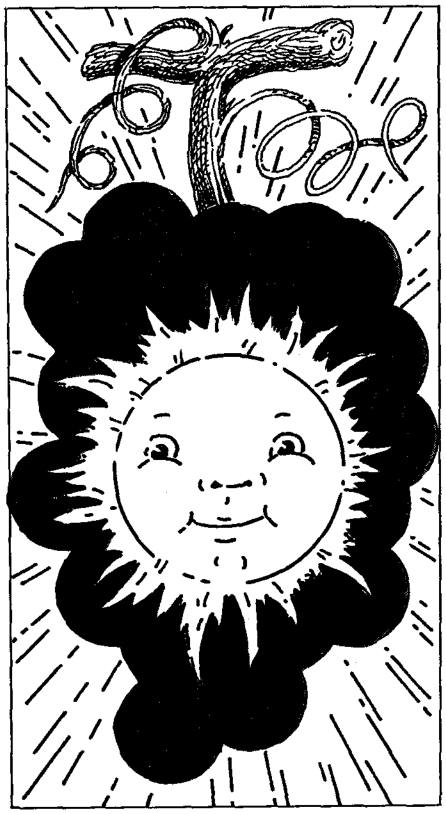
ZINFANDEL: SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

"...Good Zinfandels are very often more attractive than costlier Cabernet Sauvignons; the best of them are quite impressive..."

The Zinfandel grape produces what many people consider to be the most distinctive red wine of California, with a unique bouquet and flavor that are usually described as spicy and berrylike. Although Zinfandel has always been extensively planted in California, it's only in the past ten years or so that this variety has been widely recognized as having the potential to produce fine wines. André Tchelistcheff, the 77-year-old winemaker who has made some of California's finest Cabernet Sauvignons, recently told me, "If I arrived in California today as a young pioneer, I would concentrate on Zinfandel." Bernard Portet, a Frenchman whose father was for twenty years the *régisseur* at Château Lafite-Rothschild, set up the Clos Du Val winery in the Napa Valley to make only two wines, Cabernet Sauvignon and Zinfandel. Today, 30,000 acres of Zinfandel are planted in California, more than any other wine grape, and nearly 150 wineries produce a Zinfandel.

For many years, Zinfandel was considered something of a mystery grape because there were conflicting stories about just where in Europe it originated and how it arrived in California. The traditional theory that Zinfandel was originally brought over from Hungary by Agoston Haraszthy in the 1850s has been pretty much discarded. Many ampelographers now believe that Zinfandel is identical to the Primitivo grape of southeastern Italy, and that the first cuttings were brought to California not from Europe but from East Coast nurseries.

A hundred years ago, Zinfandel was considered the best blending grape to make "California claret," and even today, often blended with Carignane, it forms the basis of many California Burgundies and Mountain Red wines. When consumers became more responsive to varietal names—a wine can be labeled with the name of a specific grape if it contains at least 51 percent of that variety—it was easy enough to re-label inexpensive Burgundy as Zinfandel. More than two thirds of the Zinfandel crop comes from the hot Central Valley, less than a third from cooler coastal counties such as Sonoma, Napa, Mendocino, and Monterey. Wines labeled "California"—rather than "Napa," "Sonoma," and so on—can come from anywhere in the state, and although that doesn't necessarily mean they are made from Valley grapes, cheap Zinfandels are likely to have the flat and undefined taste of wines produced in very warm regions.



Evaluating Zinfandels is not easy because of the very different styles of wine that can be made from this grape. Winemakers have the choice of producing Zinfandels that are light, fruity, and charming, in the manner of Beaujolais; medium-bodied wines, with somewhat more flavor and definition, in the style, say, of a light Bordeaux; or big, powerful Zinfandels with lots of tannin that need several years of bottle age to develop their potential. There is certainly not a single correct style for this wine, and winemakers disagree on what it should taste like.

"Zinfandel should be medium-bodied, with lots of fruit," said one producer, who added, "That's what God intended for Zinfandel." Walter Schug at Joseph Phelps Vineyards prefers a full-bodied wine, with enough tannin to compensate for the comparatively high alcohol content of Zinfandel, but not enough to overwhelm its spiciness. Tom Ferrell at Inglenook thinks that too much oak aging hides the distinctive berrylike aroma of Zinfandel, and he makes a fruity wine with some tartness. At Dry Creek, David Stare prefers "a robust, all-American Zinfandel." At Clos Du Val, Bernard Portet likes a tannic and intense wine that also retains some fruit. "If there's so much tannin that it hides the wine," he says, "you've missed."

Nor can it be said that each winery has a single style. When I tasted the 1974 and 1975 Zinfandels of Robert Mondavi at the winery, Mondavi himself preferred the 1974. "It has more middle body. The 1975 is livelier but lacks harmony." His son Tim, who now makes the wines, preferred the 1975. "The 1974 is harder and will be longer-lived, but the 1975 has better balance and more finesse."

I bought more than 35 bottles of Zinfandel from current vintages, and my evaluations are based both on blind tastings here and on notes made a few weeks ago in California. My comments are limited to wines that I liked, except for a few widely available brands.

Gallo ($2.19), Inglenook Navalle ($2.45), and CK Mondavi ($1.99) are among the least expensive Zinfandels. Navalle wines are not actually made at Inglenook but are blended and bottled at Italian Swiss Colony. CK Mondavi is the name used for the cheapest wines produced by Charles Krug, and unrelated to the wines produced by Robert Mondavi. All three are agreeable wines, comparatively soft and undefined, without marked varietal character. CK Mondavi was the best of the three, and a more attractive red wine than the Zinfandels of Almadén ($3.25) and Paul Masson ($2.99), both of which were dull and flabby. I've always liked Christian Brothers Zinfandel ($3.30) as an inexpensive, well-made nonvintage

Illustration by Bernard Bonhomme

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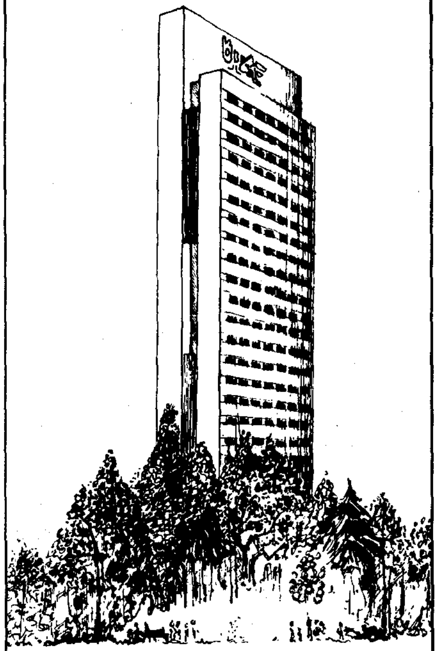

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> "...For years the classic medium-bodied Zinfandel has been that of Louis Martini..."

wine with some varietal flavor, but I was unable to find a bottle here that was not already too old and fading. Sebastiani 1976 ($3.19), with its fresh, berrylike appeal, was the most interesting wine of this group, the best of which are decent if undistinguished.

There are a number of wines that represent the well-made, medium-bodied Zinfandel style with a distinct varietal character. These attractive wines include Simi 1975 ($4.49), the stylish and spicy Inglenook 1974 ($3.99), and the light and pleasant Parducci 1974 ($3.69). Souverain 1973 ($2.99) is fading, but the 1974, just shipped here, is a deeper, more intense wine, and a very good value at $2.99. For many years the classic medium-bodied Zinfandel has been that of Louis Martini ($3.55). The 1974, not easily found, has the appeal and balance that makes Martini Zinfandel so respected, but the two bottles I tasted of the more readily available 1975 were lighter and less attractive. Château Montelena 1975 ($6.49) is a good example of a well-balanced Zinfandel, with character and finesse. The elegant and subtle Simi 1974 Vintage Selection ($6.99), more mature and complex than the 1975, is particularly distinguished.

Fetzer 1975 Kelseyville Zinfandel ($3.99) and the Heitz nonvintage wine ($4.99) seem to bridge the gap between medium- and fuller-bodied Zinfandels: Both are claretlike wines that combine fruit and tannin. I thought the 1975 Fetzer was more stylish than its 1974 Sonoma Zinfandel ($3.99), which some prefer for its fuller flavor.

Sutter Home ($3.99) is a very good example of the big, tannic, ripe style of Zinfandel. The grapes come from Amador County, situated about 40 miles southeast of Sacramento in the foothills of the Sierras, a region known for its intense Zinfandels. Dry Creek 1975 ($6.49), perhaps too assertive, is another full-flavored tannic wine. The 1976, now available here, is a finer wine—also rich, but better balanced. The Robert Mondavi 1974 ($6.19), already referred to, is a big, somewhat muffled wine; the 1975 is light-bodied, with a more distinct varietal character.

Three exceptional Zinfandels in the deep-colored, tannic, and intense style are Burgess 1975 ($6.25), Joseph Phelps 1975 from Alexander Valley ($5.99), and Clos Du Val 1975 ($9.65). The Burgess, of which fewer than 2,000 cases were made, is the most evolved—rich, harmonious, with depth and balance. The Phelps wine is rich and elegant, with some fruit already showing, but the wine is still tannic and closed in. The powerful, concentrated Clos Du Val is the biggest of the three, and already impressive despite its youth.

Among the most famous of all California Zinfandels are those made by Ridge, and the winery is often credited with transforming the image of Zinfandel from that of a fruity, agreeable wine of limited interest into that of a wine that can compete in quality with good Cabernet Sauvignon. Ridge makes several Zinfandels in each harvest from grapes grown in different parts of the state. The origin of each lot is specified on the label: Lytton Springs and Geyserville are in Sonoma, Shenandoah and Fiddletown are in Amador County, York Creek is in Napa, Paso Robles is near San Luis Obispo, and so on. The quantity of most lots varies from 1,000 to 3,500 cases, and not all of them are marketed here.

The 1975 and 1976 vintages of Ridge are currently available, and although I didn't compare all of the different bottlings, my impression is that the 1976 wines are fuller and richer than the 1975s. There are variations from lot to lot: The 1976 wines from Paso Robles ($6.95) and Geyserville ($10.25) are the biggest, the 1976 Fiddletown ($7.25) is distinct and well knit, while the Central Coast 1976 ($5.45) is a lighter, fruitier wine with an appealing spiciness. Of the 1975s, I thought Lytton Springs ($6.75) was a lively, well-made wine. Although these two vintages of Ridge may surprise those who are used to the more tannic and intense wines produced in 1974, they are ripe, aromatic, and charming wines that display the unique qualities of Zinfandel.

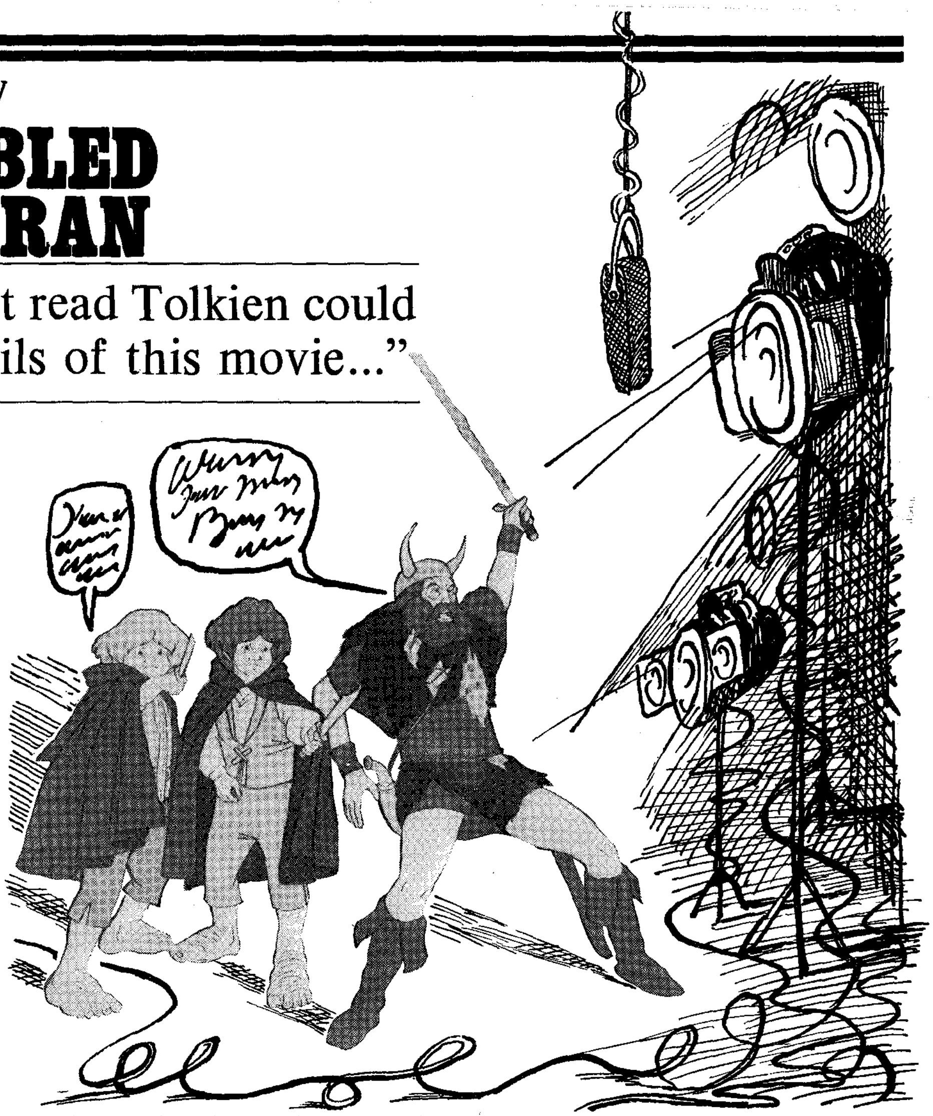
Good Zinfandels are often more attractive than Cabernet Sauvignons selling for $1 or $2 more, and the best of them are quite impressive. If you compare a Cabernet and a Zinfandel from the same winery, however, you will find that the Cabernet has more complexity and finesse, the Zinfandel more fruit and appeal. Paul Draper, who makes wines from both varieties at Ridge, sums it up this way: "Zinfandels are more accessible than Cabernets. They show their richness and complexity earlier, and can be enjoyed sooner. Cabernet will eventually develop into a finer wine, but it takes many years for a Cabernet to provide as much real pleasure as a young Zinfandel." ■

Movies/David Denby

HOBBIT HOBBLED AND RABBIT RAN

> "...Anyone who hasn't read Tolkien could not make heads or tails of this movie..."

I can't think of anything in movies harder to pull off than a full-length animated feature. Working without benefit of the medium's effortless genius for photographic naturalism, the filmmaker must be extraordinarily skilled at telling stories and engaging audience emotion, or else he puts us to sleep. When I think back on the animated Disney features I saw as a kid (*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Bambi,* etc.), what I remember best about them is their absolute lucidity as narrative and their emotional coherence. For many of us now in our thirties or forties, the Disney films may have helped form our notion of what a story *is.* And because I still want good stories from movies, I much prefer the gentle, relaxed, visually undemanding but perfectly told *Watership Down* to the more imposing, inventive, sometimes fiercely exciting animated spectacular, **The Lord of the Rings.**



I don't see how anyone who hasn't read J. R. R. Tolkien's three-volume epic could possibly make heads or tails out of this movie. I hasten to add that I couldn't read *The Lord of the Rings* myself; by temperament I seem completely unsuited for Tolkien's mixture of ersatz medievalism and wide-eyed celebration of fellowship and heroism. The book's peculiar language and atmosphere are said to attain nearly incantatory power for those who get deep into the narrative, but director Ralph Bakshi has made no attempt to explain Tolkien's conventions to the uninitiated. Instead of introducing us slowly to the abundant life of Middle Earth, with its mixture of hobbits, humans, wizards, Orcs, and dark riders, he plunges us right into the history with a patch of convoluted narration that might have been written by Professor Irwin Corey himself.

Bakshi made his reputation in films like *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* as a comic urban nihilist, and in *The Lord of the Rings,* his nihilism comes out in his obvious indifference to narrative values and the feelings of the audience. In form the movie is a heroic quest, with cute little Frodo, the hobbit innocent, carrying the ring somewhere or other under the guidance of the tough old wizard, Gandalf. Characters are added along the way (and sometimes dropped for convenience), kingdoms threatened, alliances made, until the movie finally collapses into an interminable, pointless battle with broadswords and lances, at the end of which Frodo is still left wandering in the woods. *And then the movie stops.* After two hours and thirteen minutes, the story has not come close to its climax. It turns out that this indigestible film is only the first part of Bakshi's effort on Tolkien's behalf. I wouldn't want to be a parent explaining that ending to a child, for if the children feel lost along the way, they must feel utterly abandoned at the end. A movie like *Bambi* may have frightened children, but Disney never left anyone up in the air with the promise of a sequel to follow in three years.

When the animated creatures and humans are not fighting, they are making pronouncements at one another in Tolkien's inimitable dialogue, a lumpish pastiche of Chaucer, Malory, Shakespeare, and Sir Walter Scott. A human character named "Aragorn, son of Arathorn" appears out of nowhere and feels called upon to say something like "Little do I resemble the figures of Elendil and Isildur as they stand carven in their majesty in the hills of Denethor." Later, Aragorn gets into a spat with Boromir, another human:

"Nothing evil passes through Lothlorian," he says. "That's not what we say in Gondor," says Boromir. "Then you know *nothing* in Gondor!"

Indeed, they don't—but what in the world is Gondor? It sounds like a large bird with a social disease. Is there any way to accept this kind of portentous mumbo jumbo when it isn't played as comedy? In *Star Wars,* the pompous pseudo-medievalisms—the references to planets and kingdoms, powers and principalities—were part of the intentionally synthetic, pop-parodistic tone; now we are getting the same stuff presented straight. There isn't a single joke in *The Lord of the Rings.* Bakshi has conceived the movie as a "heavy" experience, rather like a sinister, doom-ridden rock concert.

Early in the movie there are some bucolic scenes of the hobbits in the woods, though most of the backgrounds are designed in the grandiose romantic-ruins-and-yawning-chasms style of ear-

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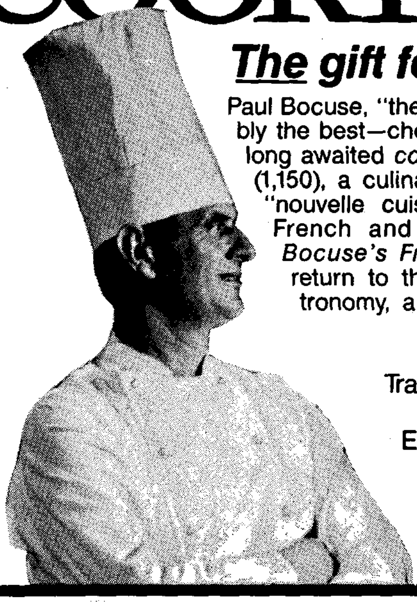

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ly-nineteenth-century paintings. The dominant colors are red and black, dark blue and dark brown; the dominant feeling is one of sunless, paranoid desolation. Against these overwrought landscapes Bakshi poses his ghoulish figures for a looming, horror-film effect. His pictorial imagination of evil is prodigious, but he may not have sufficient imagination of good to make an animated film. The lurid, meaningless violence of this movie left me exhausted and sickened by the end.

Death is also omnipresent in **Watership Down,** the lovely film adapted by Martin Rosen (an expatriate American now living in London) from Richard Adams's best-seller about the adventures of a group of rabbits who are forced to leave their warren, brave the dangers of open fields, and settle down elsewhere. Men hunt rabbits, and so do birds, dogs, cats, and other rabbits as well. Indeed, there is a particularly fearsome group—a sort of lapine fascist enclave—that practically annihilates our heroes. Pursued and despised, the rabbits survive through speed, cunning, self-sacrifice, and heroism. I must say that I became completely absorbed in the fate of these creatures. Whether you regard the movie as the ultimate exercise in anthropomorphism or as a parable of the fate of outcast peoples like the Gypsies or Jews, it's a heart-stirring adventure. I won't easily forget the look of terror on a young rabbit's face in the instant before a hawk swoops down to carry it off in its claws.

And yet the movie is an idyll at the same time. Painted in blue-green pastel-shaded watercolors, the fields and bushes and farms look almost irresistibly inviting. I wouldn't guarantee that any child exposed to this movie will ever be content to walk upright again: How much more exciting to see things from down low! This is a movie with a vision of the good life. The voices of the leading characters belong to some of the best actors in England (Ralph Richardson, John Hurt, Harry Andrews, et al.), and the rabbits make a very companionable group of loving, bickering, nattering old friends. In the middle of their adventure they are befriended by an irascible bird, a sea gull who has strayed from the water, and his voice turns out to be that of the late Zero Mostel doing his wonderful pidgin-Russian routine. Noticing that the male rabbits are trying to set up a new community without women, the sarcastic bird inquires, "Vehr isz *mates?*" When the rabbits do find their mates and settle down to live in peace, it is one of the most satisfying moments in recent movies. ■

Books / Michael Holroyd

THREE STRANGE ENGLISHMEN

"... Kipling's books turn the world inside out, making it a battlefield where the enemy within is exposed and vanquished..."

Prick Up Your Ears: The Biography of Joe Orton, *by John Lahr. Alfred A. Knopf, $15.*
Rudyard Kipling, *by Lord Birkenhead. Random House, $15.*
E. M. Forster: A Life, *by P. N. Furbank. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95.*

The most famous thing about Joe Orton is his death. Nothing, in terms of publicity, became him so well. On the first page of his life, we find his death—in bed, but with his "head cratered like a burnt candle," while his friend and murderer, Kenneth Halliwell, lay naked in the center of the room, plastered with the playwright's blood, and various policemen peered politely at the "evidence."

Halliwell and Orton were homosexual, had met at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and lived together. An aggressively timid man, Halliwell, who had some money, was initially the father of the relationship, affecting a sinister superiority over his "pussycat" Orton. What they shared was anger, anger against society and a need for revenge that was exercised by six months in jail for "damaging" library books.

It was most loving damage. On the cover of a manual on etiquette by Lady Lewisham they conjured up a provocative female nude. Another volume was improved with an illustration of Edith Cavell locked in a prison cell with a set of mammoth genitalia. "During the Second World War," the caption reads, "I was working from dawn to dusk to serve the many thousands of sailors, soldiers, and airmen. American G.I.'s came in shoals to my surgery and some had very peculiar orders for me."

Orton and Halliwell could survive everything together except success—that was the one calamity they had not bargained for. By the mid-sixties, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* and *Loot* had established Orton, in the words of the critic Irving Wardle, as "one of the sharpest stylists of the British new wave . . . a consummate dialogue artist and a natural anarch." He was spoken of along with Firbank and Pinter—but no one spoke of Halliwell except Halliwell, who was fond of using the royal we: "a genius like us." Halliwell's humor was unconscious, and he had no talent. He had given up writing, acting, and painting—an ambitious list; he had spent most of his inherited money, and he was altogether diminished by Orton's celebrity. Desperately anxious to save his friendship with Orton, he felt increasingly impotent. He could not even express his anger convincingly—until the end.

John Lahr's understanding of Orton's work is deeply felt and intellectually sophisticated. His book has many insights, but its structure is confused. There are so many good sentences apparently set down in the wrong order, yet it is well worth the reader's shuffling them like a pack of cards. Mr. Lahr argues eloquently that Orton's plays give us "a heritage of laughter created out of a lifetime's hunger for revenge." His humor enabled him to triumph over his barren beginnings at Leicester and his isolation in London. It gave him detachment and a method of disarming his enemies. His salvation was laughter, "which pierces so, that it assaults/Mercy itself, and frees all faults."

Kipling would have known what to do with a specimen like Orton: A regular "dose of cleanin'-rod" would have been the making of him. Though his own childhood had been cruel and miserable, Kipling was enthusiastic about corporal punishment: "I have often been beaten," he said, "and I richly deserved it." As for homosexuality, he nourished a deep hatred of the schoolmaster who had once suspected him of such "impurity," and he dreamed of placing him in a novel where "to finish the revenge I'll marry him to a woman who shall give him something else to think about."

As with Orton, the inspiration for much of Kipling's work was revenge, and the creation of a cleansing boys' world in which he imagined himself performing all the military and athletic deeds that poor eyesight and health had denied him. "There are times when I feel utterly lonely," he confessed. "But then I can watch the fire and weave tales and dream dreams." In his life he was a timid man, shrinking from emotional intimacy with women and distracting himself with the contemplation of vivid outdoor excitements that could never bruise his feelings. His books turn the world inside out, making it a battlefield where the nameless enemy within is exposed and vanquished.

Kipling's animal wariness, his instinct for self-protection, made him morbidly frightened of biography, which he described as the "Higher Cannibalism." The story of the late Lord Birkenhead's book is enough to chill the blood of any biographer. As the present Lord Birkenhead explains in his introduction, Kipling's daughter, who retained complete control of this book and who helped with its research, read the first draft in 1948 and refused him permission to publish it. She gave no reasons, though Charles Carrington, author of a subsequent life of Kipling, reveals that she disliked Lord Birkenhead and believed his book to be riddled with amateur psychoanalysis. Lord Birkenhead, who continued to revise and

Michael Holroyd, *the author of biographies of Lytton Strachey and Augustus John, is writing the authorized life of George Bernard Shaw.*

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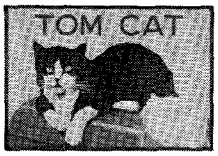

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"... Hitchcock, although married, claims to have been celibate for the past 40 years..."

add to his book, died in 1975, and Kipling's daughter died the following year.

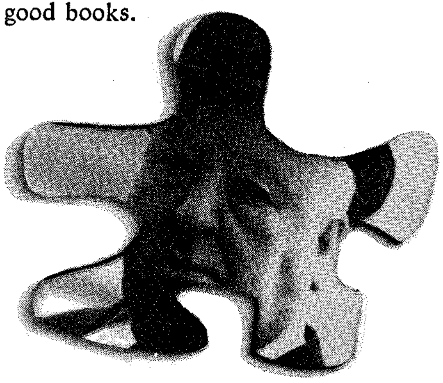
The biography contains no dreadful secrets and adds little to the facts made available in Carrington's. Lord Birkenhead's attitude seems similar to that of the outstanding schoolmaster who taught Kipling English literature and who felt for him "admiration coupled with dislike." The narrative is readable and well balanced and gives an account of Kipling's life that neither hides nor exalts his flaws. Lord Birkenhead was prepared to criticize Kipling himself but liked to defend him against the criticisms of others. Though there is no psychoanalytical jargon, he is good at showing Kipling's odious conceit and bumptiousness as having been the means by which he survived the violent shock of his childhood in England away from his parents, a shock that killed his capacity for loving and replaced it with resentment.

"Kipling was one of the few people he deeply regretted not having known," P. N. Furbank reveals in his biography of the novelist E. M. Forster. Forster thought that "most Indians, like most English people, are shits," but for him, no less than for Kipling, India had been a salvation. Yet their Indias were very different. Kipling's India, which represented a happiness from which he had been unaccountably sundered when a child, was a world too remote and savage to seem real to Forster, who did not seek revenge but a country of forgetfulness to distance him from his unhappy youth. He was a fine example of the feeble intellectual Kipling abominated—a spoiled darling in a fatherless, manless household who had retreated in tears from the jostling, athletics-ridden atmosphere of the public school to which Kipling retrospectively gave such snobbish allegiance. "School was the unhappiest time of my life," Forster wrote, "and the worst trick it ever played was to pretend that it was the world in miniature." In Greece and Italy, especially in India, and even in the Bloomsbury world of Cambridge, he found an atmosphere as unlike the barbaric climate of school as possible.

Forster was a deliberately unexciting figure. He reminded Leonard Woolf of a "poor old woman" and Lytton Strachey of a mole, drab-colored and unobtrusive. His personality seemed tentative, his manner buttoned-up, his speech pedantic; he was given to wondering whether he might not be overcautious. So oppressed was he by genteel English suburban life that not until 30 did he understand how copulation took place. Yet this was the man who, with the publication of *A Passage to India* in 1924, became an international celebrity.

Forster had been rescued from what Mr. Furbank describes as a life "full of aunts and tea parties and little jokes and chocolate hares" by his friendship with a magnificent-looking Muslim called Masood who "woke him up out of his suburban and academic life and showed him new horizons and a new civilization." He became more exploratory, broke through barriers of class and color, and experienced a few homosexual affairs that, though tame enough by Joe Orton's standards, made him feel "a grown-up man."

If Forster seems at times like (in Virginia Woolf's phrase) "a vaguely rambling butterfly," Mr. Furbank is his sympathetic shadow. He follows him closely as he flutters, glides, hovers over a surprisingly wide landscape, and spies out the novelist's ghostly voyeurist role. He matches Forster's nimble, quiet wit with his own engagingly wry humor. It is a most skillful performance, less an attempt to re-create life upon the page than to create a narrative in which Forster is the posthumous collaborator. I only wish his American publisher thought as highly of the book as I do and had gone to the trouble and expense of paginating the pages. This is a piece of rotten publishing, for which the publisher has taken Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf* as a model, and it will be deplored by anyone who cares about good books.

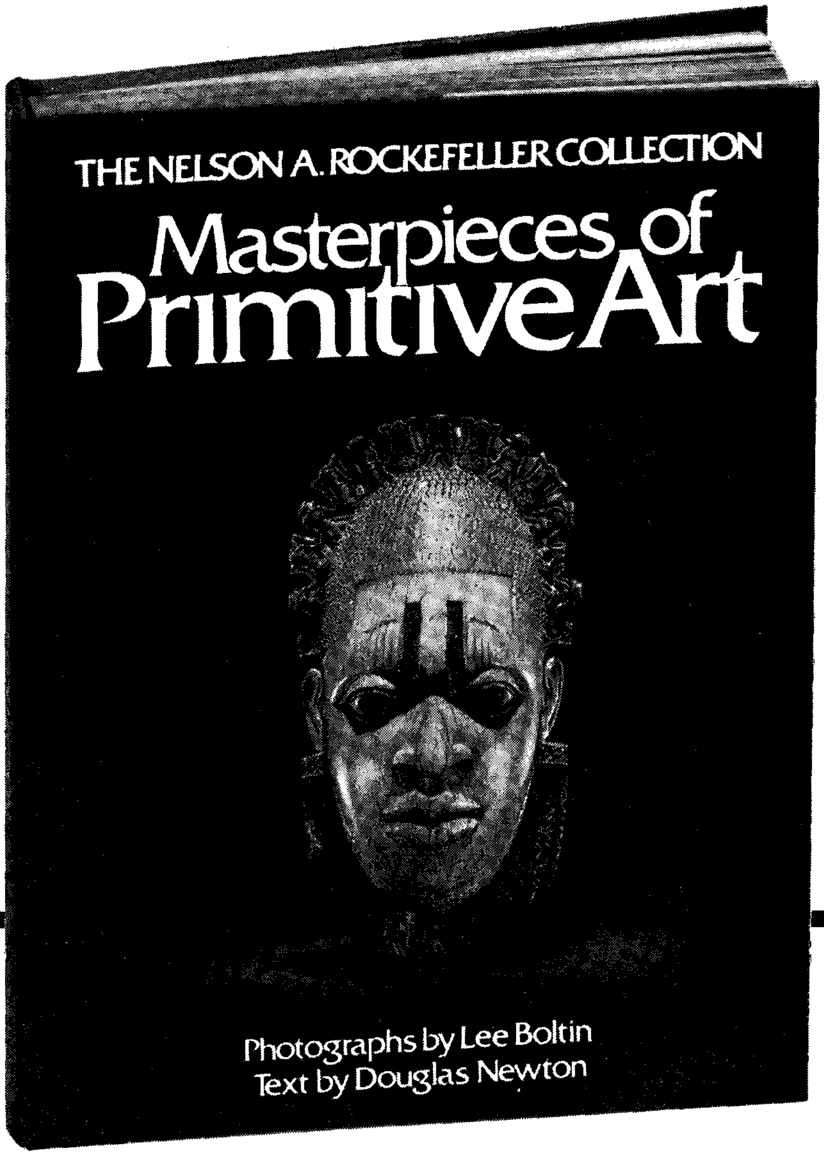


Hitch: The Life and Times of Alfred Hitchcock, *by John Russell Taylor. Pantheon, $10.*

One day during the shooting of *Psycho,* certainly one of the most frightening movies ever made, screenwriter Joseph Stefano dropped Alfred Hitchcock at the Beverly Hills Hotel to pick up a taxi. According to John Russell Taylor, "As they approached there was a cab waiting at the taxi rank outside. Stefano dropped Hitchcock at the front, and as he pulled away he noticed that the cab had been taken and gone before Hitch could get to it. And there, in the rear-view mirror, he saw a picture of complete terror. Alfred Hitchcock standing on a corner looking for a cab. Evidently this was the sort of thing that did not happen to him, ever. And now it had, he looked totally lost, lost, like a child who has mislaid his parents and does not know what to do to find them again."

A bizarre and pathetic anecdote, but not untypical. Born just outside London in 1899 and raised as a Catholic by strict lower-middle-class parents who sent him to Jesuit schools, Hitchcock has suffered all his life from neurotic fears of abandonment, punishment, and helplessness. He is frightened of the police, of poverty, of failure; he is obsessively clean and orderly and is terrified of undressing in front of anyone; he has been married to the same woman (Alma Reville) for 52 years and claims to have been celibate for the past 40 (this is quoted approvingly by Taylor); he is addicted to rather fussy and incomprehensible practical jokes. His entire life, according to Taylor, has been a drive for control and order; he must dominate, or else he cannot function at all.

If Taylor had any sense of humor, he would have written this book as a comedy (think what Buñuel could do with Hitchcock as a character!). But Taylor, formerly the film critic of the London *Times*, is a close friend of Hitchcock's, and he remains entirely respectful, often downplaying the behavioral oddities (many of them remarkably unpleasant) that he chronicles. *Hitch* is fluent, urbane, never unintelligent, but finally not very exciting. Taylor will not commit the indiscretion of developing an idea. He explains the circumstances surrounding each of Hitchcock's 53 films, offers a few curt words of evaluation, and then moves on. It's fine that he pooh-poohs the critical extremists (mainly French) who have interpreted all of Hitchcock's work as an expression of his Catholic background, but he should offer some sort of interpretive framework of his own. One emerges from *Hitch* with a clear outline of a career but no understanding of Hitchcock's art. Still, the book is useful for the raw material it provides—raw material that another biographer, less eager for dinner invitations from the master, will turn into a hair-raising psychological comedy. **—David Denby**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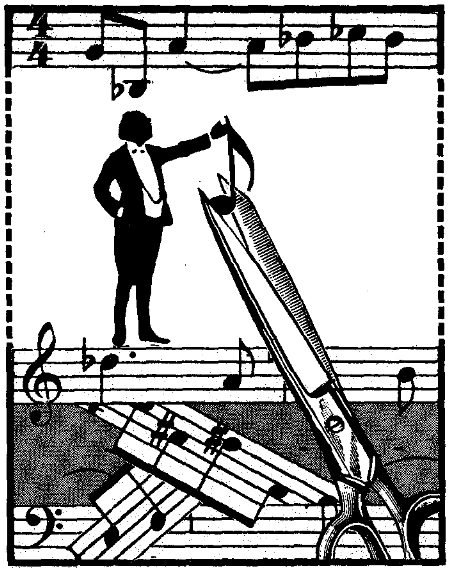
BERT AND KURT DONE DIRT

"...The Yale Rep's *Mahagonny* is a dulled gloss on the original, a stitched-together pastiche of Brecht-Weill's greatest hits..."

The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny being the masterpiece that it is, and productions of the work being as rare as they are, I cannot urge otherwise than that you make tracks for New Haven during the current run by the Yale Repertory Theater. Be warned, however; the more you have come to love this haunting, flavorsome, and disturbing work, the more you may be stirred to hurl rocks—or, at least, ripe tomatoes—at the powers responsible for the drastic alterations this opera of Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill has undergone in this manifestation.

Some of these changes can be explained away to a degree. The made-over church that serves the Yale Rep can be, and often has been, an exciting dramatic space, but it affords no room for the 30-or-so-piece orchestra called for in Weill's score. (If you've traced the tone of Robert Brustein's writings on theater through the years, you may understand why a theater suitable for full-scale musicals might rank low on his list of priorities.) Tony Beaumont's reorchestration for the Yale production cuts the ensemble down to a seven-piece jazz combo which, under Gary Fagin's direction, does provide an acceptable replica of the hard-edged, driving Weill sound. That is not the major sin here perpetrated.

What is infinitely more appalling is that Mr. Beaumont—and/or Keith Hack, who is credited with the "conception" and direction of this revival—has slashed the opera itself to a series of musical shreds pasted into a misguided attempt to present Brecht's libretto as a spoken play (in a text patched together from some of the W. H. Auden–Chester Kallman translation, made for the 1970 New York production but not used after Lotte Lenya's rejection; some of Hack's own words; and excerpts, for all I know, from some dredged-up treatise on how to murder the English language). Great chunks of familiar music are simply not there; almost everything, including the marvelous "Cranes Duet,"which defines the human side of the relationship between the hero, Jimmy Mahoney, and his ladylove, Jenny, has either been excised or reduced to spoken dialogue. Other delicious small moments have been amplified out of proportion; the dear little moment when "The Maiden's Prayer" is played in a barroom and dubbed "eternal art" now becomes an extended dumb show (in any sense of the term) that fills the entire intermission. Worst of all: Weill's ending, the great outcry to the thud of drums that should send you out of a theater with your teeth jarred loose, is here shortened and anticlimactically placed somewhere midway in Act II, *followed* by the pageant about God visiting Mahagonny, then by the "Benares Song," and then by a contrived, weaker ending.



I see no justification for this wholesale rampaging through a piece of musical drama that is, on its own, one of the great works of this century. I see it even less, considering that the Yale Rep, in conjunction with the Yale School of Music, had produced a splendid, honest, straight version (in a larger proscenium theater) a mere five seasons ago, excellently staged by Alvin Epstein and with a fine translation by Michael Feingold beside which the new text is so much Hack-work.

In fairness, I must report that this new version plays a great deal better than it sounds. Some of it is, in fact, quite thrillingly theatrical. The opening is spellbinding; lights and smoke behind the backdrop hint at the fugitives' broken-down automobile, and then the three figures literally burst onto the trash-filled stage. The action here is brilliant, and so is the metaphor: the City of Mahagonny built not on some romantic notion of a desert, but assembled out of a basically American desert, a junkyard. But this merges into another, less workable metaphor. Chains are set up to turn the stage into a kind of boxing ring; the narrator identifies the scenes as "Round One, Round Two . . . etc.," but the metaphor is not otherwise fulfilled—except, of course, in the one boxing scene actually called for in Brecht's text.

There are, to be sure, some excellent performers. John Glover's Jimmy may not completely erase memories of Gilbert Price in the 1973–74 production, but he looks the part and works with a cool, troubled grace that fits quite aptly the little of his role that remains. June Gable, the Begbick, is typecast against my conception of the part, being obviously too young and slender; she works, however, with great resource and a hard gutsiness that seems just right. Michael Gross and young Mark-Linn Baker are splendid as her two sidekicks, and John Seitz as Alaska-wolf Joe (made up to look like Mack Swain as Big Jim in *The Gold Rush*) walks off with a scene or two. The Jenny, Ellen Barber, is less admirable; I understand anyone's difficulty in assuming a role identified with Lotte Lenya (and glowingly recreated by Stephanie Cotsirilos in the earlier Yale production), but Ms. Barber is, by any standard, a little soft, a little unmotivated, and more than a little dull.

Michael Yeargan's setting, as suggested above, couldn't be more appropriate, nor could Nan Cibula's costumes and William Armstrong's smoky, searing lighting. Against what could have been—what *ought* to have been—this new *Mahagonny* must be taken merely as a gloss on an original that needs no such clarification, and a dulled gloss at that. It answers nothing that the current production is being billed as a "chamber version" (with even the title abridged down to the single word

Illustration by Leavenworth Jackson

Mahagonny). Sure, cut down the orchestra if need be but, for God's sake, then do *The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny*, not some marauding concept of a stitched-together pastiche of Brecht-Weill's greatest hits.

What a waste! Well, now, on to the Metropolitan Opera, which has commissioned yet another *Mahagonny* translation, from Tony Harrison, up for next season (with Stratas, Cassilly, Varnay, and Levine). We live in hope.

Luisa Miller is usually taken as Verdi's first mature opera, the first in which his striking dramatic sense took precedence over the easy flamboyance of the early scores. Yet, in the Met's revival last week—a performance that ranged from flabby to flatulent—one heard many of the best moments not for themselves but as foreshadowings: the pathetic aria for clarinet as Luisa writes her fateful letter presaging a like situation in *Traviata,* Miller's last-act song with Luisa's chirpy descant a prophecy of the "Veglia, O donna" in *Rigoletto.* Better singing than that of Katia Ricciarelli (who flatted badly in her upper register), Carlo Bini (the Met's new tenor, who did nothing wrong but nothing interestingly right), and Cornell MacNeil (flat and ludicrously self-indulgent) might have given the piece its own profile. James Levine's conducting had its usual admirable tidiness, but little more; the Attilio Colonello sets (from 1968) are oversize and ugly.

With a program little more than routine (the Brahms First, Beethoven, Prokofiev), the **Toronto Symphony** gave a remarkable account of its present high estate in its Carnegie Hall visit a few days ago. Basically, this is still among the class-B American orchestras: a somewhat lusterless string tone, some brass and wind playing of less than impeccable security. But the young (34) Andrew Davis, who has now had the orchestra for three years, has made it into an exceptionally well-knit ensemble, a credit to him and to Toronto. For once, I even found myself interested in the weighty turgidities of the Brahms, thanks to Davis's intelligent pacing of the score and to a control over orchestral balances in which the tone remained clean and light even in the most ponderous passages. I don't pretend to know why, but there suddenly lives among us a group of young British-born conductors—Davis, Wyn Morris (whose Mahler recordings on Philips are splendid), and a chap named Simon Rattle, whom everybody seems to be talking about—whose work is one of the few glimmers of hope on the darkening symphonic front. ■

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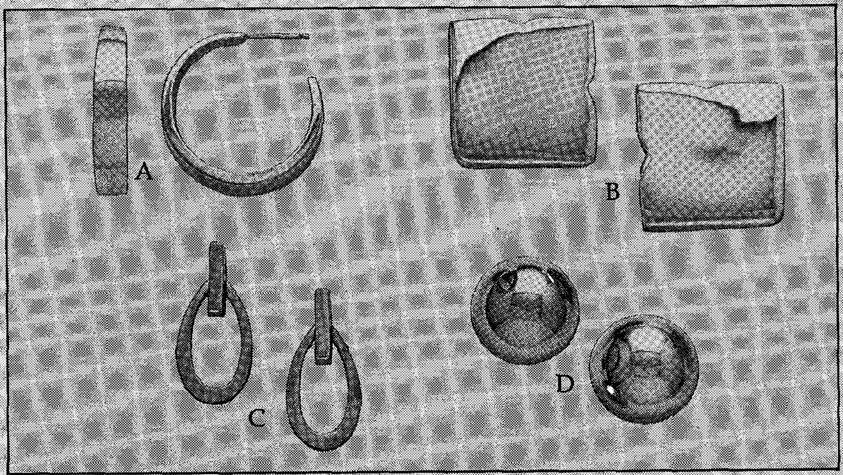

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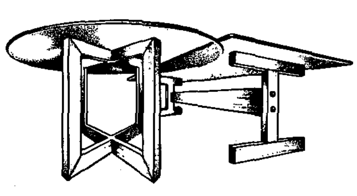

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FROM OUT OF THE WEST, A HERD OF CAPRICCIOS

"...The San Francisco Ballet today is a fusion of images, overlaid with some glamour-magazine prettiness and pop inspiration..."

The **San Francisco Ballet** is an example of the freaky cultural lag that sometimes happens in dance when things get transplanted. Its present artistic directors abandoned the East Coast ballet scene at different but equally crucial points. Lew Christensen left the New York City Ballet in the mid-1950s, when that company was enjoying its first, rough-edged, pre–Lincoln Center success; and Michael Smuin departed American Ballet Theatre early in the seventies, when ABT was still a company for dancers, American dancers.

The San Francisco Ballet today is a fusion of images the two men took across the country with them, overlaid with some glamour-magazine prettiness and other pop inspiration. It doesn't look like any modern New York companies, but you can see that it came from the same roots they did.

First among its assets is a healthy respect for classicism. The strong and well-trained dancers are given roles that challenge their abilities, and they dance as if they'd like to succeed. Principal choreographers Christensen and Smuin use a vocabulary of academic steps with a minimum of "modern" distortions. Some people might find this old-fashioned, but to me it's refreshing.

So much of the dancing we see now offers us only the dancers' good looks or their dramatic skill to get involved with; reduces them to graceful, sexy figures roaming around in exotically costumed landscapes. I really want to see how many steps they can do, and how well. Christensen and Smuin do too, down deep. They and the other company choreographers can put steps together all right, and can engineer their groups into clever, often attractive formations. What they lack, and what the company as a whole lacks so far, is the spark of ingenuity that makes all the difference between a recital of technique and a revelation.

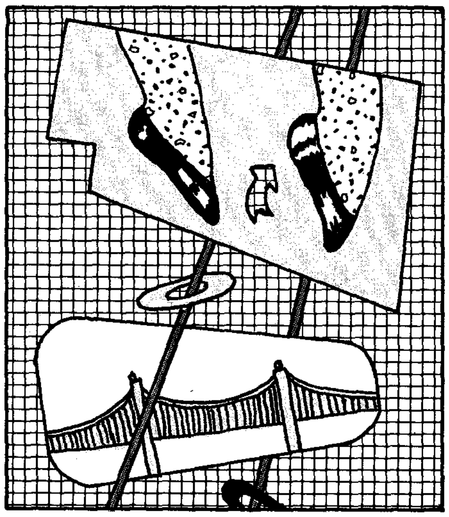

Illustration by Ben Chase

Just about every ballet brought for the Brooklyn Academy season seemed to need a gimmick, a reference to something outside it, in order to make the steps interesting enough. Often the model referred to was George Balanchine, and I especially liked Robert Gladstein's *Stravinsky Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*. This is the music Balanchine used for *Rubies*, and Gladstein has caught the distinctive bounce of Balanchine movement, the supercharged way the dancers throw their arms into positions with the same energy they use when they jump, the clean, logical floor patterns. But Balanchine colored his whole ballet with the risk, speed, and cockiness of a circus act that must have been suggested to him by the music. Gladstein colors his with brightly colored costumes and minor movement jokes.

The San Francisco Ballet is the kind of company where a dancer flexing her foot at a certain moment is begging for a laugh, and gets one. You can't get very sophisticated about choreography that way. Christensen's comic sense is quite acute in his parodies of other dances, like the wacky catalog of Balanchinisms, *Il Distratto*, but this kind of thing is best when you know the original, and today's audience doesn't really know the poses in *Serenade* that well, or the corps de ballet designs in *Concerto Barocco*.

Michael Smuin's background is more eclectic and his comedy is more bawdy than brainy. He's capable of dry genre pieces like the double pas de deux *Quattro a Verdi* and the long suite of semi-dramatic dances called *Songs of Mahler*. His big numbers reach further for their effects without being any more expressive.

Shinju is Smuin's version of a Japanese legend, something about thwarted lovers who climax what looks like the wedding ceremony in Balanchine's *Bugaku* by committing double hara-kiri. *Shinju* is conceived in the worst possible taste, beginning with awful costumes by Willa Kim that no dancer would want to be caught dead in, which may explain why the principals strip off the tops of them before stabbing each other.

Smuin throws in a little of this and that, some of it Japanese, all of it flashy—fluttery hand movements from Balinese dance, red ropes spurting from the disemboweled lovers and getting all tangled up in their writhing bodies, an effect borrowed from kathakali theater of India. The ballet itself was ritualistic, bogus-Oriental, artificially slow.

What I noticed in all of Smuin's pieces was that he doesn't vary his classical language to create interest or drama—he uses mime or glitzy devices instead. The level of attention he expects to get from his audience became very clear to me when I happened to attend a matinee of *Romeo and Juliet* with about a thousand high school kids.

In the first scene, when the two clans begin brawling, girls duel with boys, oranges fly through the air ("Food fight!" yelled the kids in the audience delightedly), and a child suddenly is discovered wounded on the ground even though there were no children onstage when the fight began—or anytime afterward for that matter. The teenage audience reacted to violent moves of any kind, people touching each other, any flesh unduly exposed—and I suppose Smuin counted on these things secretly pleasing the grown-ups too. *Romeo and Juliet* is a ballet everyone seems to have to reinterpret, and Smuin's version, oranges and gratuitous lechery aside, isn't any more objectionable than the others. But next time I hear that Prokofiev score, I hope I'll be sitting alone in my living room.

The young choreographer Daniel Levans also uses Balanchine as a model,

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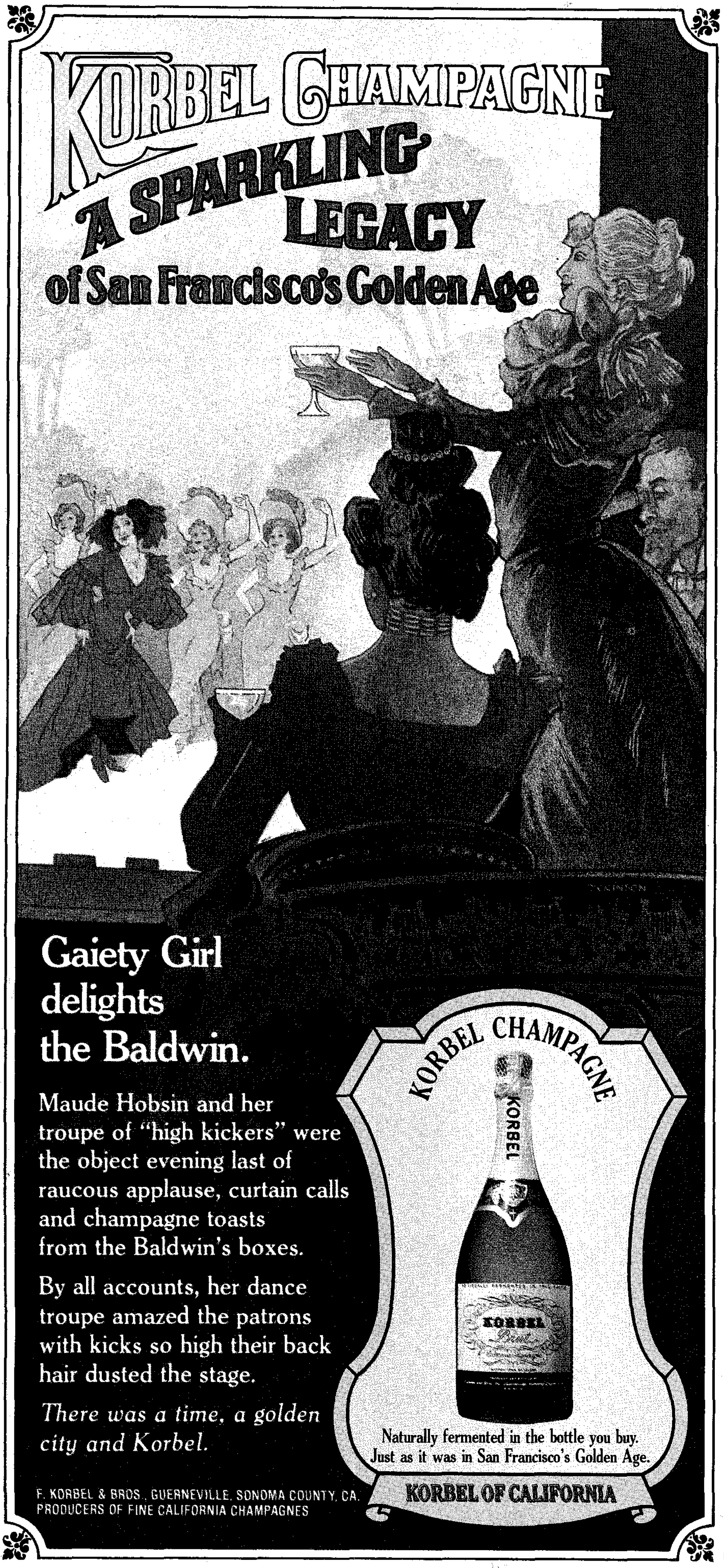
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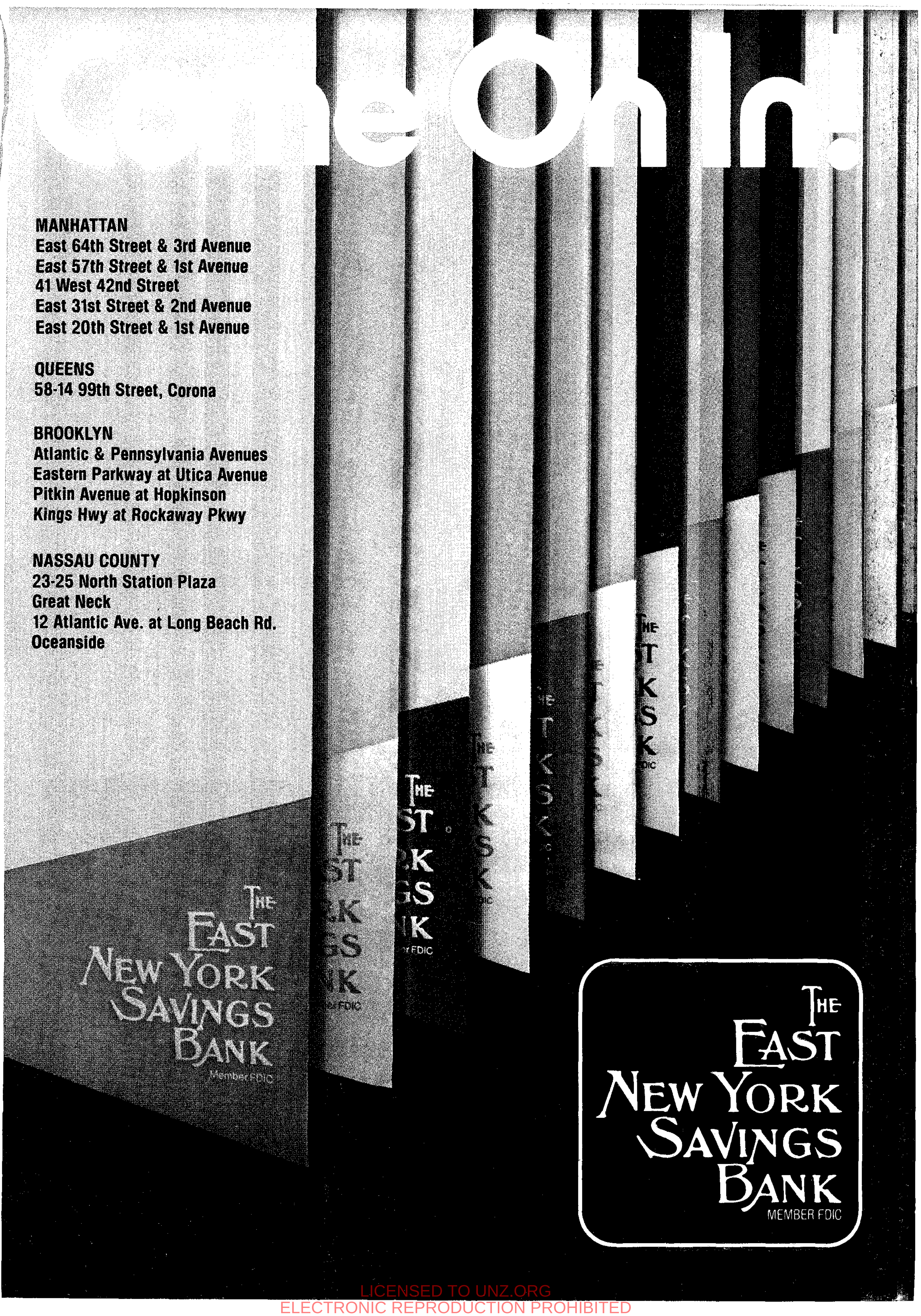
and after seeing four of his ballets o **U.S. Terpsichore**'s all-Levans evenin at Brandeis High School, I knew wh SFB's imitation Balanchine leaves m vaguely cranky and unsatisfied, whil Levans's does not. The San Francisc choreographers grasp, more or less completely, the things that make Balanchine style a style, and employ then to animate their ballets. But with eac one I sensed a failure of nerve, a moment when the choreographer got self-conscious and started cracking jokes o inventing tricks. Levans has his ow ideas, and, more important, he has confidence in their ability to interest us.

In *Italian Concerto* (Bach) he sets three-woman ensemble against a fourt woman. As in *Concerto Barocco*, th issue is asymmetry, the tension created when the energy of this one i pitted against that of the group, and th off-center ways the space inevitabl unfolds as a result.

The women collect into one group still asymmetrical, and leave, linked together in an enigmatic unit, as Christina Foisie and Gino Karczewski ente to begin a pas de deux. Like *Barocc* Levans's ballet offers the mysteriou prospect of new characters appearin long after we think the roles have bee set. He also uses the sensibility of th *Barocco* pas de deux—the restlessnes of the couple who continually travel switching directions and levels but remaining in close physical contact almost the whole time—without duplicating Balanchine's steps. The balle finishes with the corps women returning accompanied by partners, and th extra woman, who remains alone. The dance in the romping, leaping-togethe open style of Balanchine's *Squar Dance*, a surprise but not an illogical result of what Levans has bee developing.

Levans's clarity of movement an stage design were also seen in his Glazounov *Concert Waltzes*, a big ballroom piece; *Caprice*, a completely different realization of music choreographed by Balanchine, Stravinsky' Duo Concertant; and *Canciones Amatorias*, a suite to songs of Granados more influenced by an early Levan mentor, Eliot Feld. New York Cit Ballet principal Sean Lavery appeare as a guest artist in the latter two ballets

U.S. Terpsichore, founded by note New York ballet teachers Barbara Fallis and Richard Thomas, with Levan as co-director, is a semiprofessiona company with some promising youn dancers, notably Bronwyn Thomas who is exceptionally strong, controlled and accurately placed. I suspect he abilities have contributed a lot to Levans's inventiveness and his security. ▬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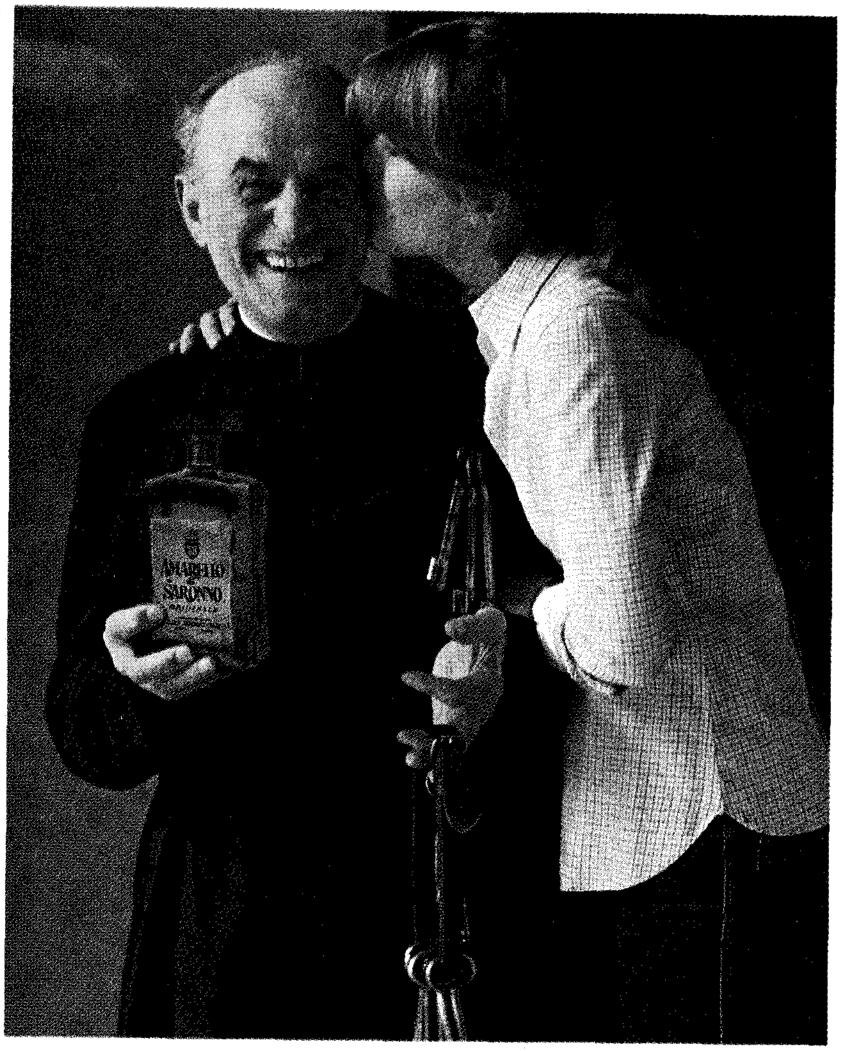

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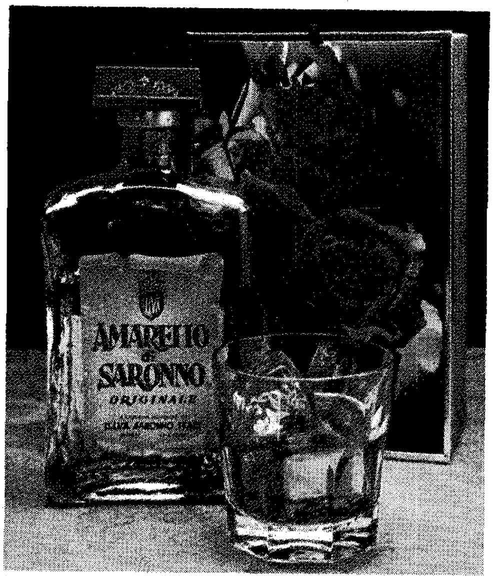

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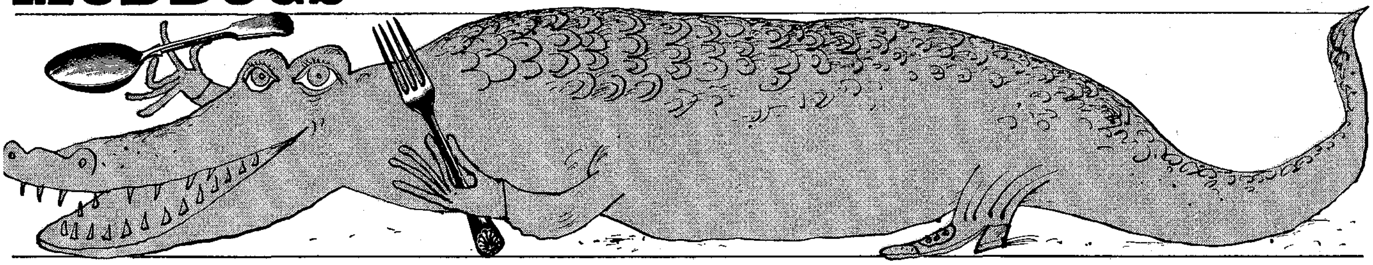

The Chinese busboy looks Mexican, the Japanese hostess looks like a flower, the French Catholic chef from Breaux Bridge, Louisiana, is named Abe. The food? Cajun, of course.

After cooking his way around New York for eight years (El Morocco, the Sumptuary, Hoexter's Market), 31-year-old Abe de la Houssaye gathered this eclectic crew and opened the eleven-table **La Louisiana** (132 Lexington Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets, 686-3959) six months ago. In these parts, good southern cooking is as rare as mudbugs—that's Cajun for crawfish—and people are crowding into La Louisiana to sample the gumbo.

There's a classy white canopy out front; inside are mirrored walls and muted colors—ocher, moss, silk-underwear pink. There's something satisfyingly traditional about the stark scarlet tulips on the polished wood bar, the plain white tablecloths, and the waiters' knee-length white aprons. The only ethnic touches are framed line drawings of Cajun swamp houses taken from a nineteenth-century *Harper's* and the Cajun motto LAISSEZ LES BON TEMPS ROULER! "Let the good times roll!"

The state of Louisiana is more often associated with Spanish-influenced Creole food than with the French peasant cooking brought south by the Acadians—French settlers fleeing religious persecution in Nova Scotia. "Acadian" became "Cajun" in the back swamps of the bayou, where anything on all fours, including the occasional alligator, was considered gumbo makings. Okra, filé powder made from crushed sassafras leaves, and cayenne are basics, though the cuisine is not always hot.

La Louisiana's boudin of pork, scallions, parsley, and rice ($1.75) is a welcome variation on the classic French boudin blanc, pork sausage (not to be confused with blood sausage, or boudin noir). A halfway house between mousse of foie and whipped liverwurst, it comes with a delicious dollop of garlic mayonnaise. The crudité de boeuf ($2) is the Cajun answer to carpaccio—plate-size slabs of thin raw sirloin with homemade anchovy-caper sauce and hot green mustard.

The scallops Rockefeller ($2.50) will make you forget you ever met an oyster by that name. My heart sank when they arrived in a shell. I began thinking about all the terrible things people do to scallops in shells—bury them in béchamel, coat them with *crumbs.* But the anise-flavored spinach mélange on top of these was superb.

A hearty soup is one thing, but I got the feeling I'd better hurry and finish my cold leek-and-potato ($1.25) before it set. The gumbos, on the other hand, are high on gusto, especially the excellent pork-beef-and-okra combination ($1.50). Duck-and-sausage ($1.75) and chicken gumbo ($1.50) are nice and spicy, though most dishes at La Louisiana lack even rudimentary amounts of salt and pepper.

The best of the regular entrées are the calf's liver à la petit Paris ($5.25), which came rare, sprinkled with scallions and bits of bacon; and the agnolotti ($4.75), spinach pasta stuffed with prosciutto and cheese in a dense tomato sauce. It's not Cajun, but *qu'importe?* A delicious garnish of homemade apple butter resurrects the otherwise drab fillet of pork ($4.95). (A request for more brings a whole dish.) But the breast of chicken jolie blonde ($4.75), sautéed with lemon and grapes, was so bland that my persnickety paramour likened it to Wonder Bread. (I've never known grapes to do much for anything besides wine.)

Specials like the stuffed squab ($8.50) here are a bit too high for our underground budget. As my engaging waiter explained, "They're special." The succulent Spanish shrimp with garlic butter and scallions ($7.25–$7.50) certainly are. At last, shrimp that don't taste like erasers.

Most food critics have a *bête noire.* Mine was *blanche*—rice—until I tasted it here. (It's cooked in chicken stock to which a dab of demi-glace sauce has been added.) Other special touches include loose tea, corralled in a strainer-spoon, freshly grated cheese doled onto your pasta for you, and vegetables that look like exotic Oriental flowers, served with a cold vinaigrette. This works with the zucchini-mushroom combination, but both the cauliflower and the tomato were still recovering from the silent Siberia of the refrigerator.

Desserts, made to order by free-lance pastry chef Grace Einhorn, are very good. The pecan pie ($1.75) has wall-to-wall pecans, and the deep-dish apple pie ($1.75) is so deep a trowel would be useful in serving it. They taste good. There are strawberries with crème fraîche, too ($2). I asked the waiter if it was homemade. "Oh no," was the cheerful reply. "We buy it already crème fraîched." (For 25 cents extra, you can have crème fraîche on anything.)

The restaurant's wine prices are only $1.50 above liquor-store, which means you can drink good wines here more reasonably than in almost any other New York restaurant: A Louis Latour Meursault 1976, for example, is $12.25; a '76 Ridge Central Coast Zinfandel is $7; a '76 Beaujolais Villages, also Latour, is $6.50; a '72 Santenay (Bachelet et ses fils, selection Robert Haas) is $7.50.

Even more memorable than several of the excellent dishes was the staff's enthusiasm and eagerness to please. Will they warm the apple pie? "Madame," said my waiter with a smile, "we'll even warm the strawberries."

Seats 40. Lunch Monday through Friday noon to 3 P.M., dinner Monday through Saturday 6 P.M. to midnight. On wheelchair access: There are steps, but the staff will help the wheelchairs through the door. No credit cards.

Food—good
Service— attentive
Atmosphere—elegant and gracious
Hygiene—good ■

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Week-long sale—Two designers are clearing away youthful dressy wear in their factory showroom, all in sizes 4–8/10. Everything is one- or few-of-a-kind. Inia Fashions has, for example: two handmade all-silk peach dresses, $120 each; silk big tops, $60; lined dirndl skirts, $50; drawstring pants, $56; many other pretty silk crêpe de Chine things, trimmed with handmade lace; Swiss cotton four-tiered skirts, in lavender or mint green, $30. Nitebird is selling disco fashions in slinky Silesta or Lurex-tissue fabrics: One-shoulder toga tops, $24 in Silesta, $25 in Lurex; shirred-leg dance pants, $30 in Silesta, $31 in Lurex; hot pink, cream, black, or plum skirts, $20; etc. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Inia Fashions and Nitebird; 242 West 30th St., third floor (244-9598); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–8 p.m.; 11/27–12/2 only.*

Men's fashion—Italian high fashion on sale here, with alterations and a cup of espresso or cappuccino included. For early birds, a few Giorgio Armani all-cotton raincoats, were $350, now $125. Designer blazers, in six colors, were $175–$185, now $125; velvet blazers, now $135; fall sport jackets from famous Italian designers, were $195–$225, now $135–$175; Ultrasuede jackets, were $285, now $200. A small assortment of suits, were $400, now $200; a large and luscious assortment of shirts by Ingram, Sosta, Masetti, Carara, Shagen, Pancaldi, Boulevard, and Ghia, were $57.50–$65, now $35; many sweaters, 50 percent off; flat-knit acrylic-wool V-necks, were $35, now $15; all-wool gabardine slacks, in many colors, now $55; lovely leather belts, $12. Jacket sizes 36–46, S, R, and L; suits 38–46R; pants 28–40. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Pasta, 37 West 39th St., ninth floor (221-3780); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 3 p.m.; through 12/16.*

Fabric—Every year, top clothing designers, manufacturers, and fabric houses donate bolts, remnants, dress and coat lengths, etc., of really good fabric to be sold for the benefit of the Fashion Institute of Technology Alumnae/i Scholarship Fund. We can't mention names, but you certainly may recognize them, and you'll find wools, cottons, knits, blends, prints, solids, linens, dressy fabrics, all at $1–$5 a yd., far below wholesale. Cash and carry only; all sales final. *Lobby, Building C, FIT, 227 West 27th St. (760-7701); Tues. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; 12/5 only.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

African art—From Timbuktu, Addis Ababa, and points between come these artifacts and ritual items. Only a sampling: antique bronze dancing bells, were $10, now $4; Cameroonian monumental, royal beaded throne, was $3,800, now $2,800; hand-painted Ivory Coast hunting cloths, were $22, now $15; hand-carved Malinke mask, with hammered metal, was $350, now $225; fragrant strands of myrrh, worn as necklaces, were $11, now $7; ornate Coptic crosses from Ethiopia, now $2–$25; many, many more objects, sculptures, hangings, pieces of jewelry, etc. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Tribal Arts Gallery, 84 East 10th St. (982-4556); Thurs. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Fri. and Sat. till 6 p.m.; 11/30–12/2 only.*

Designer clothes—All three A. Altman stores are holding a sale of selected designer clothing, women's sizes 4–14, taking 20–30 percent off their already discounted prices. Among the things we saw: Ted Lapidus sweaters and cardigans, were $35–$75, now $24.50–$52.50; wool crêpe skirts, were $60, now $42; Danae one- and two-piece printed-silk dresses, were $170–$255, now $119–$178.50. Now 30 percent off: all-wool suits, were $150–$210, also I.Q. sweaters, vests, velours. Harvé Bernard wool blazers, were $110, now $77; silk or jersey dresses by Soo Yung Lee and Marc D'Alcy, were $65–$125, now $45.50–$87.50; fully lined all-wool pants, were $55–$60, now $38.50–$42; Harvé Bernard peacoats, were $140, now $122; Beged-Or trenchcoats, lined with 90-percent-cashmere blend, were $350, now $280; and coats, raincoats (including Daniel Hechter), and Beged-Or leather separates, all 20 percent off. Master Charge, Visa, and checks accepted at the Fifth Avenue and Woodmere stores; at Orchard Street, checks accepted, but no credit cards; all sales final in all stores. *A. Altman, 204 Fifth Ave., at 25th St. (889-0782): seven days a week 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 182 Orchard St. (982-7722): seven days a week 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; 483 Hungry Harbor Rd., N. Woodmere, L.I. (516 791-4227); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sun. till 5 p.m.; through 12/24.*

Menswear—Classic and traditional clothing is on sale here, including: three-piece all-cotton pinwale corduroy suits, in three colors, were $100, now $65; sport jackets of British overplaid fabric, were $110, now $65; suits of Donegal tweed or Scottish worsted Cheviot, with suede leather trim, were $195, now $155; all-wool three-piece suits, in plaids, were $195, now $155. Neckties for Christmas: silk foulards and regimentals, $15 elsewhere, $8.50 here, three for $24; British wool challis ties, $12.50 elsewhere, $6.50 here, three for $18; extra-heavy silk ties, $22.50 elsewhere, $10.50 here, three for $30. The range of sizes is large, but not everything is in every size. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final; alterations extra. *Wind-Schaper, 39 East 46th St. (355-1260); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 12/16.*

One-day sale—Four young designers will be selling off their boutique clothing and accessories at below-wholesale prices for one day only. Sydney Carvin Milliken's dresses and separates, mostly one-of-a-kind, sizes XS, S, and M, include bargains such as a pumpkin-color jersey dress, with pleated shoulders, retail $235, here $70; a silver-on-navy Lurex cardigan, retail $200, here $30; printed seersucker tiered dresses, retail $120, here $55; and wool-jersey coat dresses, in brown or black, $35. Shari Alexander's things are also one-of-a-kind, in XS, S, and M. Examples: see-through tulle cowboy shirt, $35; Qiana satin smoking jacket, $65, and matching slit skirt, $40; cotton-lace dolman-sleeve top, $30. Christine Pratt, a weaver, offers four coats, all-wool and nubbly, $100 each; soft scarves, $5–$20; shawls, all in delicate weaves of silk, alpaca, wool, or mohair blends, $15–$30; woven wool-and-cotton shirts, $40–$55; glitter belts, $4–$7. Pam Goldman uses antique fabrics to make bags: Deco fabric, backed with velvet, makes a disco bag, retail $25, here $10; Thai silk muffler trimmed with antique tassels, retail $50, here $22; and so forth. Cash and carry only; all sales final. *Sydney Carvin Milliken, 1182 Broadway, near 28th St., Room 1405 (889-0109); Sat. 10 a.m.–3:30 p.m.; 12/2 only.* ■

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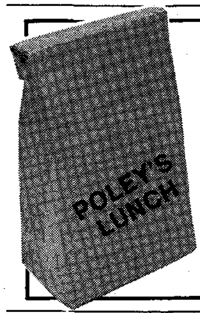

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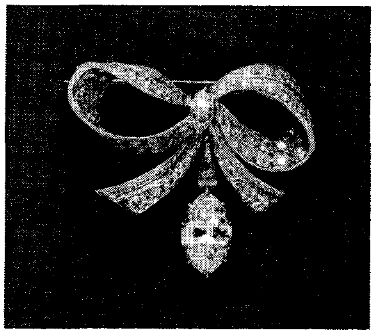

sale 4192, lot 131/Platinum and diamond bow brooch, signed *Tiffany* & Co.

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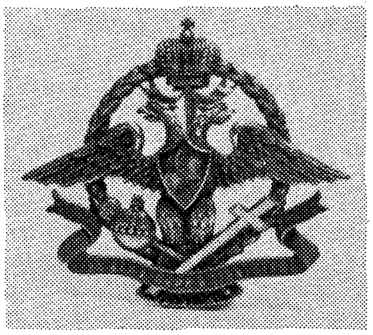

Russian Medal by Faberge, circa 1914

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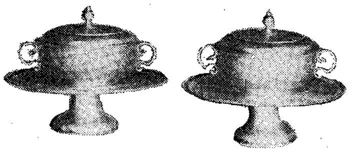

A Pair of Rare Irish Chinoiserie Toilet Bowls & Stands by Thomas Bolton, Dublin 1699 the covers by John Guthbert, Dublin 1682-3 to be sold on Dec. 6

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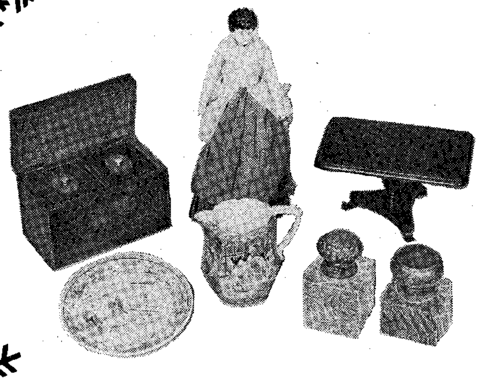

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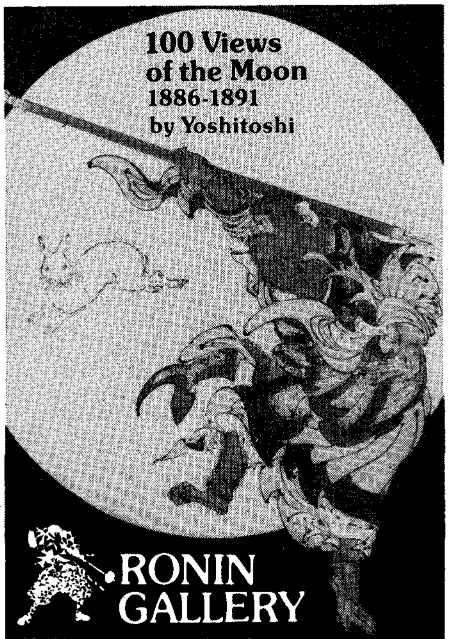

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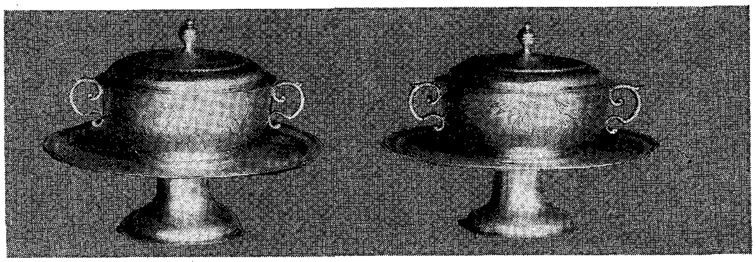

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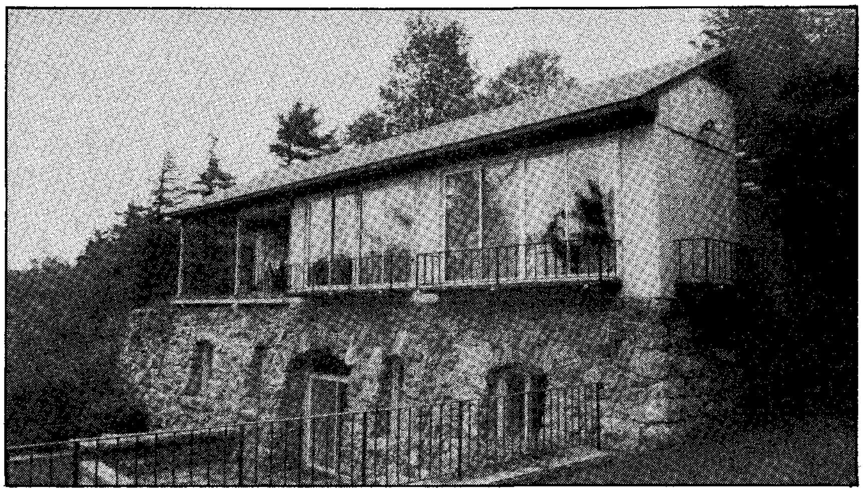
TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



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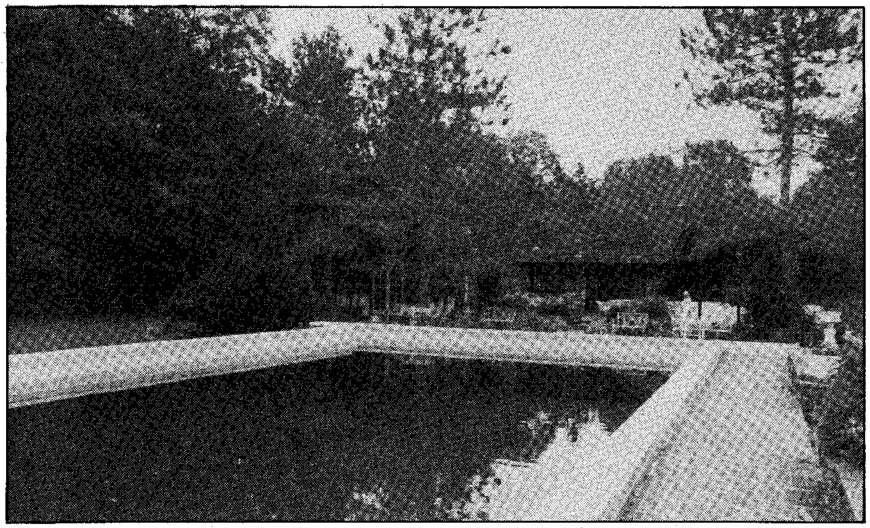

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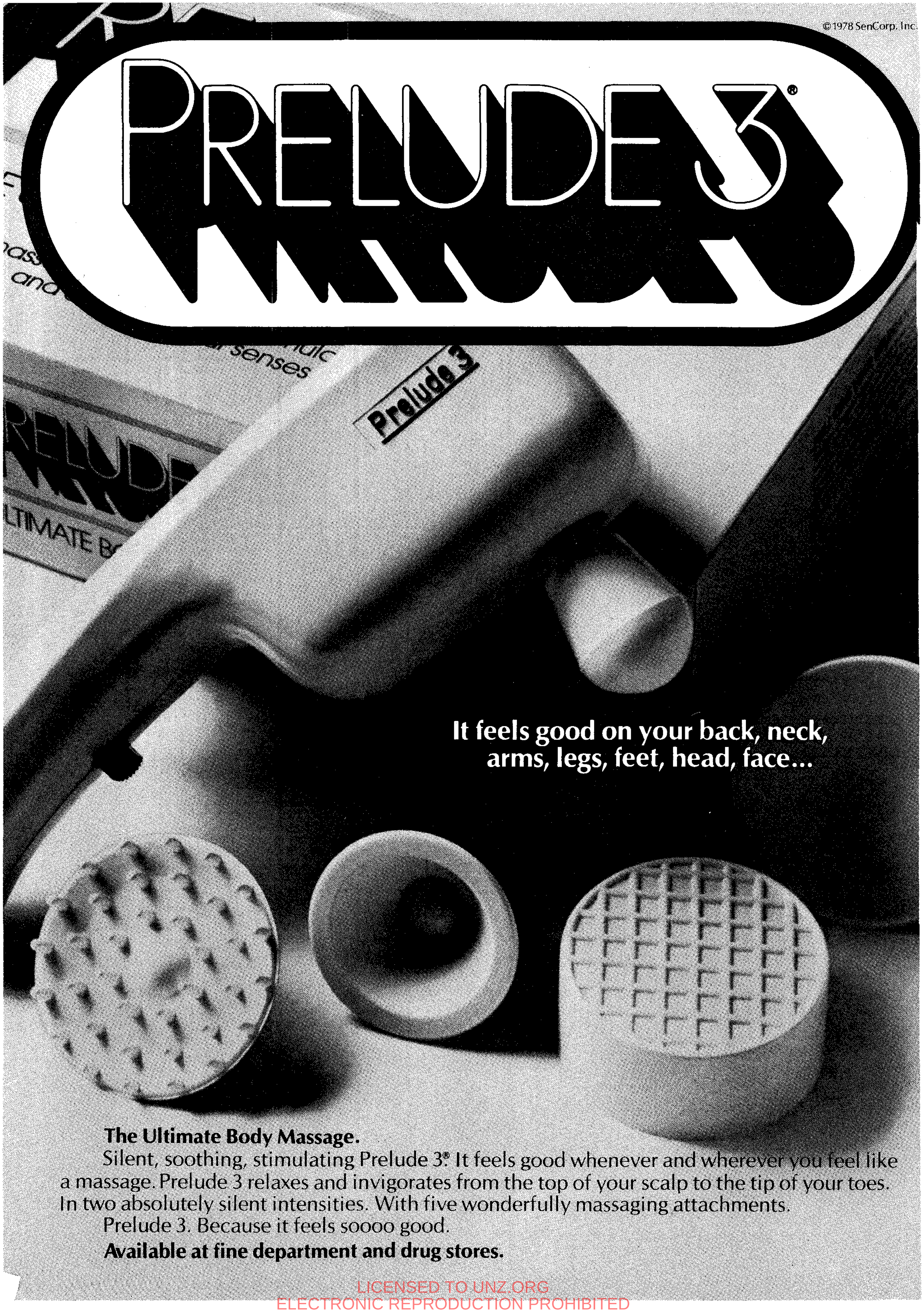
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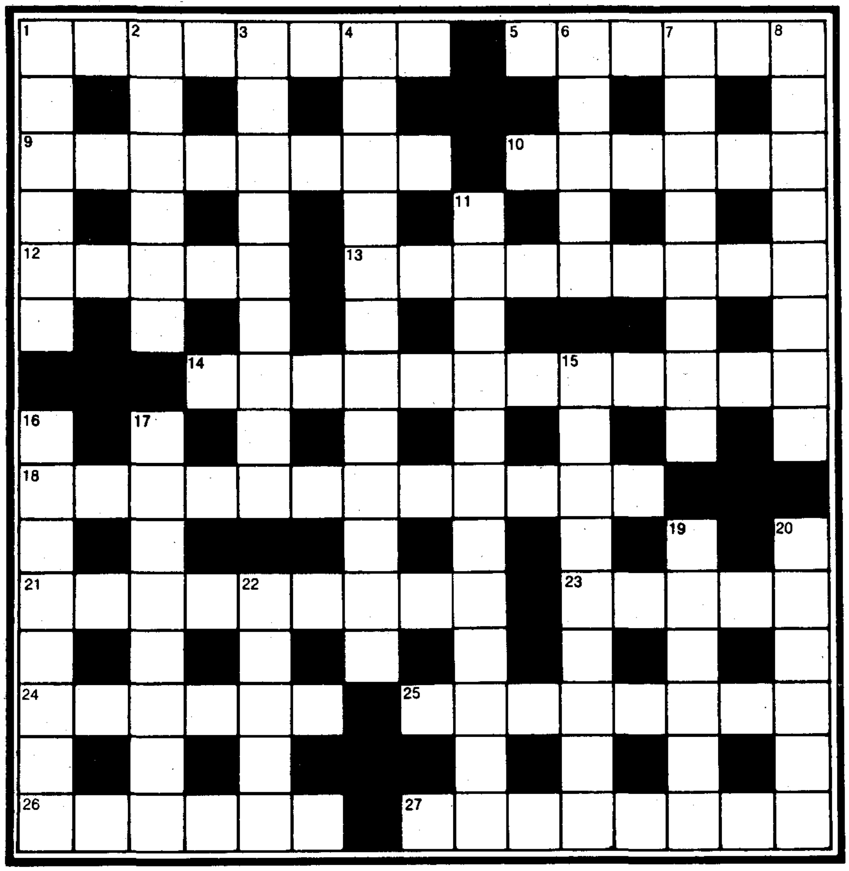

ACROSS

1 Fear of unfriendly extremes? (4, 4)

5 Sound pleased with a novice when returning from thrash! (6)

9 It is non-U to upset this politician. (8)

10 Point to prime kind of silly smile. (6)

12 Very little version of a nineteen-year-old. (5)

13 Neat gin with the French cocktail—very flowery! (9)

14 It's ropy for the sailor, and an outcome not welcomed by anyone, when the pub runs out of beer. (3, 6, 3)

18 Put horse in a new team for the higher ground. (12)

21 Ancient plate maker, perhaps, producing negative results. (3, 6)

23 What's happening at the athletics meeting? (5)

24 If dirt is scattered and split in three. (6)

25 Muddle a companion and military associate. (8)

26 Dishy composition by Joplin blooming? (6)

27 Remains in the same place with the guys constrained to follow. (5, 3)

DOWN

1 Titles which boxers certainly don't aim to be out for! (6)

2 Makes the toiler dawdle. (6)

3 Is imagination not this but the other? Well, I never! (5, 4)

4 Spouses at once after a fast time? (6, 6)

6 A falsehood not initially coming from a stranger. (5)

7 Fixed up with a partner again? (8)

8 Forecasts that the wine is finished. (8)

11 Just think of all those books in a most talented version. (3, 9)

15 Incessantly without any object? (9)

16 Trader seems to be saying he works on the railway. (8)

17 Thickening part of the milk with fish. (8)

19 Half-decide to join a politician, but then make off. (6)

20 Manifest at the cricket match. (6)

22 "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips bidding ——" (Keats). (5)

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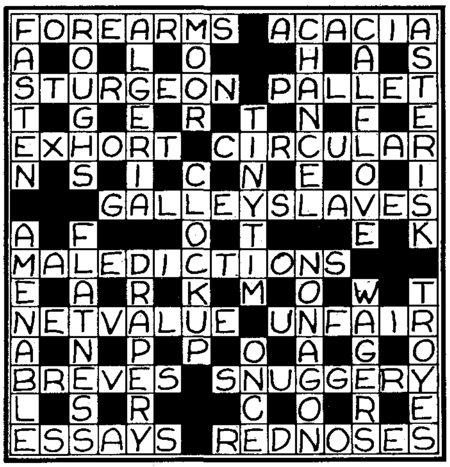
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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S	T	U	R	G	E	O	N	■	P	A	L	L	E	T
T	■	G	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	N	■	F	■	E
E	X	H	O	R	T	■	C	I	R	C	U	L	A	R
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E	■	A	■	R	■	K	■	M	■	O	■	W	■	T
N	E	T	V	A	L	U	E	■	U	N	F	A	I	R
A	■	N	■	P	■	P	■	O	■	A	■	G	■	O
B	R	E	V	E	S	■	S	N	U	G	G	E	R	Y
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E	S	S	A	Y	S	■	R	E	D	N	O	S	E	S

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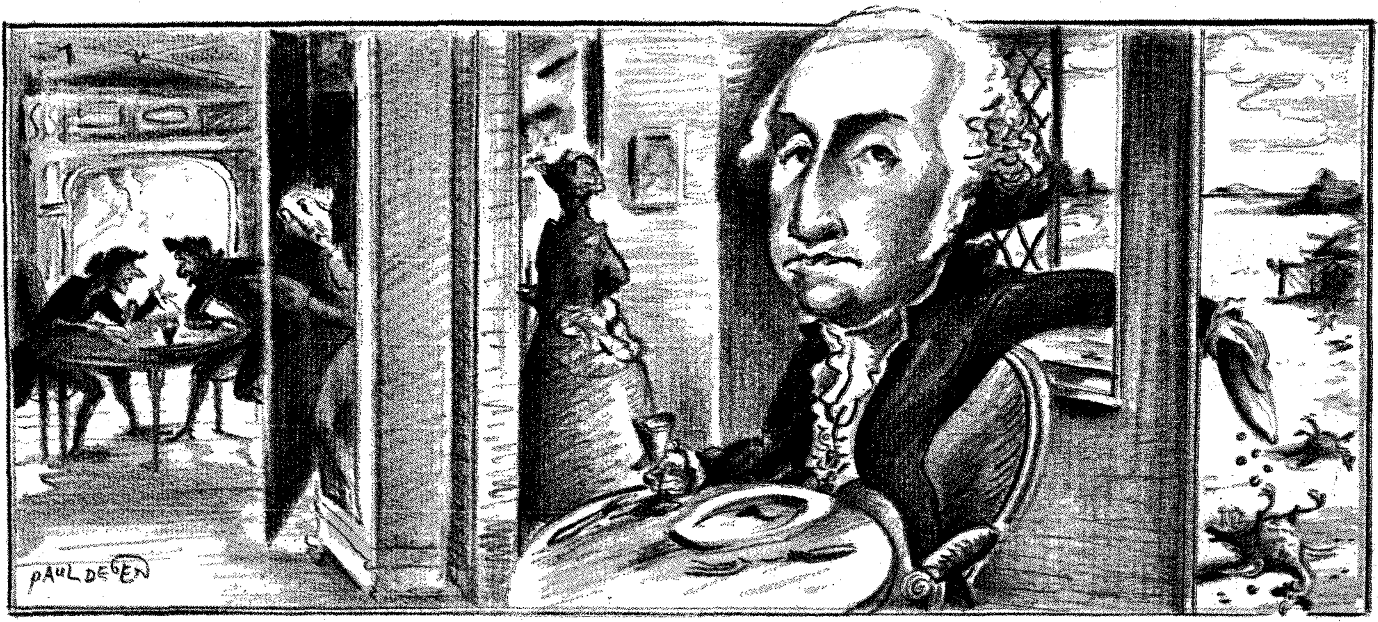
ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS IN NEW YORK CITY

"…Some plots were disastrously effective; others failed due to complications or mere unpredictable circumstances…"



Of the assassination plots that have been hatched in New York, some were disastrously effective, some failed due to complications, and some were thwarted by mere unpredictable circumstances. But all the victims were prominent public figures whose deaths would change history.

1. Conspiracy to assassinate George Washington, June 22, 1776. General Washington was staying at Burr's mansion on Charlton Street, just east of Varick. Close by, in the Serjeant's Arms Tavern, the whispering of Tory conspirators Gilbert Forbes and Thomas Hickey piqued the curiosity of a waiter, William Collier, who secreted himself in a closet and heard plans being made to poison the general, blow up the ammunition dump, and burn down the city. Hickey enlisted the cooperation of Phoebe Fraunces, daughter of Sam Fraunces, the owner of Fraunces Tavern on Pearl Street, asking her to sprinkle poison liberally over Washington's favorite dish, green peas. She also enlightened the general. On the fateful night, the story goes, George declined the peas and they were thrown out of the window; some unlucky chickens ate them and promptly died. Hickey was hanged at the intersection of Grand and Chrystie streets while 20,000 watched.

2. Mayor William Jay Gaynor shot by J. J. Gallagher, August 9, 1910. This popular Tammany mayor had just boarded an ocean liner at a Hudson pier for a European vacation when a discharged city dock employee shot him in the throat. Mayor Gaynor's throat had been well exercised over the years, and the bullet had little effect. It was never removed, and the mayor served his term until his death in 1913.

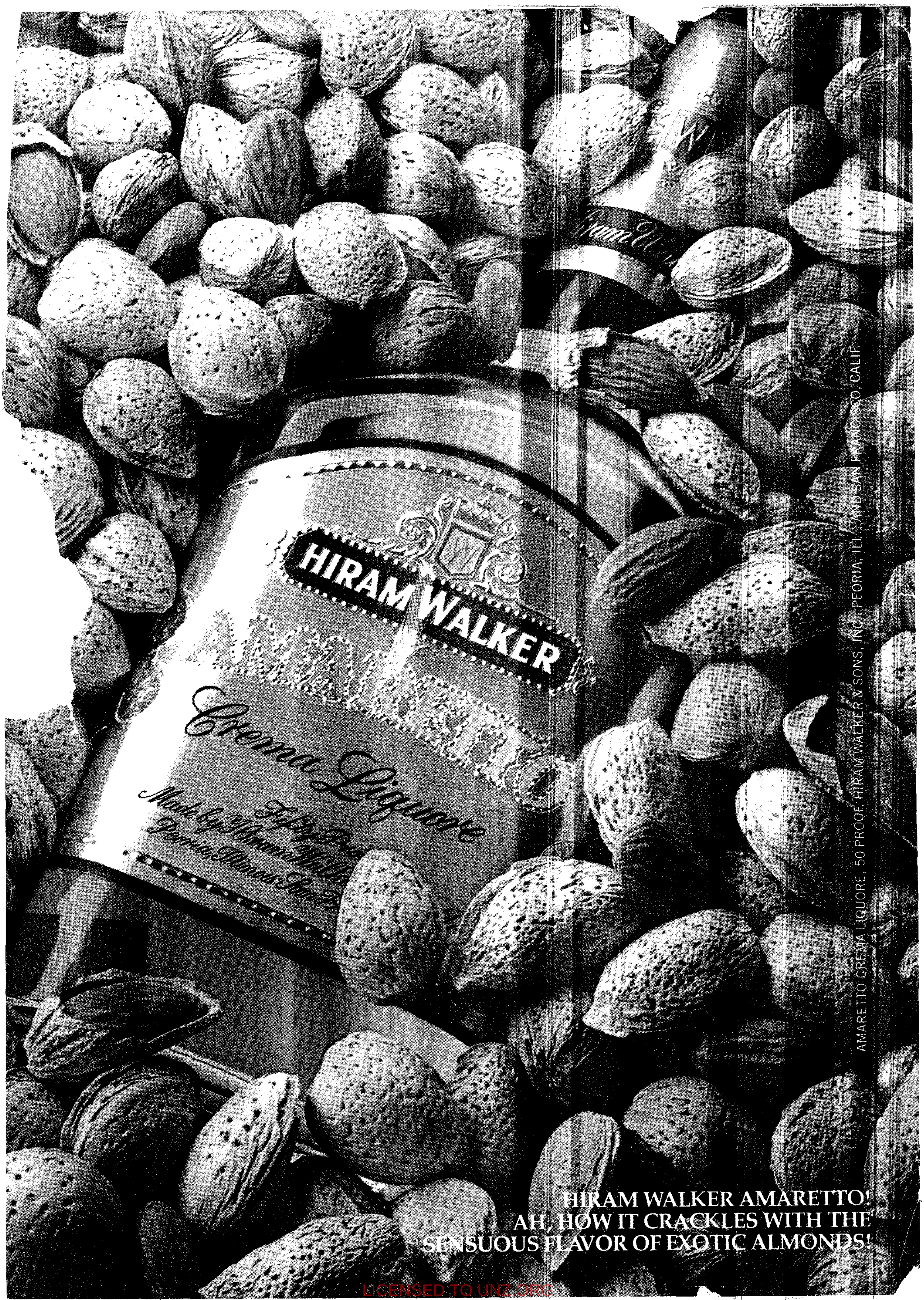
3. Editor Carlo Tresca shot by unknown assailant, January 11, 1943. Carlo Tresca was the crusading anti-fascist editor of the newspaper *Il Martello* ("The Hammer") and a friend of Mayor La Guardia's. Late in the evening, after putting the paper to bed, he came out of his office at 2 West 15th Street and met his assassin. He was shot twice and died on the sidewalk. No killer was ever found, but Mafia boss Vito Genovese was believed to have arranged the murder for Mussolini.

4. Disappearance of Professor Jesús de Galindez, March 12, 1956. A world-renowned enemy of dictators Franco of Spain and Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, Galindez was last seen on West 57th Street. On the day he disappeared, a "wealthy invalid" was taken by ambulance to Zahn's Airport in Amityville, Long Island, from which he was flown by a pilot named Murphy to the Dominican Republic and turned over to Trujillo's secret police. Murphy in turn disappeared from his apartment in Ciudad Trujillo, and a fellow pilot committed suicide, leaving a note not in his handwriting.

5. Martin Luther King stabbed September 20, 1958. While autographing his book *Stride Toward Freedom* in Blumstein's department store, at 230 West 125th Street, King was approached by Mrs. I. W. Curry. She fumbled in her handbag and came up with a sharp letter opener, which she plunged into King's chest. The blade actually touched his aorta but did not pierce it. He was rushed to a hospital and after two hours of surgery the blade was removed.

6. Malcolm X shot, February 21, 1965. Malcolm X had just begun speaking at the Audubon Ballroom on West 166th Street when at least three men in the front row stood up and fired at him. Shortly after the murder, Elijah Muhammad, leader of the Black Muslims, with which Malcolm had split, said, "We couldn't tolerate a man like that. . . . We are permitted to fight if we are attacked." Of the three men convicted in the killing, two were Black Muslims. ■

Illustration by Paul Degen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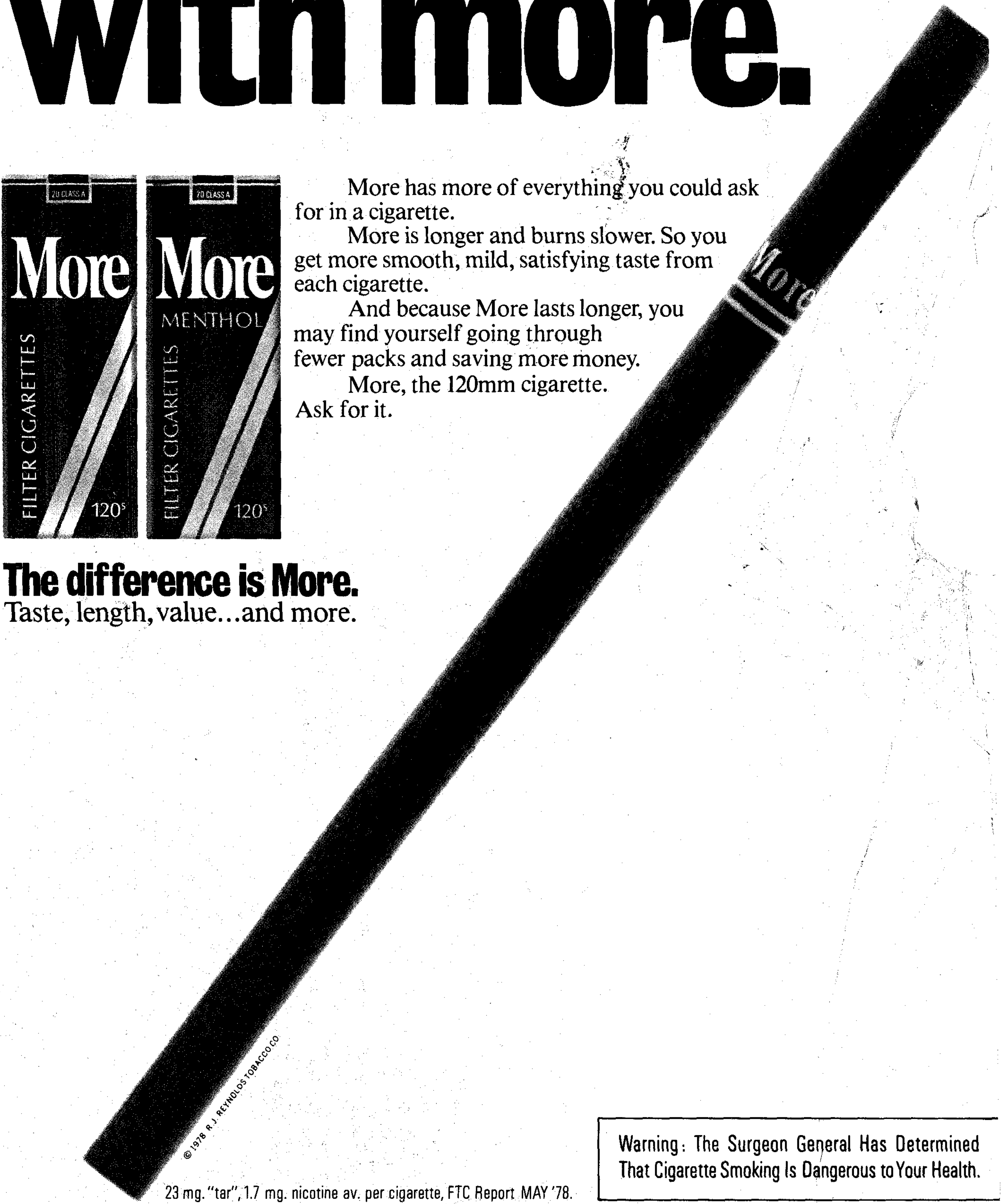
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